Oct. 2, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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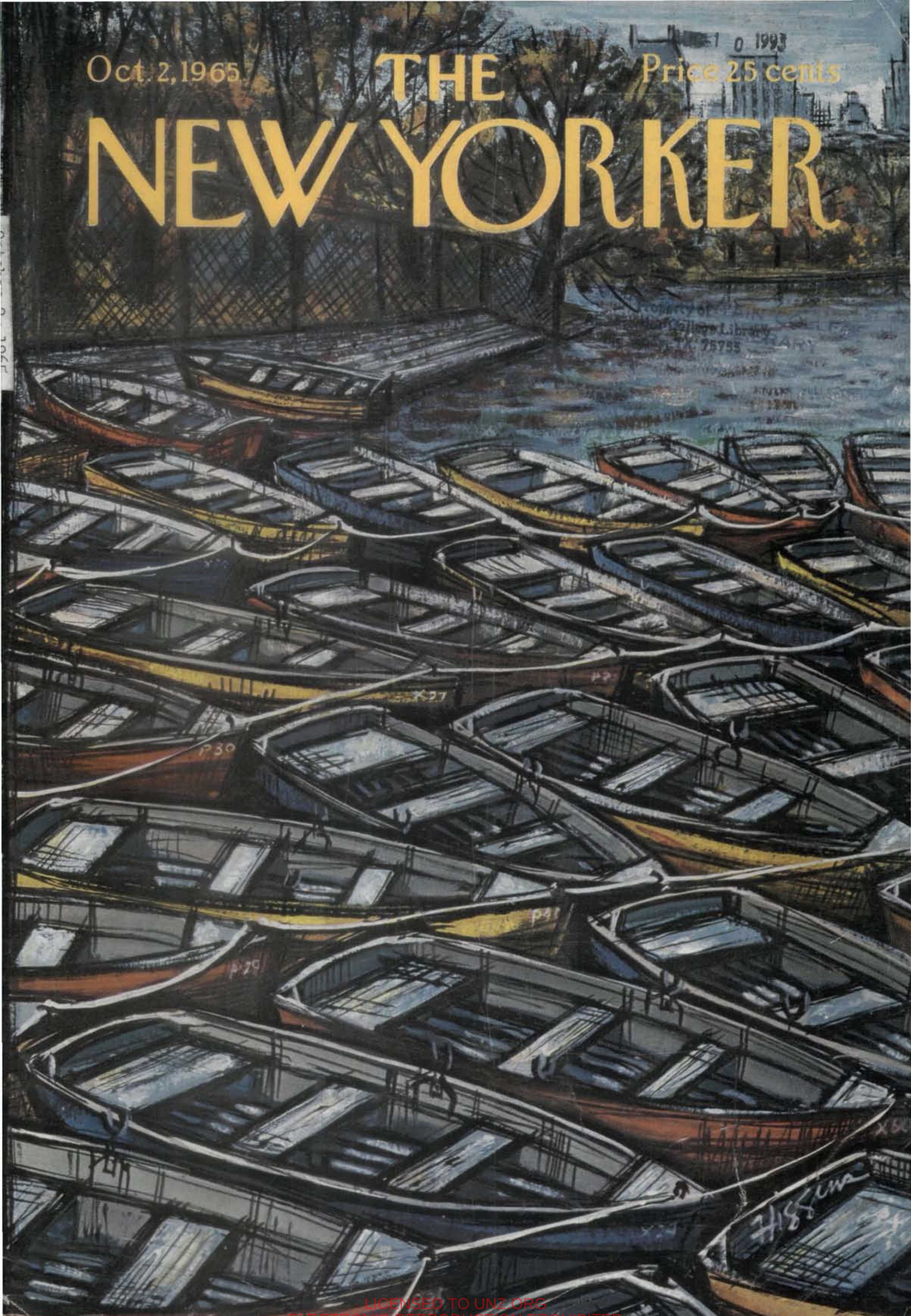
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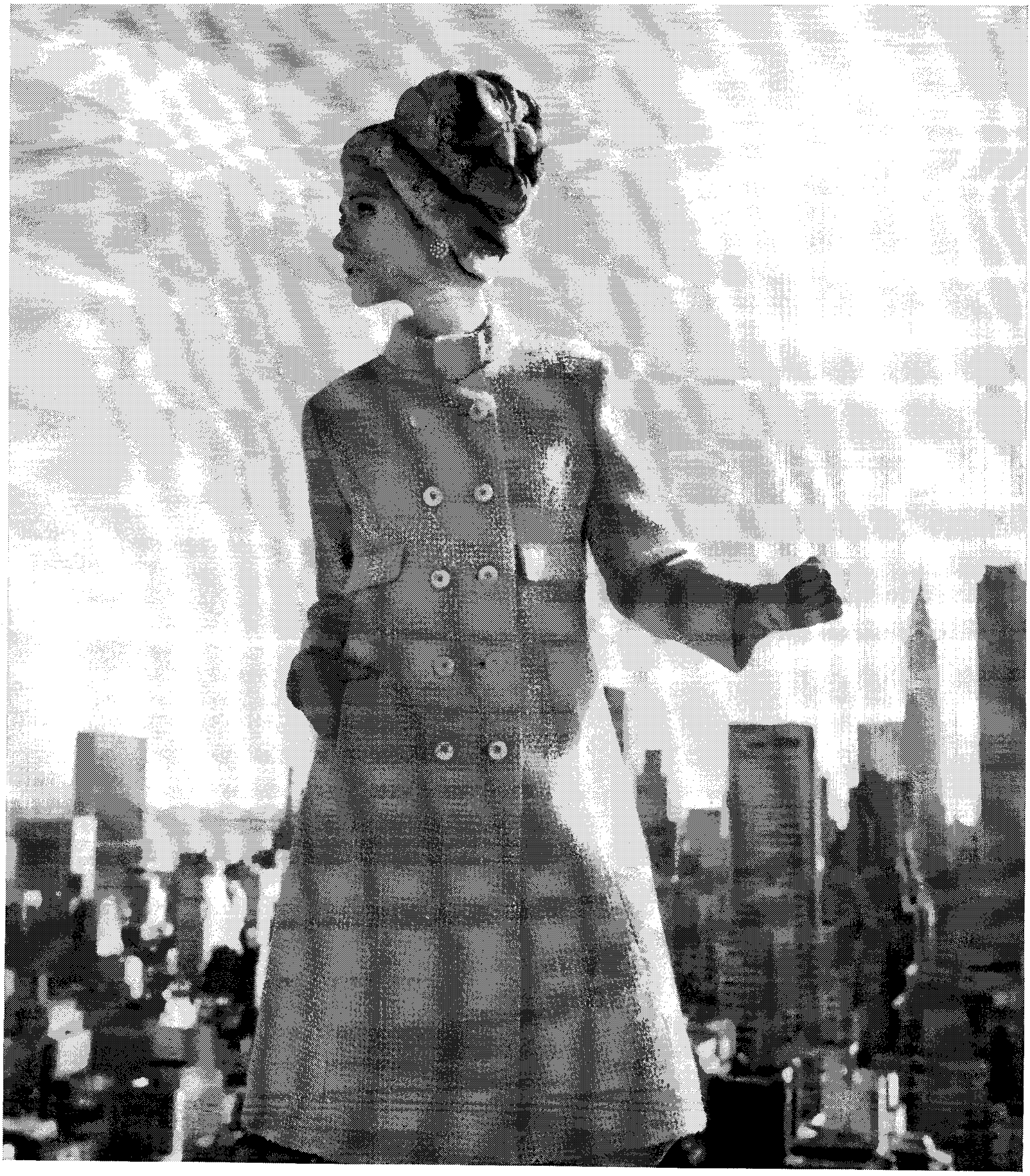

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				30	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Glass Menagerie—Farley Granger, Hal Holbrook, Carol Rossen, and Jo Van Fleet in Tennessee Williams' play. Directed by George Keathley. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 2.)

Mrs. Dally—William Hanley has expanded his one-act off-Broadway drama of a couple of seasons ago into a two-part play that has little to recommend it. Arlene Francis is the frustrated, middle-aged Mrs. Dally of the affair, who dreams long dreams of improving her station while cuddling a simple-minded juvenile lover, Robert Forster, and putting up with a boorish husband, Ralph Meeker. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's utterly beguiling comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Walter Matthau, Art Carney, and all the others in the cast are splendid, and Mike Nichols has directed the business with his customary ability. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and George Gaynes in a farce by Muriel Resnik about a girl who is a rich man's plaything. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller and Anthony Roberts. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **LUV:** A trio of very confused (and entertaining) neurotics. Anne Jackson is one of them. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT:** A two-character comedy about a stiff-necked would-be author (Alan Alda) and a carefree prostitute (Diana Sands) he has fallen in with. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Moves on Monday, Oct. 4, to the Royale, 45th St., W., CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** An account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. Now with Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Baker Street—Moriarty's celebrated rival on the loose in a musical that, alas, is somewhat laggardly. Fritz Weaver is the famous private eye and Inga Swenson a lady in love with him. There is also a fine interlude in which Victoria's Diamond Jubilee parade is done in trompe-l'oeil by Bil Baird's marionettes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Half a Sixpence—A most agreeable adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," in which Tommy Steele figures to splendid advantage. The songs—quite compelling—were written by David Heneker, and the choreography, which cannot be faulted, was arranged by Onna White. The over-all direction is the work of Gene Saks, and very good it is. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Roar of the Greasepaint–The Smell of the Crowd—A completely foolish attempt. with incidental music (the best sung by Gilbert Price), to capture some of the spirit of the theatre of the absurd. Anthony Newley and Cyril Ritchard wander aimlessly about in it. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Oct. 6, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Oct. 7, at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Luther Adler in a saga based on some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FUNNY GIRL:** Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **GOLDEN BOY:** A musical rehash of Clifford Odets's drama about a highly sensitive boxer, played by Lamont Washington, filling in for Sammy Davis, who will return on Wednesday, Oct. 6. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, Oct. 5, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Oct. 6, and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Hetty Green. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Very Rich Woman—A comedy by Ruth Gordon, taken from a French original by Philippe Hériat. The cast, under the direction of Garson Kanin, includes Miss Gordon, Ernest Truex, Madge Kennedy, and Ethel Griffies. Opens Thursday, Sept. 30. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Pickwick—A musical version of Dickens' "Pickwick Papers," imported from London. Wolf Mankowitz wrote the book, Cyril Ornadel the music, and Leslie Bricusse the lyrics, and the cast is headed by Harry Secombe. The director is Peter Coe. Previews through Saturday, Oct. 2. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 4. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:10. Matinées the first week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Generation—Henry Fonda in a comedy by William Goodhart. Directed by Gene Saks. Previews through Tuesday, Oct. 5. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 6. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Minor Miracle—A play by Al Morgan, based on his novel of the same name, with Lee Tracy, Dennis King, and Pert Kelton. Staged by Howard Erskine. Previews through Wednesday, Oct. 6. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 7. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **MADAME BUTTERFLY.** (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, at 8:40: **THE MIKADO.** . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 4 and 8:40: **IOLANTHE.** . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 3, at 4 and 8:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 5-6, at 8:40: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Oct. 7-8, at 8:40: **RUDDIGORE.** . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 4 and 8:40: **THE MIKADO.** (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Friends and **Enemies**—Eli Mintz in two one-act plays by Arkady Leokum. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5:30.)

Happy Days—A revival of the Beckett play. Ruth White and John C. Becher are the entire cast. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 10. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—An English farce about seduction, directed with considerable ingenuity by Mike Nichols. Sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Two early (pre-"Caretaker") one-acters by the remarkable English playwright Harold Pinter. Again Mr. Pinter has combined the elements of menace, suspense, and wild high comedy to produce any number of surprises. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sun-

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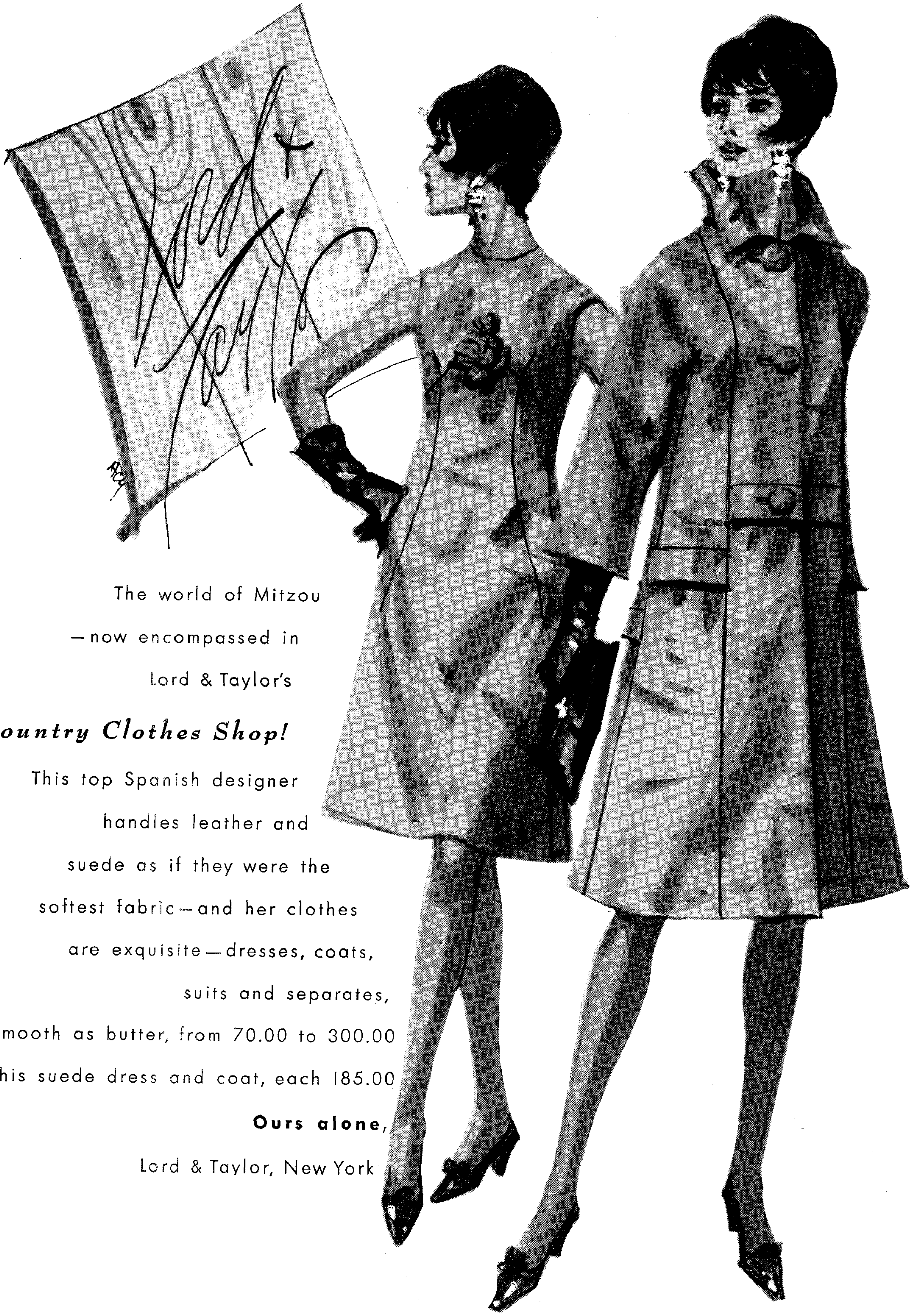

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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days, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Swim Low Little Goldfish—A comedy by Ronald Collier. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

A View from the Bridge—Robert Duvall in a strong revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Zoo Story and **Krapp's Last Tape**—A revival of this Edward Albee-Samuel Beckett double bill. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—"Don Quixote": Thursday and Friday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, at 8:15; Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2:15 and 8:15; and Sunday, Oct. 3, at 1:15 and 7:15. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 5, at 8:15: "Raymonda Variations," "Tarantella," "Agon," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Donizetti Variations." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8:15: "Harlequinade" and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 8, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," "Meditation," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 2:15: "Firebird," "Concerto Barocco," "Tarantella," and "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8:15: "Prodigal Son," "Irish Fantasy," "Meditation," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Oct. 31. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, Rosemary Clooney will sing her swan songs (and fine ones they're bound to be) at dinner and supper on Saturday, Oct. 2. Her companion, Dave Astor, an overwrought soapbox orator, will retire the same evening. The showroom will reopen on Friday, Oct. 8, to admit Tony Martin, that boon to patent leather, and his ballads. The orchestra of Lee Evans, one of the best in town, is there now, and will resume duty on Oct. 8.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Everyone who takes the floor (George Anaya's Cuban bandsmen) of the sedate restaurant wears a good-conduct medal. The tunes run from nine to twelve on weekdays, and until one on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Where the Lowells speak only to Cabots, and the Cabots speak only to Mills. In the grand ballroom, there is dance music for anyone who happens to get restless. In the Champagne Room, people who prefer to sit everything out listen to a non-athletic trio. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The night boat to the nineteenth century and the era of all-out interior decorating. Amid the fond recollections, Woody Herman's newest Herd does a bumptious brand of dance music that we have had to do without for a long time. The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. Sundays are silent.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's Yale teams is, in anticipation of a long Ivy League season, working out under lights on the bandstand of the happy little island called the Café Pierre. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Milk-and-honey is the diet prescribed by the ballads of Jane Morgan, the dinner-and-supper tenant of the Persian Room, which gets snap-the-whip music from Mark Monte's gay troubadours and more stately sound from Burt Farber's contingent. Miss Morgan withdraws on Wednesday, Oct. 6, and one night later Jack Jones, about the best of the freshman crop of tenors, arrives. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty; then, at eight, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the capital city of a first-rate Ruritania. Gunnar Hansen's violin (every night but Sunday) furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group does another turn, from seven to nine every evening, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The Ark on top of Mount Ararat. Michael Longo's folksy orchestra can be heard but not viewed on the cocktail deck; it can be danced to on the dining deck. The sound department operates from eight to one. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The red carpet, a Londony one, that has been laid out for the customers of the Maisonette is new, and so is the scenery, but the musicians—Charles Turecamo's orchestra (city-slicker music) and Quintero's Latin band—are old familiars. They ply their trade from eight until two. Closed Sundays.

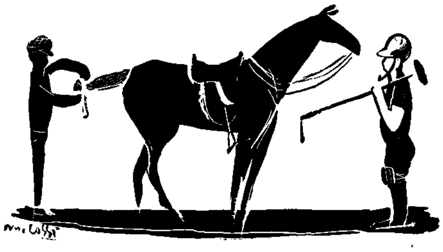
Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Woodsmen of the world will like the arboreal laboratory—the first ever to grow electric-light bulbs on trees. Beneath their handsome sunlight, one may dine and dance from seven-thirty until after midnight every night but Monday. Everybody out of the pool if it rains or snows.

Note—Mass (and merry) participation is no problem at all in **roseland dance city**, at 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), for the dance floor is the size of the playing fields of Eton. The air is complacent and conducive, and among the perquisites are two orchestras, bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-thirty until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays are rest nights.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A community small enough for everyone to know everyone, which leads to an enormous number of words per cubic foot. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **in boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): No great rush disturbs the peace of this residential quarter of Florence, nor does any great sound, except when a tenor (he is usually Franco Pagani) and a soprano undertake one of those set pieces by Puccini or other old neighbors. The chanting happens every night, and an easy-does-it dance band operates from Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **downstairs at the upstairs**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): That thing called love and what tied it into Gordian knots are dealt with, wisely and wittily, by the lyrics of Mabel Mercer, the dean of women singers. Sam Hamilton's piano is her background. Ten-thirty, and thereafter, is her time of night. Closed Sundays. . . . **sheraton-east**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the Café Ambassador, which looks and acts ancestral-hall, Ray Hartley plays *beau-monde* piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ Le Palais, a short cut to a Vienna that likes to take its time at dinner (seven to ten), offers a chef who comes from the Prater, and a zither (Hans Hansberg) from the same boulevard. Closed Sundays. . . . **drake room**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Though Cy Walter, a staff of night life, has fifty-eight fingers, none of them get in the way of any others when he sits down to his pianoforte, which he does from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one, in this dream of Empire. Closed Sundays. . . . **château henri iv**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Visitors to this not-to-be-taken-seriously example of castle architecture along the Loire may stay on for dinner and serenading by the drink-to-me-only-with-thine-eyes violin of Norbert Faconi, who is there every evening but Sunday. . . . **king henri iv**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about Loire architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **waverly lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are deservedly imperishable. He gets rolling in the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **roma di notte**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): One part pomp, one part circumstance, one part Riviera song and music, which (like the cooks) usually carry on from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **café renaissance 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Seekers of that castle in Spain should find this close-to-home one near to their hearts. In the midst of its restrained opulence, there is handsome guitar music direct from the Spanish Main. The recitals run intermittently from dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **café renaissance 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A similar reëstablishment of architecture for architecture's sake, likewise providing room for Andalusian guitar, and on the same schedule, every night but Sunday. . . . **jamaica arms**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): One look at this West Indie tells you that out of the woodwork, which would be perfectly at home in Kingston, there is sure to appear a native guitarist who will be singing those cruise-ship Caribbean ditties and who will be named Lord Superior. He, or a faultless facsimile, is on deck from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, and from seven to eleven on Sundays. . . . **chucks' composite**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Undergraduate practitioners of one or another of the lively arts have turned it into a week-long retreat. Three of the hired hands play jazz, new school, through the week; Sundays, a pianist works out. . . . **regency**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Imperial majesty is an important ingredient of the Regency Room cocktail lounge but not of the piano of Rack Godwin, which is sometimes wholly *pour le sport*. The hours are five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **sign of the dove**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Henry James thought up this epitome of town-house design, from dining room to glass-topped conservatory. In the bar, there is piano from five to eight and from nine-thirty to two, except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **l'intrigue**, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): The old-school dropouts from daytime life are apt to show up, as late as ever, in this shelter, where Nancy Steele gives them rumpus-room ballads and Murray Grand gives them piano filled with nostalgia. The music (Ronnie Ball's duo) commences at eight-thirty; the Steele ditties and the Grand piano commence after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **sherry-netherland**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Dining and suppering in the bar and restaurant, decorative and dignified, go along with offhand piano by Johnny Ryan and songs-with-guitar by Enzio Lembo. Mr. R. runs from six-thirty to one, except Mon-



OFF FIFTH AVENUE

West of the Plaza, about fifteen hundred miles, an exciting new adventure in shopping begins Monday, October 4. From around the world unique ideas have been gathered into one talk-about store, Halls on Kansas City's famous Country Club Plaza.

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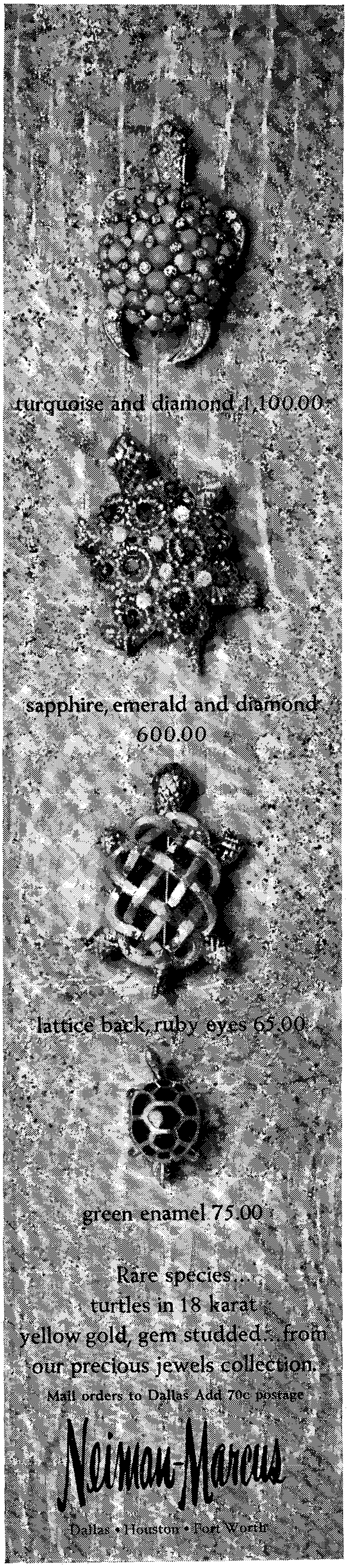
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days; Mr. L. runs from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The open road to a bustling Rome, rife with chatter and floating musicians. Closed Sundays.... **SPINDLETOP**, 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): *Lebensraum* for stars of stage, screen, and radar after the theatre, but there is space for mere mortals, too. At nine, Frankie Ray, a New Mexican bubble with a guitar and a tenor, starts patrolling the premises. Closed Sundays.... **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): See St. Petersburg and die—that is the theme of the heartfelt pavanes sung by Marina Fedorovskaya, the chatelaine of a comfortable and amply stocked *dacha*. She and a brace of musicians take turns from eight until two every night but Monday.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The watercolor piano of George Feyer is on exhibit along this stretch of Bailey's Beach. Eight-thirty until two is his speed. Closed Sundays.... **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, the Irene Bordoni (mile-long eyelashes and all the rest) of our generation, sings Bordoni songs beside, or on, the piano of her small dining room—at dinner through the week, at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports at eight beside a minute segment of parquet. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Riparian rights, and rites, along the Balkan sector of the Danube, which means that zimbalon, fiddle, tenor, and soprano rarely cease sounding off—always with grace and gentleness. The tenor is now that grand old seigneur Tibor Rakossy. Béla Babai's band plays for those customers who like to dance. Closed Mondays.... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The diner begins to think he must be in the prompter's box when his waiter hastily sets down the veal *rollatini* and turns, *a cappella*, into Scarpia or Rodolfo. Closed Mondays.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, which has an affairs-of-state look, Steven Weltner is again doing piano full of variations on excellent themes. Six-thirty until midnight is his run of play. Silence on Sundays.... **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The calm spa and restaurant of the Westbury Hotel. In one corner is the piano of Conrad Monjoy, who flows like sweet Afton from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays.... **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The mansion is Moorish, sort of, the menu is American, the mien is decorous. Well-behaved piano is audible from six until midnight except on Sundays.

NOTE—The discothèque, a fact of life that is too much with us, is represented at its best by **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): A senior member of the board, and often populated by citizenry of a certain seniority. The appointments are opulent, the music is insistent. From seven to ten, it is supplied by real people; after that, it is issued by computers, which run until three or four; Sundays, when one is curfew time, the music is entirely popular mechanics. Dinner and supper.... **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): How to hang a garden in Babylon, and how to let youth have its fling. The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays.... **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Another children's home. All the Pied Pipers here, though, are windup toys. The hours are eight until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), an inexhaustible Diana. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies.... **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): From the song of the same name. The campus of this nondenominational university is only utilitarian, but the athletic program (nine to three or four, except Mondays) is superb, and the *ballets mécaniques* of the house dancers are original and amusing. A certain amount of edibles, lots of drinkables.... **THE GARRISON**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079): In a wing of El Morocco, mechanical marvels sing their steely songs and marching music from eight until four every night but Sunday.... **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 3 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Another enterprise in which even the walls have earphones, but the turmoil that issues from them is more subdued than it is in most discothèques. The architecture is sort of homey, and there is a supper menu. Nine to four is the scheme, and all is silence Sundays and Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The resident dryads and nymphs, happy and lively in their carefree exercise clothes, have new playmates—Teresa Brewer, still the little pepperpot singer with the immortal Southern accent, and Will Jordan, whose caricatures of his show-business compeers have the extraordinary merit of being funny. All told, an hour and forty-five minutes of great, gaudy glee. Dancing.... **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Eydie Gorme, a sufficiently pleasant elf, is singing and carrying on in about equal parts; Charlie Manna, whose I.Q. is higher than the brain power of most stand-up humorists, is generally just carrying on. Dancing.... ¶ In the lounge, where the sun rises at ten o'clock in the evening and seems never to set, the Clara Ward Gospel Singers give a vivid demonstration of how the Faith can move mountains.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The postponed trial runs of the season's Julius Monk revue, "Pick a Number XV," are under way. The complete edition will be out later on. Rex Robbins, Bill Hinnant, and Elizabeth Wilson are the principals; nine and eleven-thirty are the zero hours. The pit band is the pianos of Robert Colston and Fred Silver. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The army that sings together zings together, which means that Los Chavales de España (the new boys as well as the old boys) are in bold, brassy form. A fine bit of fluff called Luisita Sevilla is their principal dancer. The performers take the floor at dinner and supper through the week, and again at two Saturday nights. Sundays begin with a fulminating tea dance at three-thirty (Tito Puente's band is the catalyst) and end with a show at ten. The customers, often equally expert, can dance at any time, too.... ¶ After ten, in the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose *flamenco* guitar is *top-of-the-evening*, and Domingo Alvarado, full of Spanish love song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays.... **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter," the collected works of a philosopher who circled the world and found it square, gives Kaye Ballard an opportunity to run riot—a sport in which she holds track records. Harold Lang's footwork makes up for the absence of a chorus. This all happens every night but Monday at eight-thirty, as well as at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. ... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The recent additions to the letterpress of the minute revue called "The Game Is Up" have much improved the content, and the recent return of R. G. Brown to the role of top banana has much improved the cast, which is apt to make a given point twice. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Brasil '65, six singers and instrumentalists (*bossa nova* and all that), is visiting the Northern Hemisphere. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening carnivals; Monday nights, other musicians congregate.... **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Royal progress is what Miriam Makeba makes out of her African ballads, and pure silver is what Hugh Masekela, who runs a quartet, makes out of his intense trumpet. Mondays, the place is given over to a collection of Latin bandsmen and to Symphony Sid, who has some forgettable homilies about music always at the ready. The dance floor is in operation every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. The dining pavilion and open-air café, one flight above all this, are open from five to two every

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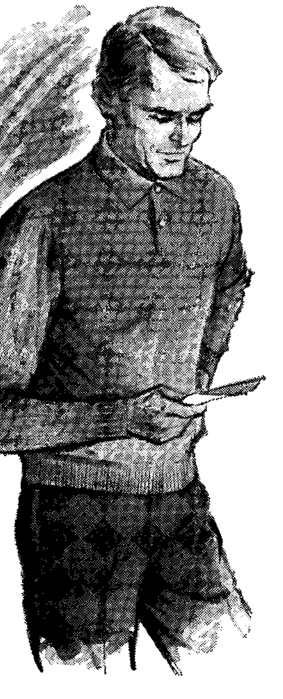

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

evening but Monday.... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): *Café noir, café au lait, caffè cappuccino,* in the best of the Greenwich Village coffeehouses, and the one most likely to amuse. Mike Settle, who has an undying faith in the efficacy of true folk music, and Joan Toliver, another worker in the same vineyard, do the honors. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Way down yonder, where every listener is earnest and every sound is fraught. Tony Scott's quartet, the current burbler, will be succeeded, on Tuesday, Oct. 5, by the quintet of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, and Jimmy Rushing, that barrel of fun, will turn loose his chubby voice on Friday, Oct. 8, and every weekend night thereafter. Closed Mondays.... **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The fivesome of Max Roach, a Judgment Day drummer, calls the shots as it sees them. Jorge Morel's Iberian guitar does the musing. Mondays, another band fills in.... **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Shoot the works, but never the Professor at the piano. The nights of yore are recalled in toto by Mr. Condon and a hearty crew, such as Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, and Morey Feld. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar is the trio of Billy Taylor, whose piano, though still cheerful, is now interested in "adjusted" (or "concert") jazz. Between sets, the British Eddie Thompson sits in at the keyboard—gentled music during dinner, up-and-at-them music after the theatre. Silence on Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The immutable laws of traditional music are honored in the observance here. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Jimmy Archey, and Henry Goodwin are the layers-down of these laws. Don Frye plays piano all by himself on Sundays.... **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A very contemporary youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the String Stretchers, as they like to think of themselves) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea.... **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): A music stand whose blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and such) may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa María, so ancient are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum.... **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): It looks like midsummer on Nantucket. At a guess, no one at the tables or on the dance floor is allowed to be over twenty-four, and the music, served up at fever heat, goes on from nine-thirty until four through the week, and from eight until one-thirty on Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

WOLFGANG BEHL—Figurative wood sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

ALLEN BLAGDEN—Watercolors; through Oct. 16. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

LÉON DE LEEUW—Impressionistic landscapes; through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

DONG KINGMAN—Watercolor paintings, including scenes of Hong Kong, Spain, and Mexico; through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

FRANCISCO LAREZ—Intaglio prints; through Oct. 23. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Four large sculptures (in plaster, for bronze); through Oct. 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WALDO PEIRCE—A retrospective of paintings dating back to the thirties; through Oct. 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

PICASSO—Oils of the thirties and the sixties; through Oct. 30. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOE RAFFAELE—Paintings; through Oct. 16. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

JERRY WERNER—Constructions; through Oct. 14. (Westerly, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK YOUNGERMAN—A joint exhibition: paintings at the Parsons (24 W. 57th St.) and ink drawings at the Byron (1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.); both through Oct. 23. (Both galleries are closed Mondays.)

DRAWINGS—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century examples by, among others, Cézanne, Ingres, and Toulouse-Lautrec; through Oct. 23. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Saturday, Oct. 2.)

SCULPTURES—Pieces by Roger Bolomey, Duayne Hatchett, Robert Howard, and David von Schlegell; through Oct. 23. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

AFRICAN ART—Statues and masks in ivory and wood from European collections; through Oct. 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Works in various mediums by (to mention a few) Oliver Andrews, Jack Levine, and Marcia Marcus; through Saturday, Oct. 2.... **GRAND CENTRAL,** 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: The Annual Founders Show, made up of oils and watercolors by over a hundred artist-members, among them Clark Hulings, Chen Chi, and Molly Guion; through Oct. 21. (Closed Saturdays.)... **ZABRISKIE,** 36 E. 61st St.: Drawings of the early twentieth century by, among others, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Marsden Hartley, and Raphael Soyer; through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ELKON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings in a variety of styles by Magritte, Dubuffet, and Albers (to name several); through Oct. 16. (Closed Mondays.)... **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Andrew Wyeth, Jacob Epstein, and Frank Kupka are three of the artists represented in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Saturday, Oct. 2.

FRENCH; GROUP SHOW—A travelling exhibition of thirty-five hand-woven Aubusson tapestries designed by, among others, Picasso, Cocteau, and Max Ernst; through Oct. 20. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

LATIN-AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings, sculptures, and prints by Sergio Castillo, Clara Ledesma, and other gallery members; through Oct. 16. (Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Closed Mondays; open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

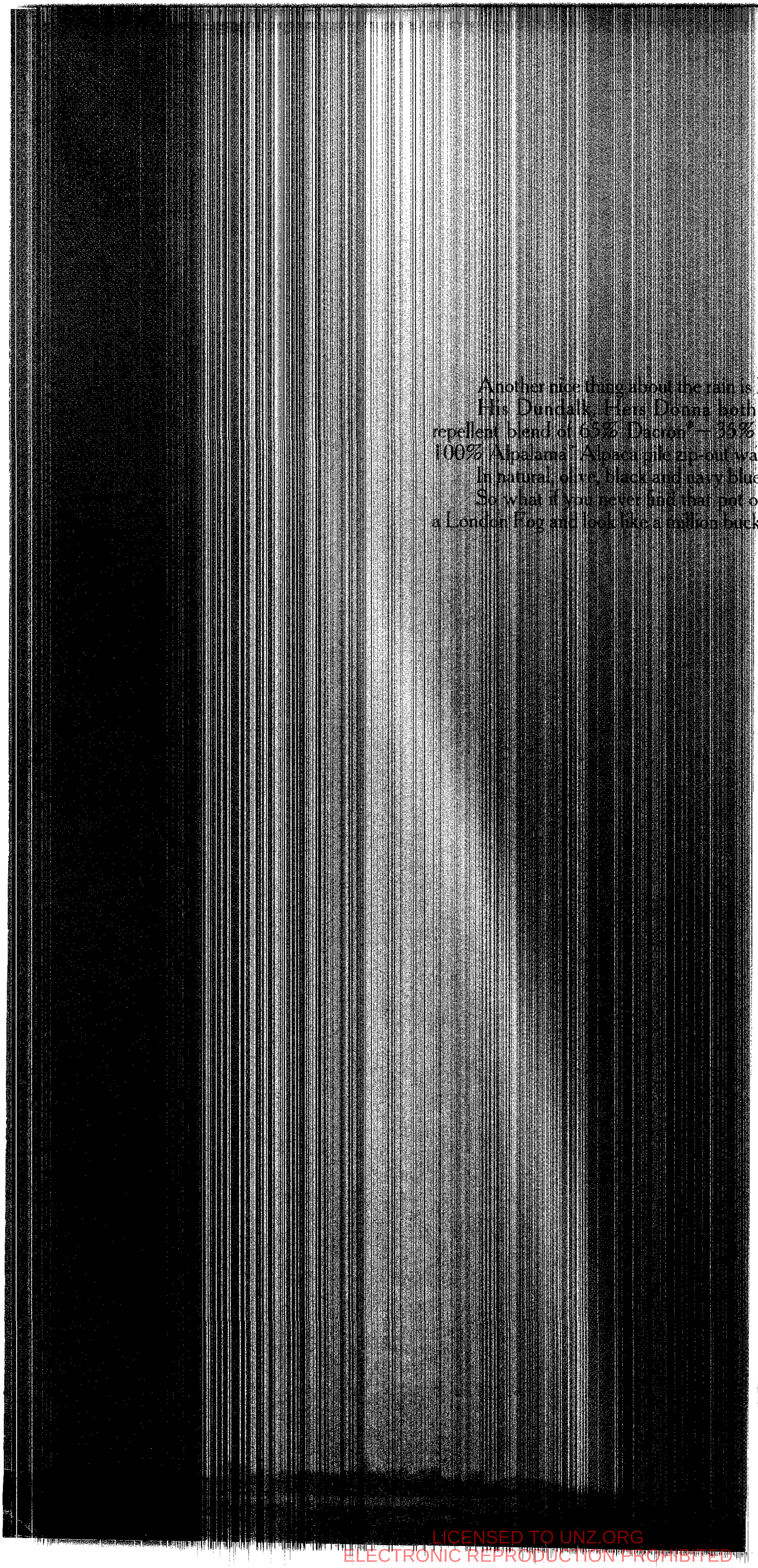
TENTH STREET—Seven downtown galleries are participating in an opening exhibition (ending Oct. 14) of paintings, constructions, collages, and sculptures by gallery members and invited guests—At the **AEGIS,** 89 E. 10th St.; **AREA,** 90 E. 10th St.; **ASPECTS,** 100 E. 10th St.; **BRATA,** 56 Third Ave., at 10th St.; **CODA,** 89 E. 10th St.; **GALLERY 84,** 84 E. 10th St.; and **STRYKE,** 86 E. 10th St. (All the galleries are open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the present (John Singleton Copley to Edward Hopper), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17. ...¶ Prints from the Museum's collection by Holbein, Goya, Mary Cassatt, and others; through Oct. 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of paintings and collages, from the forties to the present, by the Abstract Expressionist Robert Motherwell; starting Friday, Oct. 1....¶ Sculptures, drawings, and paintings by Alberto Giacometti; through Oct. 10....¶ Forty-four recently acquired drawings (1882-1964) by, for instance, Leonard Baskin, Alexander Calder, and Odilon Redon; through Dec. 31....¶ About thirty paintings, collages, and drawings bequeathed to the Museum by the late Kay Sage Tanguy, and including works by her, Yves Tanguy, Miró, and others; through Nov. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer



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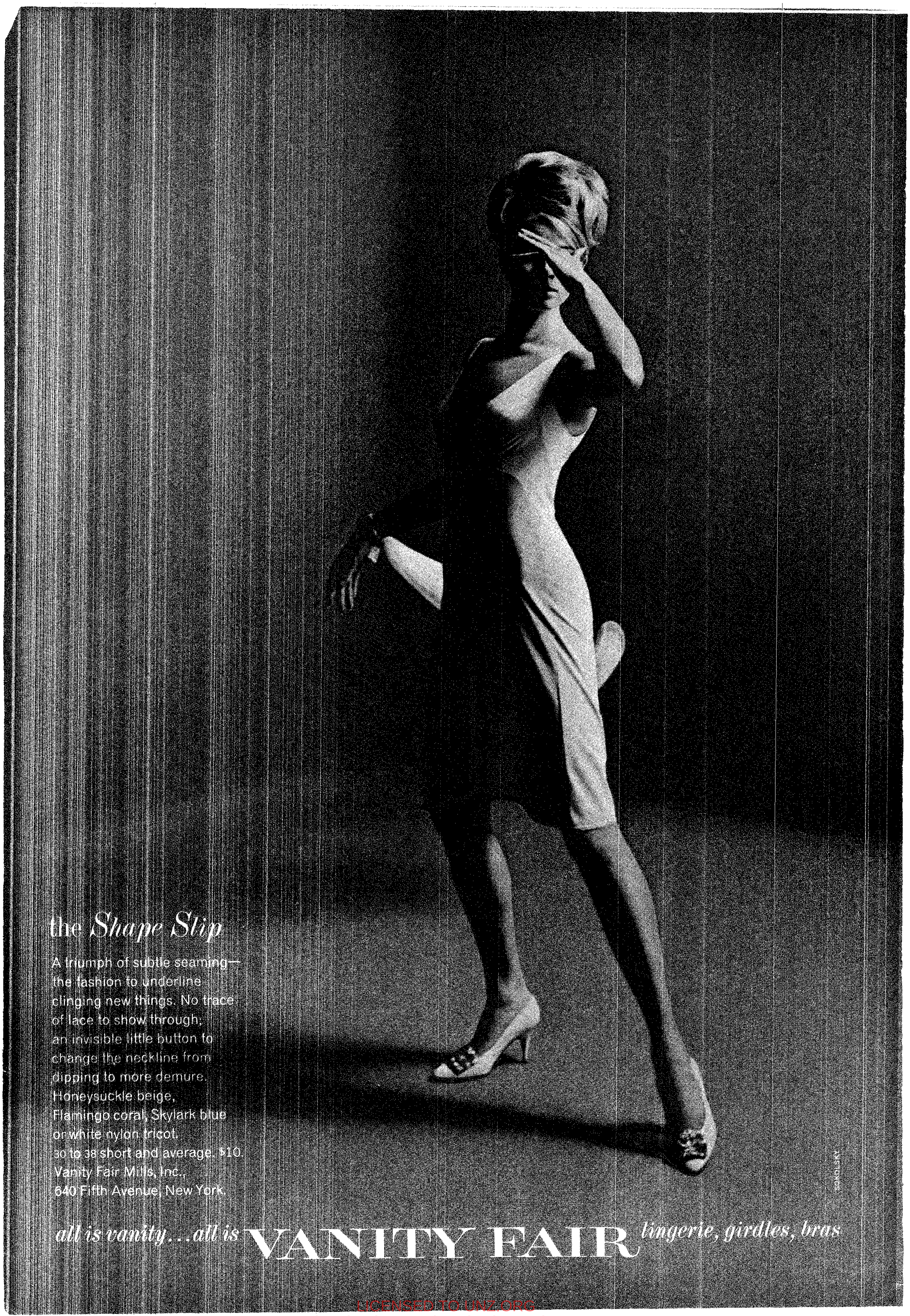

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Gods, Thrones, and Peacocks," an exhibition of northern-Indian miniatures, demonstrating two traditions—Rajput and Mughal—from the fifteenth to nineteenth centuries; through Dec. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Energy sculptures," which turn out to be painted objects transfigured by music and colored light, created by Adrian Guillery and Dick Hogle; through Nov. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings, drawings, and graphics done by the Mexican artist José Clemente Orozco (1883-1949) in his later years; through Oct. 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Renoir, Degas, van Gogh, and Picasso) assembled by the art dealer and collector Justin K. Thannhauser. Seventy-five of these Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and later works are a recent bequest to the Museum and are housed in new, nonsloping galleries constructed for them. Through Oct. 10. . . . ¶A survey (1917-64) of paintings, drawings, and gouaches by the abstractionist Jean Xceron; through Oct. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective (1950-65) of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by Larry Rivers; through Nov. 7. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6. Closed Wednesday, Oct. 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Illuminated manuscripts, master drawings, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts, from the Library's collection; through Dec. 11. . . . ¶Books illustrated by French painters—Manet to Chagall; through Nov. 13. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"The Art of Personal Adornment," a display of jewelry and accessories from ancient times to the present; through Nov. 7. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Religion in Wood: A Study in Shaker Design," a comprehensive showing of the decorative and fine arts of the Shakers; through Nov. 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A memorial retrospective of the abstract paintings, drawings, and other works of Stuart Davis (1894-1964); through Oct. 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Sept. 30: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Anna Moffo, Carlotta Ordassy, Ion Piso, Mario Sereni, Bonaldo Giaiotti, Dan Marek, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶Friday evening, Oct. 1: "Arabella" (in English), with Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, Blanche Thebom, Barry Morell, Walter Cassel, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶Saturday evening, Oct. 2: "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Marcia Baldwin, Gladys Kriese, Nicolai Gedda, Cesare Siepi, Robert Merrill, and Russell Christopher. . . . ¶Monday evening, Oct. 4: "Queen of Spades" (in English), with Regina Resnik, Teresa Stratas, Rosalind Elias, Jon Vickers, John Reardon, and William Walker. . . . ¶Tuesday evening, Oct. 5: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Heidi Krall, Gianni Raimondi, Calvin Marsh, John Macurdy, Lorenzo Alvary, Clifford Harvuot, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶Wednesday evening, Oct. 6: "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Marcia Baldwin, Gladys Kriese, Nicolai Gedda, Cesare Siepi, Robert Merrill, and Russell Christopher. . . . ¶Thursday evening, Oct. 7: "Don Carlo," with Raina Kabaivanska, Grace Bumbry, Bruno Prevedi, Ettore Bastianini, Jerome Hines, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶Friday evening, Oct. 8: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Heidi Krall, Gianni Raimondi, Calvin Marsh, John Macurdy, Lorenzo Alvary, Clifford Harvuot, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶Saturday matinée, Oct. 9: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Anna Moffo, Carlotta Ordassy, Ion Piso, Mario Sereni, Bonaldo Giaiotti, Dan Marek, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶Saturday evening, Oct. 9: "Arabella" (in English), with Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, Blanche Thebom, Barry Morell, Walter Cassel, and Donald Gramm. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera Company—Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). . . . ¶Friday, Oct. 1, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly.". . . ¶Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2:30: "The Merry Widow.". . . ¶Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8:15: "La Bohème.". . . ¶Sunday, Oct. 3, at 2:30: "Die Fledermaus" (in English). . . . ¶Sunday, Oct. 3, at 8:15: "Don Giovanni" (in English). . . . ¶Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8: A new production of Rossini's "The Barber of Seville.". . . ¶Friday, Oct. 8, at 8:15: "Faust.". . . ¶Saturday, Oct. 9, at 2:30: "The Saint of Bleecker Street.". . . ¶Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8:15: "La Traviata." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—A Sibelius-Nielsen program on Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 1, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 4, at 7:30 (all with Phyllis Curtin, soprano); and a varied program on Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 8, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 11, at 7:30 (all with Henryk Szeryng, violin, and Catharine Crozier, organ).

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 4, at 8:40.)

Chira String Orchestra—Joseph Chira conducting a new orchestra in its first appearance here. (Town Hall. Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Mitchell Andrews and Nancy Cirillo—Piano and violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 1, at 8:30.)

Bob Dylan—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 1, at 8:30.)

John Wummer, David Sackson, and Joseph Wolman—Flute, violin, and piano, in a program of music of the Bach family. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 2, at 5:15.)

Tom Krause—Baritone. (Town Hall. Monday, Oct. 4, at 8:30.)

Kohon String Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 8, at 5:30.)

Leo Smit—Piano, playing Book II of "The Well-Tempered Clavier." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 8, at 8.)

Charles Bressler—Tenor. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 8, at 8:30.)

Mitchell Trio—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8:30.)

Juan Serrano—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Royal Marines Tattoo—The pipes, drums, and dancers of the Royal Scots Greys and Scots Guards, two marching bands of the Royal Marines, the Highland Lassies (dancers) from British Columbia, the Commando Motorcycle Display Squad, and the Fiji Military Band. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thursday, Sept. 30, through Sunday, Oct. 10. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—Mets vs. Philadelphia. (Shea Stadium. Friday, Oct. 1, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2:15; and Sunday, Oct. 3, at 2.)

Dog Shows—Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury. Sunday, Oct. 3.). . . ¶Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 9.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, OCT. 2:** Army vs. Boston College, at West Point, at 2. . . .

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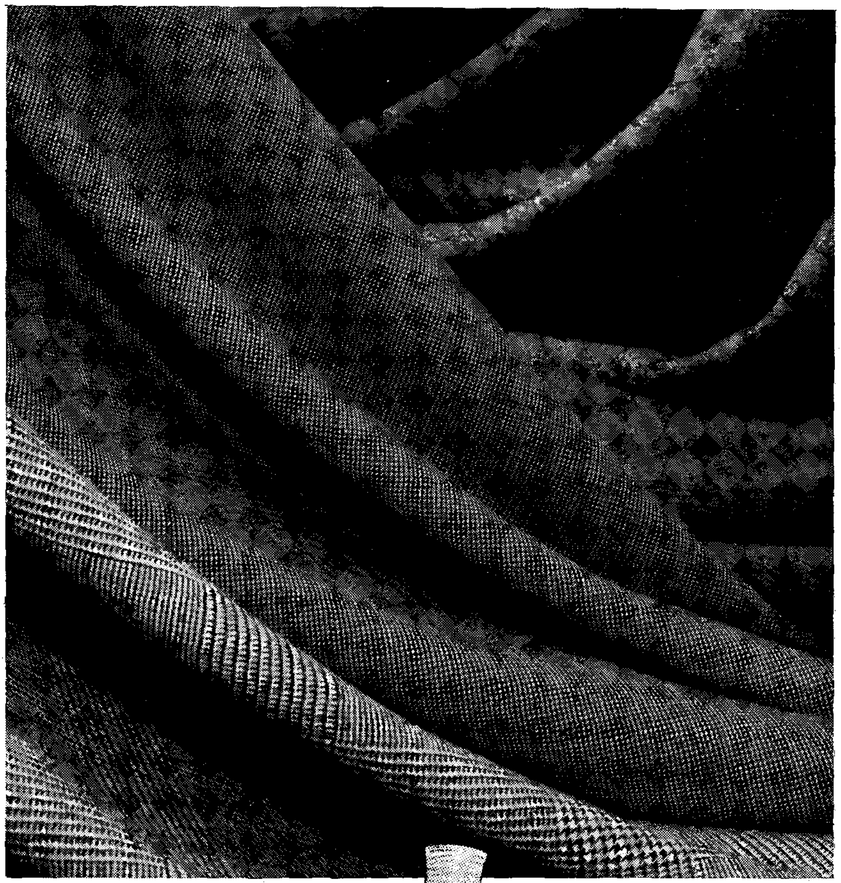

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Lehigh vs. Cornell, at Bethlehem, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 9:** Army vs. Notre Dame, at Shea Stadium, at 8. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Yale, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lehigh, at New Brunswick, at 1:30.

GOLF—Metropolitan Professional Golfers' Association Stroke Championship. (Middle Bay Country Club, Oceanside, L.I. Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 4-6.)

HUNT RACING—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Wednesday, Oct. 6, and Saturday, Oct. 9.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase. . . . **BETHPAGE POLO FIELD**, Farmingdale, L.I.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30. The Woodward, Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . **BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30, starting Monday, Oct. 4. The Cowdin, Wednesday, Oct. 6, and the Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 9. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 12. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Watkins Glen: Sunday, Oct. 3, at 2.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2, at 1:45: American and English furniture, porcelain, silver, Oriental rugs, and decorations; from the estate of Mrs. Elwood Inge and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 5, at 1:45: Rare books, including a Fourth Folio of Shakespeare, a collection of Ian Fleming first editions, and color-plate books; the property of Leon Messenger and others.

ELECTION REGISTRATION—The registration dates for the Nov. 2 elections are Thursday and Friday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 2, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

COMING EVENTS

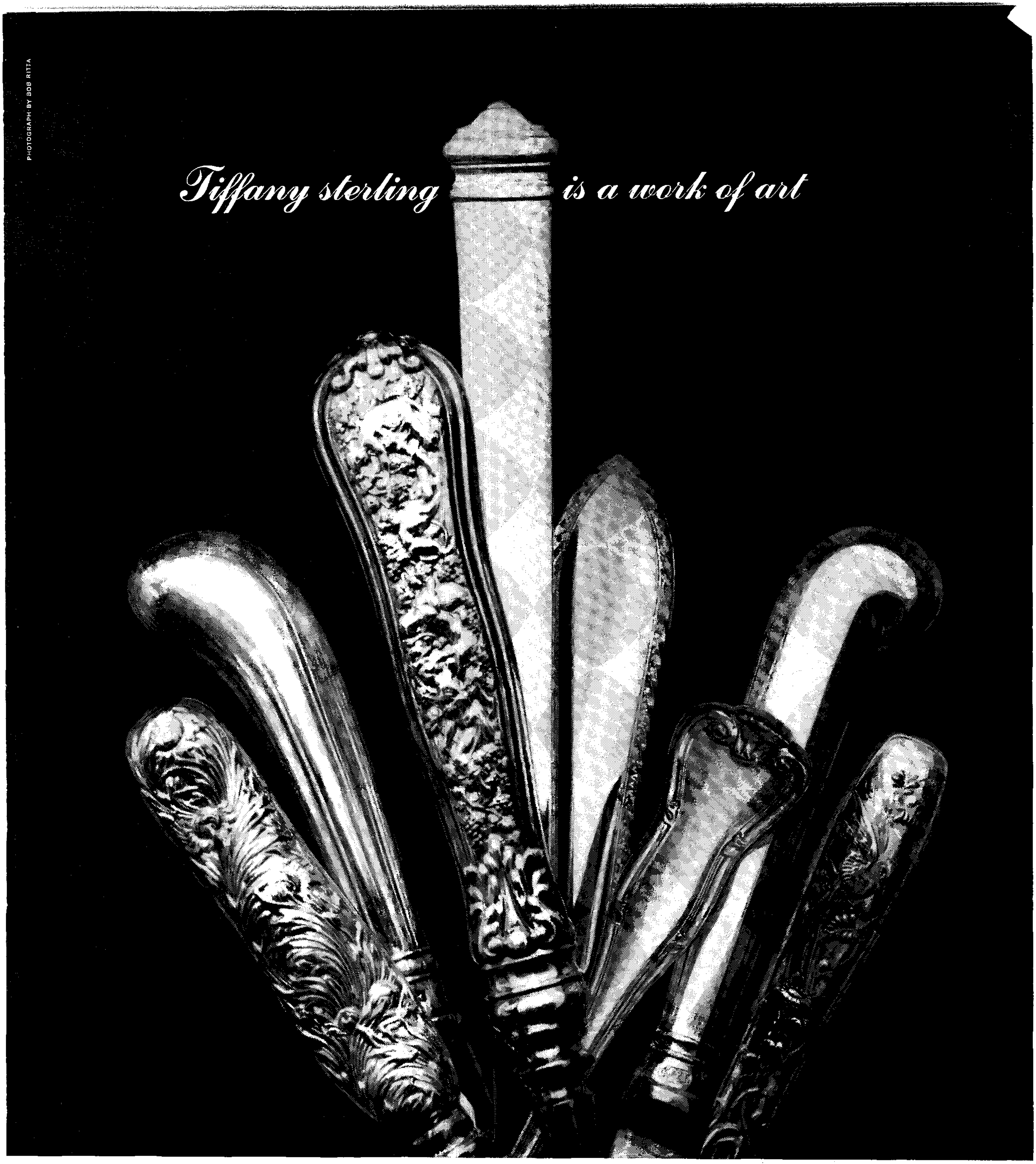
(A listing for forehanded readers.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden: Oct. 16 and 23, and Nov. 4, 6, 9, and 13.

BOXING—Joey Giardello vs. Dick Tiger, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Oct. 21.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Jets vs. Oakland Raiders, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Jets vs. San Diego Chargers, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Denver Broncos, Oct. 31. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cleveland Browns, Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Washington Redskins, Nov. 7.

GOLF—Metropolitan Professional Golfers' Association Match Play Championship. (Cedar



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Brook Country Club, Brookville, L.I. Oct. 18-21.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Oct. 11 and 17 (exhibition games), Oct. 24, Nov. 3, Nov. 7, and Nov. 10.

Horse Shows—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Oct. 16-23.)... ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Oct. 26-Nov. 2.)... ¶ Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Nov. 4-9.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Oct. 16.)... ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Oct. 23.)... ¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Oct. 30.)... ¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Nov. 6.)... ¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Nov. 13.)

Racing—At GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Oct. 13-Nov. 20.... LAUREL, Md.: Oct. 16-Nov. 12.... UNITED HUNTS AT AQUEDUCT: Oct. 28-29.

Sports-Car Racing—At THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: Oct. 10.... LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Oct. 16.... WATKINS GLEN: Oct. 16-17.

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 16.... METROPOLITAN OPERA NATIONAL COMPANY, New York State Theater (TR 7-4727): The season will open on Nov. 3, with "Cinderella" (in English), and will run through Nov. 20.... PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 21.... ¶ Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 10.... ¶ Opening performance here of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Oct. 12.... ¶ Birgit Nilsson, soprano, Oct. 17.... ¶ Festival Orchestra of New York, Oct. 22 and Nov. 7.... ¶ Ivan Petrov, bass, Oct. 24.... ¶ Joao Carlos Martins, piano, Oct. 24.... ¶ Opening performances here of the Boston Symphony, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, Oct. 27 and 29. ... ¶ Washington National Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 31.... ¶ Norman Luboff Choir, Oct. 31.... ¶ Robert Casadesus, piano, Nov. 3.... ¶ Jorg Demus, piano, Nov. 7.... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Ivan Davis, piano, Oct. 10.... ¶ Budapest Children's Choir, Oct. 10.... ¶ Jerome Lowenthal, piano, Oct. 13.... ¶ Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra, Oct. 15, 16, 17, 19, 22, 23, 24, 26, 29, 30, and 31.... ¶ Käbi Laretei, piano, Oct. 17.... ¶ Charles Treger, violin, Oct. 21.... ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 25 and Nov. 7-8.... ¶ Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano, Oct. 27.... ¶ Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 28.... ¶ Sidney Foster, piano, Oct. 31.... ¶ Maureen Forrester, contralto, Nov. 3.... ¶ Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, Nov. 5.... ¶ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, Nov. 7.... TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Ravi Shankar, sitarist, Oct. 10.... ¶ Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra, Oct. 22.... ¶ Narcisco Yepes, classic guitarist, Nov. 6. ... *GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM*, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Guiomar Novaes, piano, Oct. 15.... ¶ Nicolai Gedda, tenor, Oct. 17.... HUNTER COLLEGE (737-3570): Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord, Oct. 25.... ¶ Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, Oct. 27.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A musical, "Drat! The Cat!," with book and lyrics by Ira Levin, music by Milton Schafer, and a cast that includes Lesley Ann Warren and Elliott Gould.... ¶ Charles Aznavour, the French singer, actor, and composer in a three-week engagement of his solo show, "The World of Charles Aznavour."... ¶ A London import by Joe Orton, "Entertaining Mr. Sloane," with Sheila Hancock, Lee Montague, and Dudley Sutton.... ¶ Alan King in "The Impossible Years," a comedy by Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx.... ¶ "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever," a musical starring Louis Jourdan and Barbara Harris. Alan Jay Lerner wrote the book and lyrics and Burton Lane the music.... ¶ Michael Dyne's play "The Right Honourable Gentleman," imported from London, with Charles D. Gray and Coral Browne.... ¶ "Hot September," a musical version of William Inge's "Picnic." Paul Osborn did the book, Kenneth Jacobson composed the

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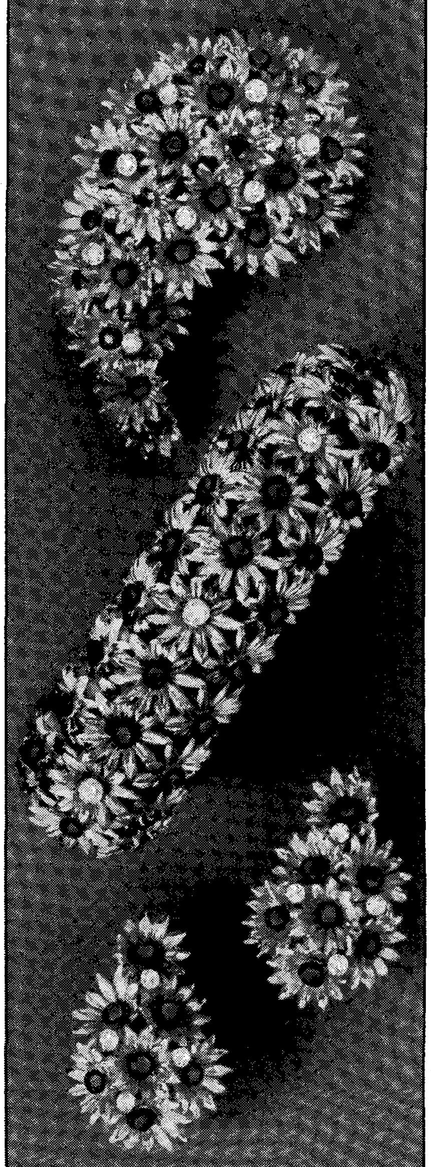

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music, Rhoda Roberts turned out the lyrics, and the cast is headed by Sean Garrison, Sheila Sullivan, and Eddie Bracken. . . . ¶ The Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center will open the new Vivian Beaumont Theater with "Danton's Death," by Georg Buechner. . . . ¶ Julie Harris, Victor Spinetti, and Peter L. Marshall in a musical, "Skyscraper." The lyrics are by Sammy Cahn, the music by James Van Heusen, and the book by Peter Stone. . . . ¶ "Postmark Zero," a dramatization by Robert Nemiroff of "Last Letters from Stalingrad," in which Hardy Kruger, Viveca Lindfors, and Chad Mitchell will appear. . . . ¶ Christopher Plummer in "The Royal Hunt of the Sun," Peter Shaffer's London play. . . . ¶ A comedy by Eleanor Harris Howard and Helen McAvity called "Mating Dance," with Van Johnson in the leading role. . . . ¶ Jack Richardson's comedy "Xmas in Las Vegas;" Tom Ewell heads the cast. . . . ¶ "The Zulu & the Zayda," a play by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon (taken from a story by Dan Jacobson), with songs by Harold Rome. Menasha Skulnik, Ossie Davis, and Louis Gossett are the principals.

Poetry Readings—Marianne Moore, Richmond Lattimore, and John Hall Wheelock. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium. YU 8-6783. Oct. 21.)

Other Dates—New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Oct. 11-16. . . . ¶ Columbus Day is Tuesday, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Fall Flower Festival, at Essex House, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time ends Sunday, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Election Day is Tuesday, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Veterans' Day is Thursday, Nov. 11.

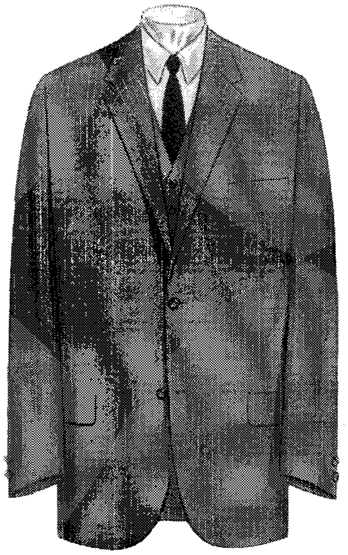
THE WORLD'S FAIR

Hours—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Exhibits open between 9 and 10, although waiting in line is permitted from 8:30. Some exhibits close at 10 P.M., some later. Most restaurants are open until midnight, and some until 2. Many visitors leave the Fair when it gets dark, and so, except perhaps on Saturday night, that is a good time to go, since there is no waiting at any of the exhibits. Of the exhibits where waiting is necessary, only Johnson's Wax and I.B.M. are worth it. The Fair closes on Sunday, Oct. 17.

Pavilions—The best show, the best bar, and one of the better restaurants at the Fair are to be found at the African Pavilion. Admission to the show is $1.50 for adults, fifty cents for children, and there is no waiting. . . . ¶ Other good restaurants, all expensive, are those in the Danish, Swedish, Spanish, Indian, and Festival of Gas pavilions. . . . ¶ The exhibit of paintings at the Spanish Pavilion is different from last year's, and includes two large El Grecos, two new Goyas, and a vast painting by Dali called "The Apotheosis of the Dollar.". . . ¶ The New York State Pavilion is exciting to visit for any reason at all. . . . ¶ The twenty-minute Chrysler-Bil Baird puppet show has been rewritten so that it is more entertaining than it was. The star is still Carby Carburetor, who is said to be very popular with small children. Shows are virtually continuous and the theatre is constructed so that no waiting is necessary. Free. . . . ¶ Outside the Hall of Education, which appears to have been renamed "Demonstration Center," there is a playground of the future. The more cerebral displays inside include a history of shoes through the nineteenth century ("Animal skins and leaves were the first foot coverings"), and voting booths set up by the *Daily News*, where one can express opinions on teen-age vandalism and the candidates for President of the City Council. . . . ¶ The kiosk outside the Pavilion of Paris sells French magazines, books, records, and cigarettes, and literary shopping bags. . . . ¶ Those who like to dance to the music of Guy Lombardo may do so every evening except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30 at the Tiparillo bandstand; free.

Lake Area—The Florida Citrus Commission sponsors a water-ski show in the Amphitheatre. The show is put on six times a day, at 1, 2:30, 4, 5:30, 8, and 10 P.M., and except for the master of ceremonies, who is unusually irritating, it is worth the price of admission. Free. . . . ¶ "The killer snakes are loose again in the African jungle," is part of the spiel for a small exhibit of exceedingly lethargic reptiles languishing in cages at the southern end of the Lake Area bridge; among them are a python and two rhinoceros iguanas. Admission twenty-five cents.

OUR CURRENT ROAD EXHIBITS
Cleveland, 1, 2, 4, Statler Hilton
Cincinnati, 4, 5, Netherland Hilton
Buffalo, 5, 6, Statler Hilton



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Casanova '70—Marcello Mastroianni plays a womanizer who is suddenly faced with what is, for him, the supreme humiliation. A funny and appealing Italian comedy, expertly directed by Mario Monicelli and boasting lots of pretty girls in pretty settings. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Oct. 3.)

Darling—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey are all excellent in this diamond-hard, diamond-bright account of contemporary London life. John Schlesinger was the director. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—Christ in Cinerama, only not really Christ—only Cinerama. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Great Race—A vehicle for vehicles, the latter of the Edwardian period and ably manned by Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, Keenan Wynn, and Peter Falk. Funny at the beginning; then you had better go quietly. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Help!—John, Paul, George, and Ringo, in glorious eruption. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 6.)

A High Wind in Jamaica—An adaptation of Richard Hughes' novel illustrating the dangerous differences between children and adults. Anthony Quinn is good as the captain of a band of bumbling pirates. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 6.)

The Ipcress File—Nonsensical double-dealing in Her Majesty's secret intelligence, with Michael Caine playing a hero more rumpled, grumpy, and attractive than James Bond. Well directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The Knack—This comedy of sex in London seems at first somewhat smothered by technical pranks, but the minute that Rita Tushingham sets foot in it, it becomes a delight. Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks are more than satisfactory as three carefree bachelors. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Married Woman—A simple, flawless account of a marriage that doesn't work and a love affair that doesn't work very well, either. Written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard, at the very top of his bent. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Oct. 2.)

The Moment of Truth—There are several different truths to be found in this extraordinary film by Francesco Rosi; one is that bullfighting is an abominable activity and another is that it's very beautiful. The hero is played by an authentic matador, Miguel Mateo Miguelin. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through Oct. 5.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye—A marvellous Canadian movie, written and directed by Don Owen, about a charming boy determined to go bad. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through Oct. 3.)

Operation Crossbow—We *did* win the Second World War, and this tells one of the reasons why. With George Peppard, Sophia Loren, Tom Courtenay, and many another brave soul. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Oct. 4. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Oct. 5.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger is magnificent in the title role of this grim and, at bottom, not very plausible movie. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Oct. 6.)

Ship of Fools—A superb melodrama in the good old "Grand Hotel" tradition, directed by Stanley Kramer and with a cast that includes Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Elizabeth Ashley, George Segal, Michael Dunn, Lee Marvin, and at least a dozen other excellent actors. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; starting Oct. 6.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, Eric Sykes, and several others are very funny as the participants in an air race across the English Channel in the days when flying was still only a sport. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. After nearly thirty years, the pictures have a terrible and touching immediacy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Train—Burt Lancaster, Paul Scofield, and a lot of expendable French rolling stock, in a thriller based on a true episode of the Second World War. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Oct. 2-3.)

What's New Pussycat?—The life and easy times of the international set in Paris, as they might have been portrayed by Mack Sennett or any of the other grand old masters of cinematic horseplay. The movie may seem at times a bit too special and inbred for general comfort, but it is also bright, original, and sharp as a tack. Woody Allen, who wrote the script, also appears in it, as do Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers, and Romy Schneider. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Oct. 6, tentative.)

World Without Sun—According to Captain Cousteau, it's feasible, and may someday be economically desirable, for men to spend much of their time under the sea. This picture shows how beautiful it is down there, and how eerie. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Oct. 2-3.)

Zorba the Greek—A violent old man tries to teach a tame young one about life and doesn't succeed, but no matter. The old man is played by Anthony Quinn, the young one by Alan Bates, and the setting is the harshly beautiful island of Crete. Michael Cacoyannis directed. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166.)

REVIVALS

All About Eve (1950)—Bette Davis and Anne Baxter in a comedy dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 5.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 1.)

David and Lisa (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; starting Oct. 6.)

Girl with Green Eyes (1964)—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham and Dublin's fair city. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 2.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French view of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 30. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Oct. 5.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Oct. 1.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; starting Oct. 6.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The Marx Brothers, on board a liner, at a racketeer's ball, in a barn—everywhere. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 2-3.)

Picnic on the Grass (1960)—Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this pagan rite. Paul Meurisse plays a professor of science who forgets science at the sight of a good-looking girl in her skin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 6.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle of the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Oct. 1.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's classic, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 4.)

7 Capital Sins (1963)—As many separately written and directed passages as there are sins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 6.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 30.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 1. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Oct. 5.)

Tillie and Gus (1933)—W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, and a ferryboat swindle. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 2-3.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Two Women (1961)—An Italian movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 5.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd: Sept. 30 at 2 and 8; Oct. 1 at 2 and 5:30; and Oct. 2 at 11:30 and 5:30: "Greed" (1925), with Jean Hersholt and ZaSu Pitts. . . . ¶ Oct. 3-6, showings at 2 and 5:30: "Easy Street" (1917) and "The Kid" (1921; with Italian titles), both Charlie Chaplin films. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.) . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle: Through Oct. 2: Five Laurel and Hardy shorts. . . . ¶ Oct. 5-6: A program of films starring Stan Laurel. (Showings at 3 and 5:15. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Gallery, after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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3	4	5	6			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Hallelujah Trail," Burt Lancaster, Lee Remick.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Marriage on the Rocks," Frank Sinatra, Deborah Kerr.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE GREAT RACE.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Love in Four Dimensions" (in Italian), Michèle Mercier.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Oct. 6: "The Saboteur," Marlon Brando, Yul Brynner.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Oct. 2: **SHIP OF FOOLS.**
From Oct. 3, at 8: "Bunny Lake Is Missing," Laurence Olivier, Carol Lynley. (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call OR 7-1400, Ext. 21.)

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 5: "La Tia Tula" (in Spanish).
From Oct. 6: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?; and **NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Oct. 5: "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar; and "Rattle of a Simple Man," revival, Diane Cilento, Harry H. Corbett.
From Oct. 6 (tentative): "Gypsy," revival, Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood; and "The Music Man," revival, Robert Preston, Shirley Jones.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Love in Four Dimensions" (in Italian), Michèle Mercier.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Oct. 3: **HELP!**; and **NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE.**
From Oct. 4: "Bunny Lake Is Missing," Laurence Olivier, Carol Lynley.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Oct. 5: **SHIP OF FOOLS.**
From Oct. 6: "The Hill," Sean Connery.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Hallelujah Trail," Burt Lancaster, Lee Remick.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Marriage on the Rocks," Frank Sinatra, Deborah Kerr.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Oct. 5: **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH** (in Italian).
From Oct. 6: **DAVID AND LISA**, revival; and **LORD OF THE FLIES**, revival.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE KNACK.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Oct. 2: **THE MARRIED WOMAN** (in French).
From Oct. 3: "Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE IPCRESS FILE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Oct. 1: **RICHARD III**, revival; and **JULIUS CAESAR**, revival.
Oct. 2-3: **THE TRAIN**; and **WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**
Oct. 4: "Naughty Marietta," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; and "The Merry Widow," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Maurice Chevalier.
From Oct. 5: **JULES AND JIM** and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (both in French and both revivals).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Oct. 3: **CASANOVA '70** (in Italian).
From Oct. 4: "Bunny Lake Is Missing," Laurence Olivier, Carol Lynley.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
DARLING.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 5: **THE TRAIN**; and "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.
From Oct. 6 (tentative): **WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?**; and "Kiss Me, Stupid," revival, Dean Martin, Kim Novak.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 2: **HELP!**
Oct. 3-5: "The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.
From Oct. 6: **THE PAWNBROKER.**

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 5: "Gypsy," revival, Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood; and "The Music Man," revival, Robert Preston, Shirley Jones.
From Oct. 6: "Village of the Giants," Tommy Kirk: and "Seaside Swingers," Freddie and the Dreamers.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 5: "The Saboteur," Marlon Brando, Yul Brynner.
From Oct. 6: **SHIP OF FOOLS.**

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Sept. 30: **JULES AND JIM** (in French), revival; and "Singin' in the Rain," revival, Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds.
From Oct. 1: **BREATHLESS** and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (both in French and both revivals).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 2: "Male Hunt" (in French), Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "All These Women" (in Swedish), revival, Jarl Kulle.
Oct. 3-5: "White Voices" (in Italian), Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée; and "Red Desert" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.
From Oct. 6: **HELP!**; and "These Are the Damned," Macdonald Carey.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 5: "Life Upside Down" (in French).
From Oct. 6: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 4: **OPERATION CROSSBOW**; and "The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.
From Oct. 5: "The Playground."

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 5: "High Infidelity" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi.
From Oct. 6: **THE PAWNBROKER.**

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
HELP!

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Coin" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Mickey One," Warren Beatty.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (in French), revival.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
DARLING.

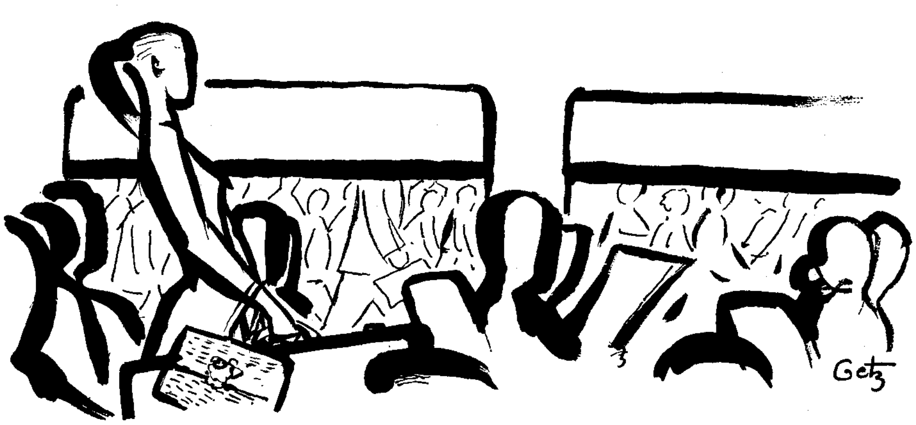
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Rapture," Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Gozzi.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 1: "The Lady from Shanghai," revival, Rita Hayworth, Orson Welles; and "Journey Into Fear," revival, Orson Welles, Dolores Del Rio.
Oct. 2-3: **MONKEY BUSINESS**, revival; and **TILLIE AND GUS**, revival.
Oct. 4-5: "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak; and "Wagonmaster," revival, Ben Johnson, Joanne Dru.
From Oct. 6: "Sunset Boulevard," revival, Gloria Swanson, William Holden; and "Contempt" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 5: "Billie," Patty Duke; and "The Glory Guys," Tom Tryon, Harve Presnell.
From Oct. 6: **A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA**; and "Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 30: **SHADOWS**, revival; and "Summer and Smoke," revival, Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.
Oct. 1: "Disorder" (in Italian), revival, Louis Jourdan, Susan Strasberg; and "Bay of the Angels" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
Oct. 2: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**, revival; and "Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.
Oct. 3: "Queen of Spades" and "Eugene Onegin" (both in Russian and both revivals).
Oct. 4: **RULES OF THE GAME** (in French), revival; and "Dr. Knock" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet.
Oct. 5: **TWO WOMEN** (in Italian), revival; and **ALL ABOUT EVE**, revival.
Oct. 6: **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** and **7 CAPITAL SINS** (both in French and both revivals).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 5: **OPERATION CROSSBOW**; and "The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.
From Oct. 6: **THE PAWNBROKER.**



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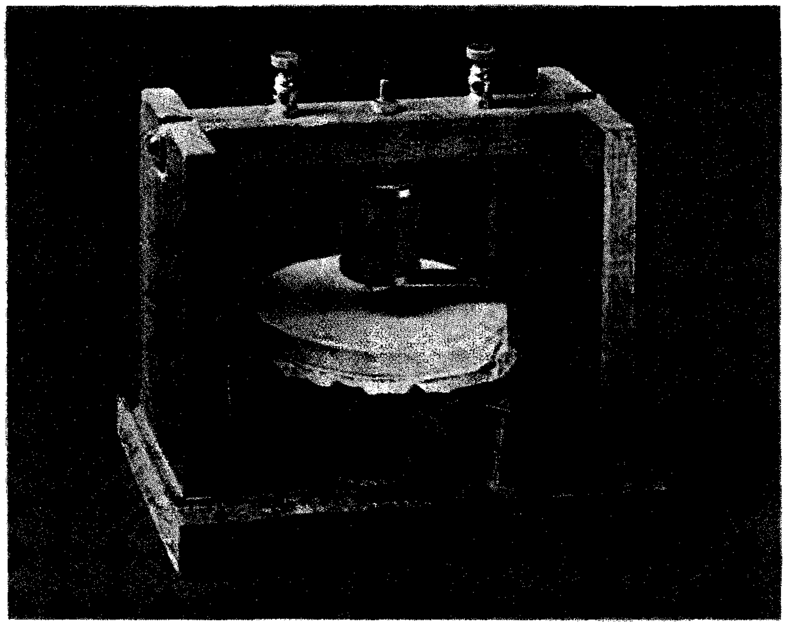

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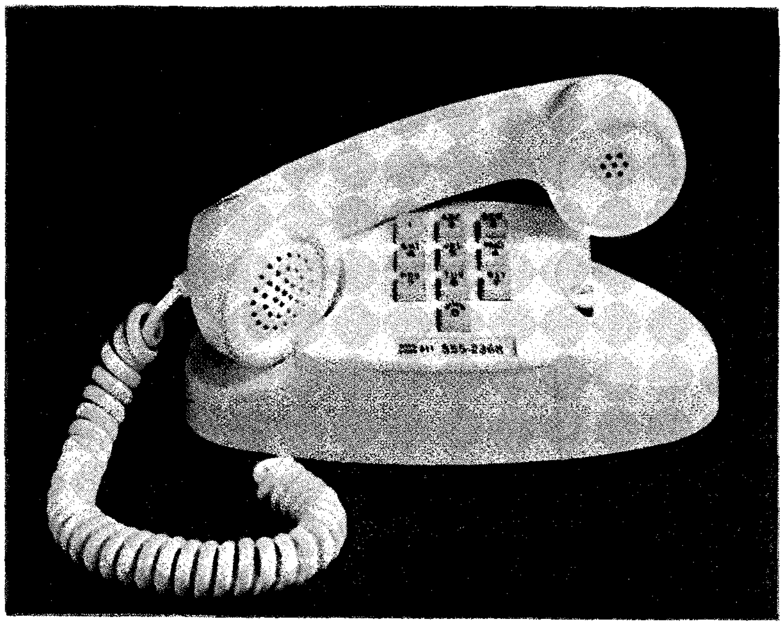

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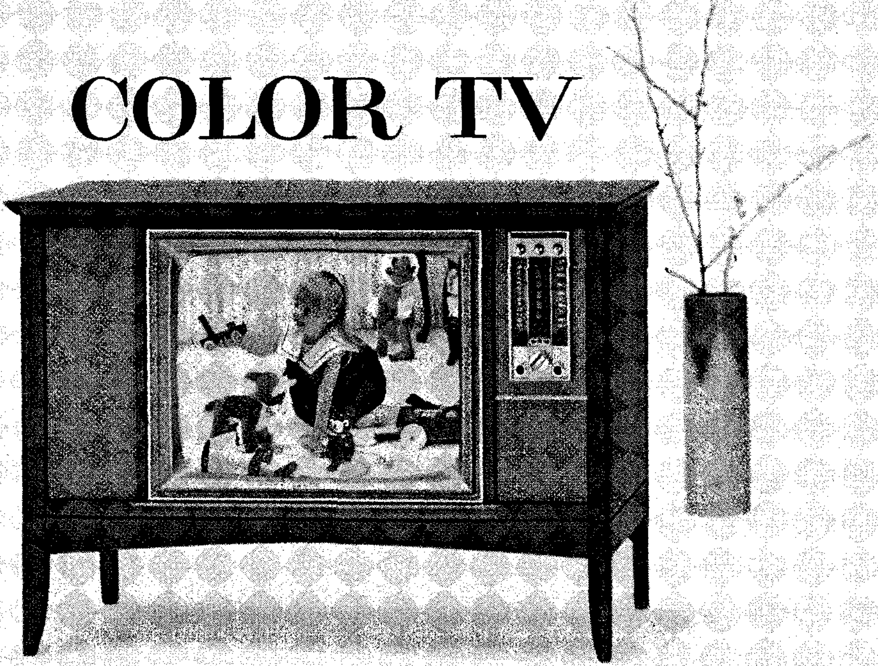

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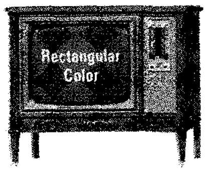

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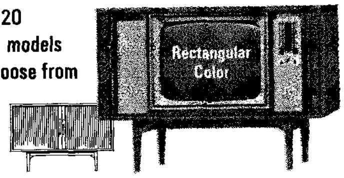
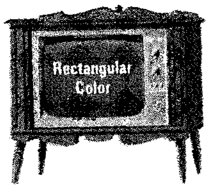
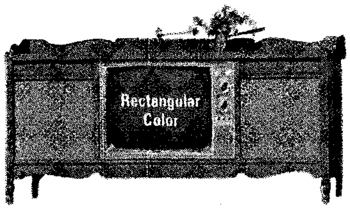




L to R: Italian Provincial styling; Declaration styling by Drexel with doors; Early American with doors; Color TV-Stereo Combination.



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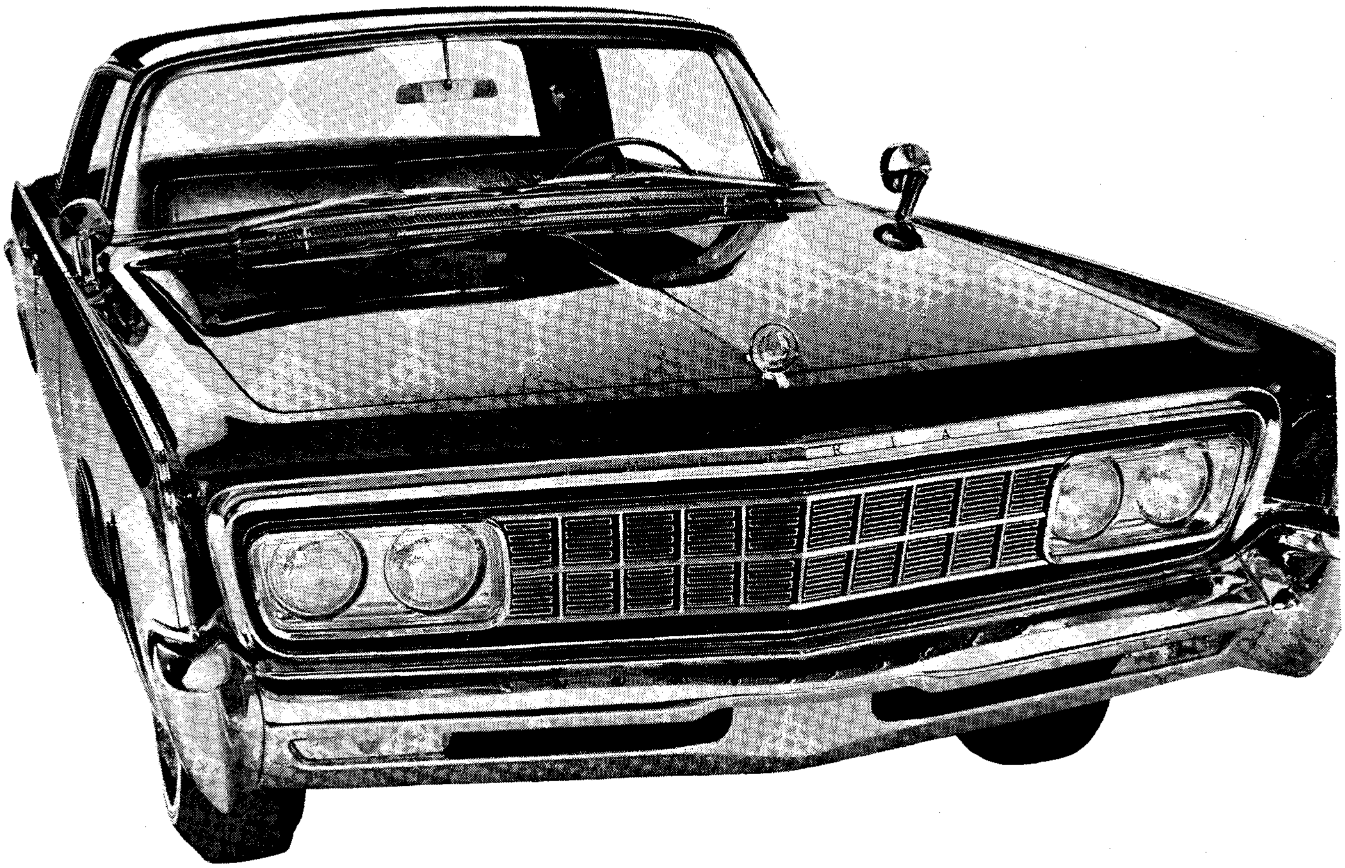
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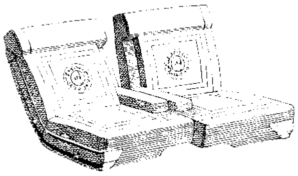

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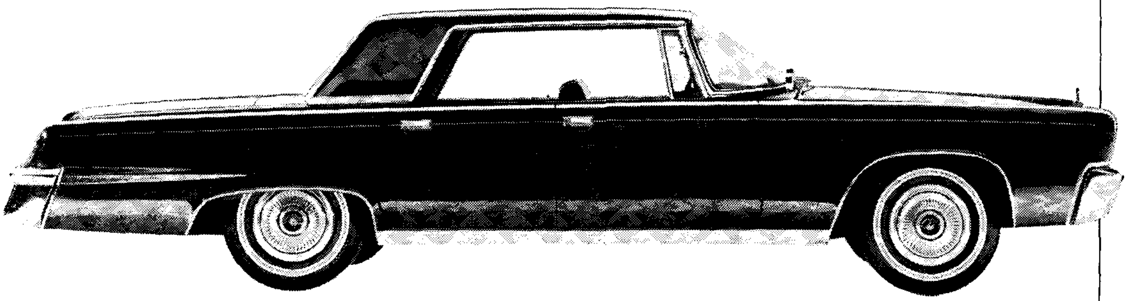

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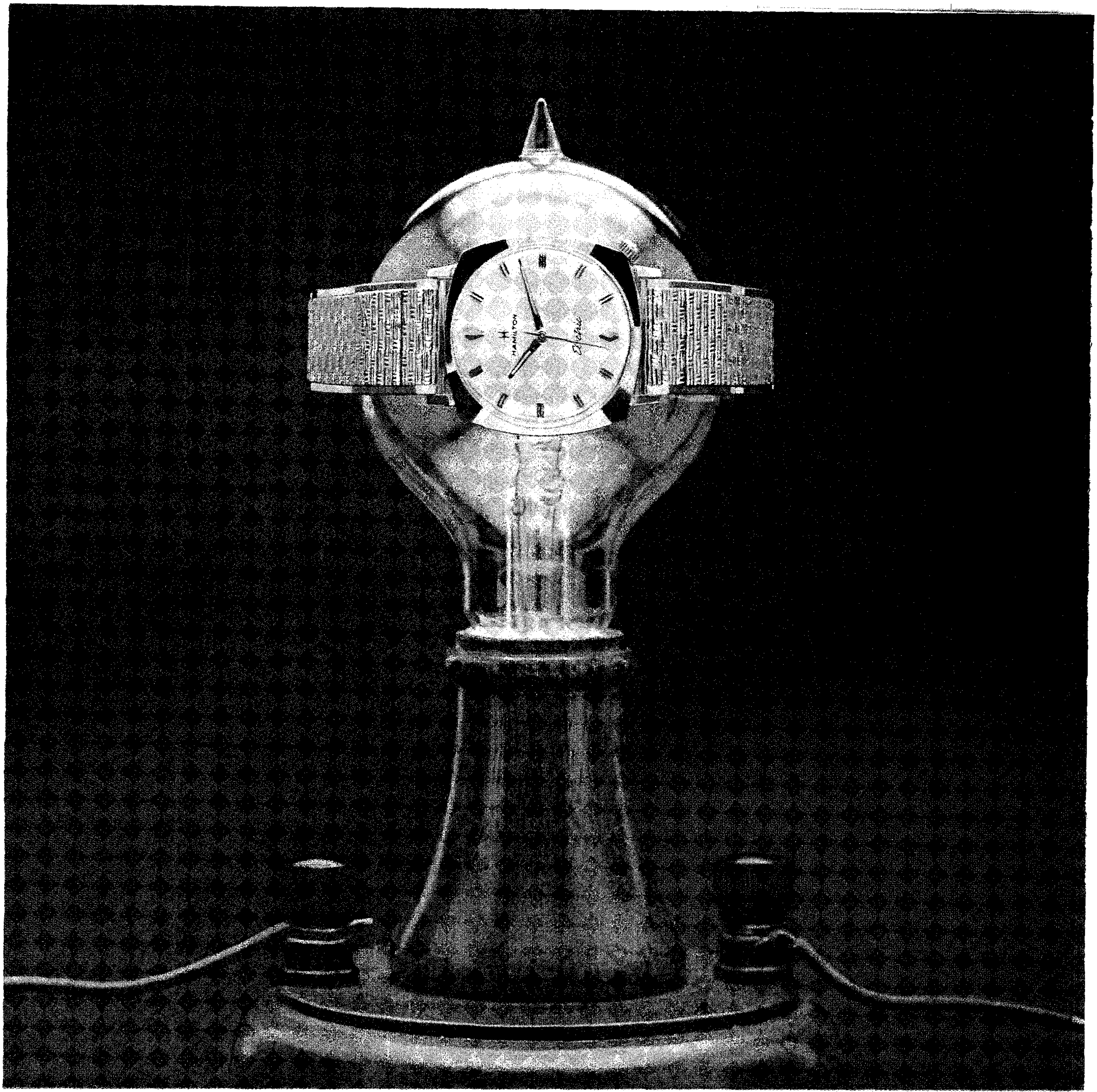

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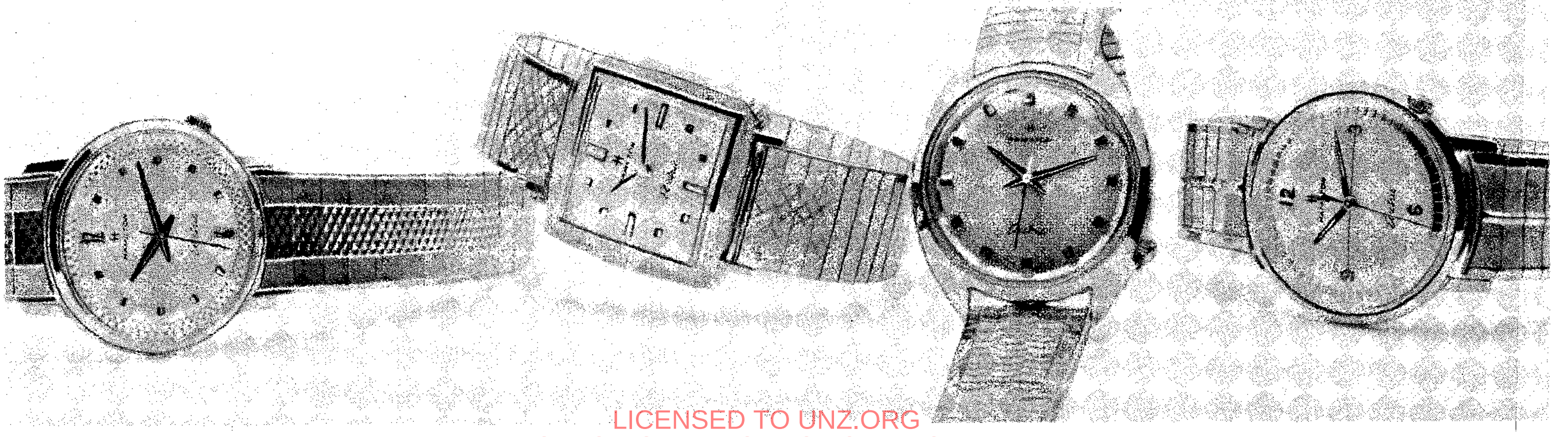

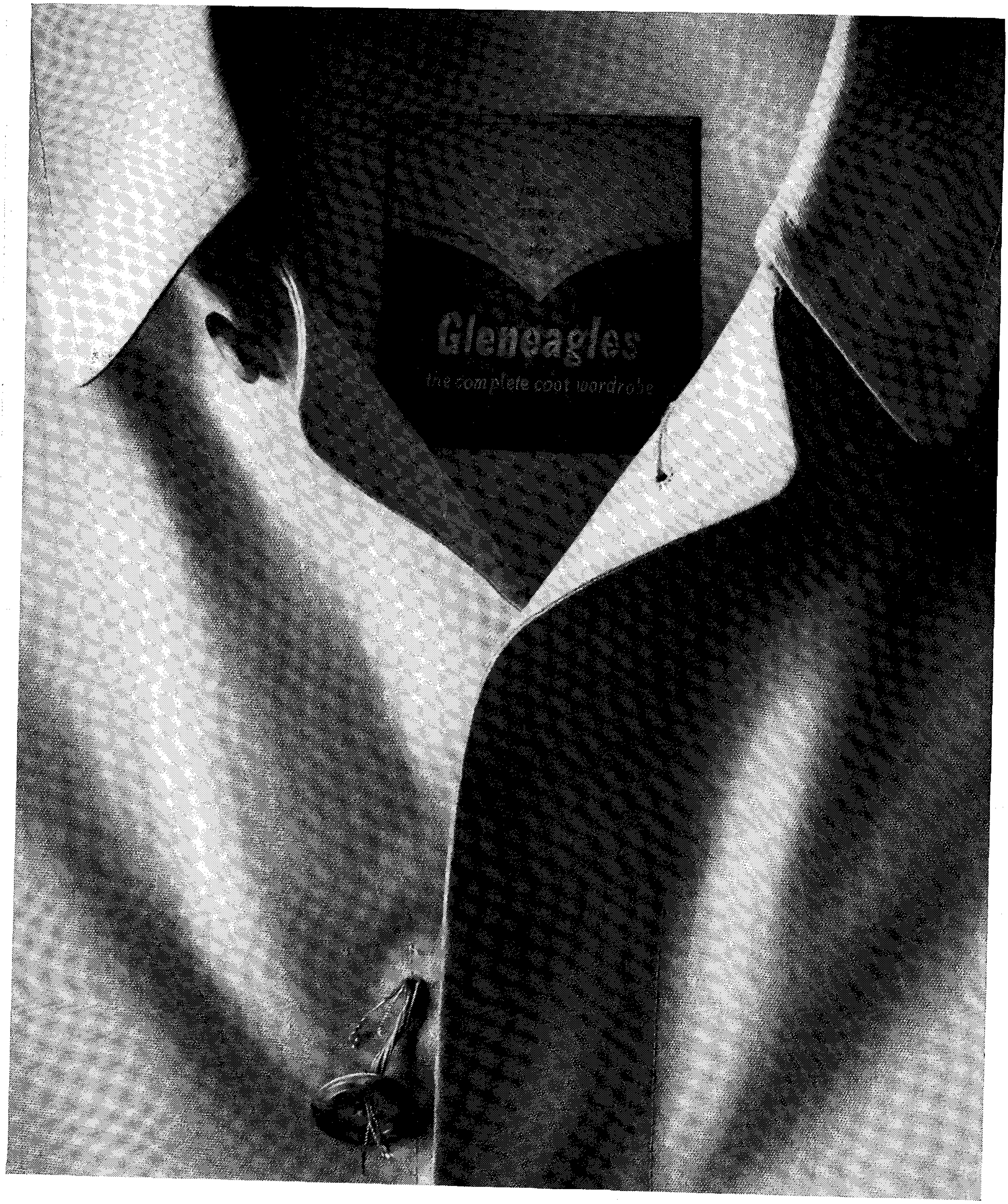

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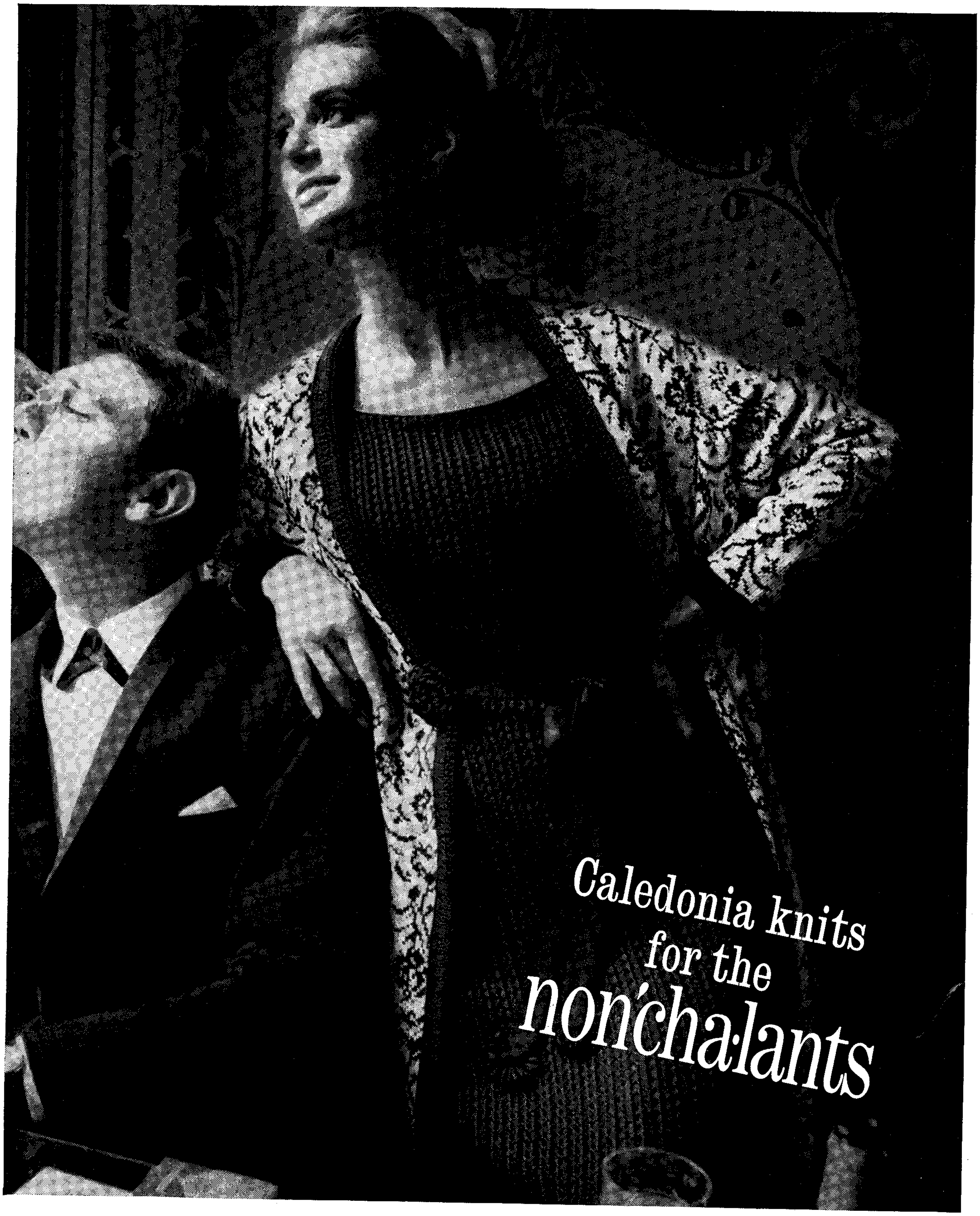

Relaxed. Poised while pubbing in St. Martin's Lane. This is the way of the Nonchalants. Caledonia takes their noble texture and no-care niceties. Gives you a dress and coat expressively knit. Tycora yarn of continuous filament Creslan acrylic makes them shun wrinkles and crush, stay serene of shape. Fashion colors. 8-20, 10½-20½. Dress about $70. Coat about $135.

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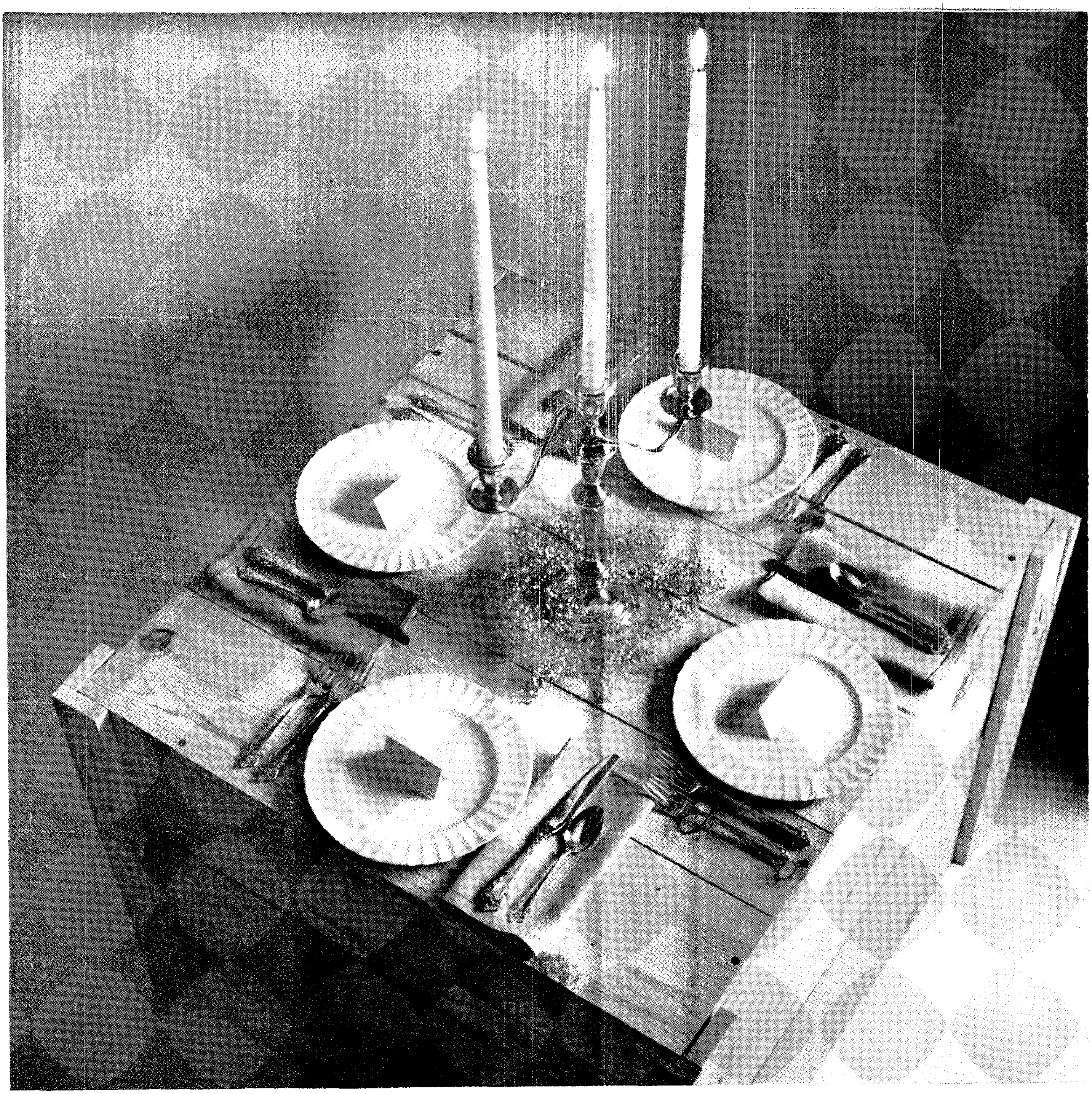
At MARTHA WEST, New York. Sorry, no mail orders.

tycora® YARN OF Creslan®

T.M. TEXTURED YARN CO., INC.

T.M. OF CYANAMID FOR ACRYLIC FIBER



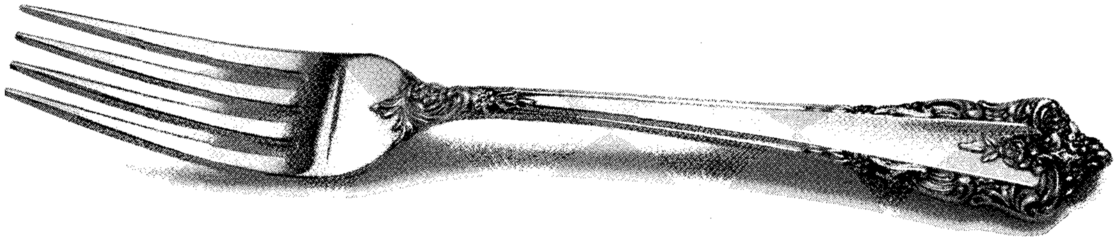
Pattern Shown: RONDELAY

table setting by Mrs. Richard A. Larkin

Company's coming. So is the dining room furniture. Next week, maybe. And where is your Lunt sterling silver? Right where a wedding present does the most good. At hand. At home with happy-haphazard happenings. Lending an air to your life. Promising great things to come. Shut your eyes. See it gleaming urbanely with the linens, langoustes and Château Grillet that loom in your future. Open your eyes and see what it can do for your nicest packing crate. Nothing beats Lunt at shedding a congenial all's-well-with-the-world glow about your table or crate. That's what it's for. So now you can relax. You didn't even burn the soufflé. Almost did... no, didn't. You didn't forget one thing. Except your own name this morning, when the grocery boy stamped in. It's "Mrs." Remember?

LUNT
STERLING

For information write Lunt Silversmiths, Dept. Y-7, Greenfield, Mass.



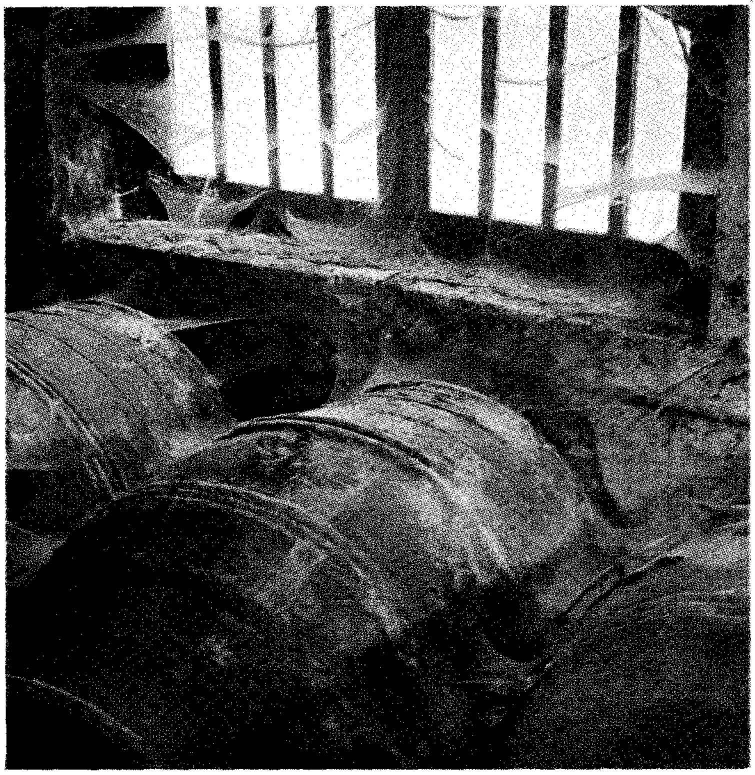
Why some people are prepared to pay more for Remy Martin V.S.O.P.

Remy Martin costs almost ten dollars a bottle. Many other Cognacs can be had for less.

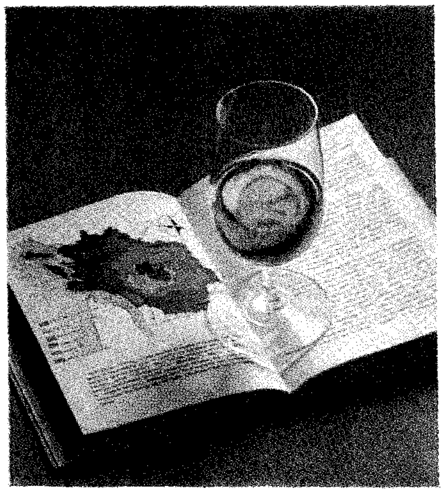
Then why are some people willing—to spend so much more for our brandy?

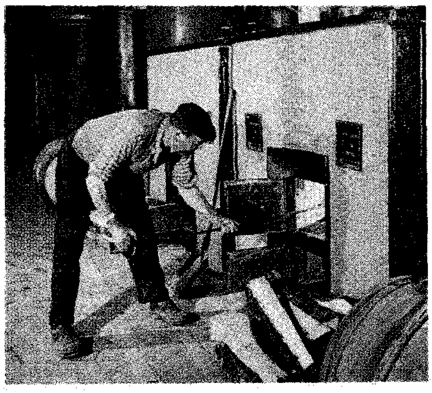
The answer is, *because it's worth it.* And thereby hangs a tale.

Now, as every connoisseur knows, the finest brandy comes from France. But only brandy which derives from a small, sun-drenched and rain-nourished region in the west of France—with the town of Cognac as its capital—can be known as Cognac. That is the law—and has been for years, despite cabinet crises and colonial conflicts.



80 PROOF · RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.





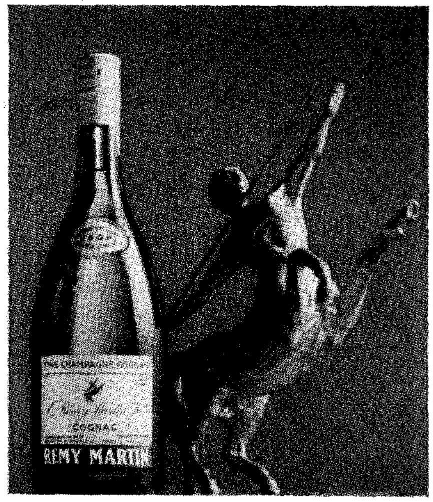
Remy Martin makes *only* Cognac: scarce in supply, costly to produce.

French law doesn't stop there, however. It decrees that only grapes grown from the two innermost sections of the Cognac region—Grande Champagne and Petite Champagne—can be used to make "Fine Champagne" Cognac. Remy Martin makes *only* "Fine Champagne" Cognac: rarer still, more costly still.

The fermented wine from these Champagne grapes is in itself light, delicate, and full of promise. None but our tasters get to savor it. As soon as mature, it is double-distilled by the oldest method known to man. The stills today, resembling medieval alchemists' retorts, are the type used by Remy Martin since 1724. No expedient "improvements" can better this painstaking process which retains all the subtle flavor and aroma of the original Champagne wine.

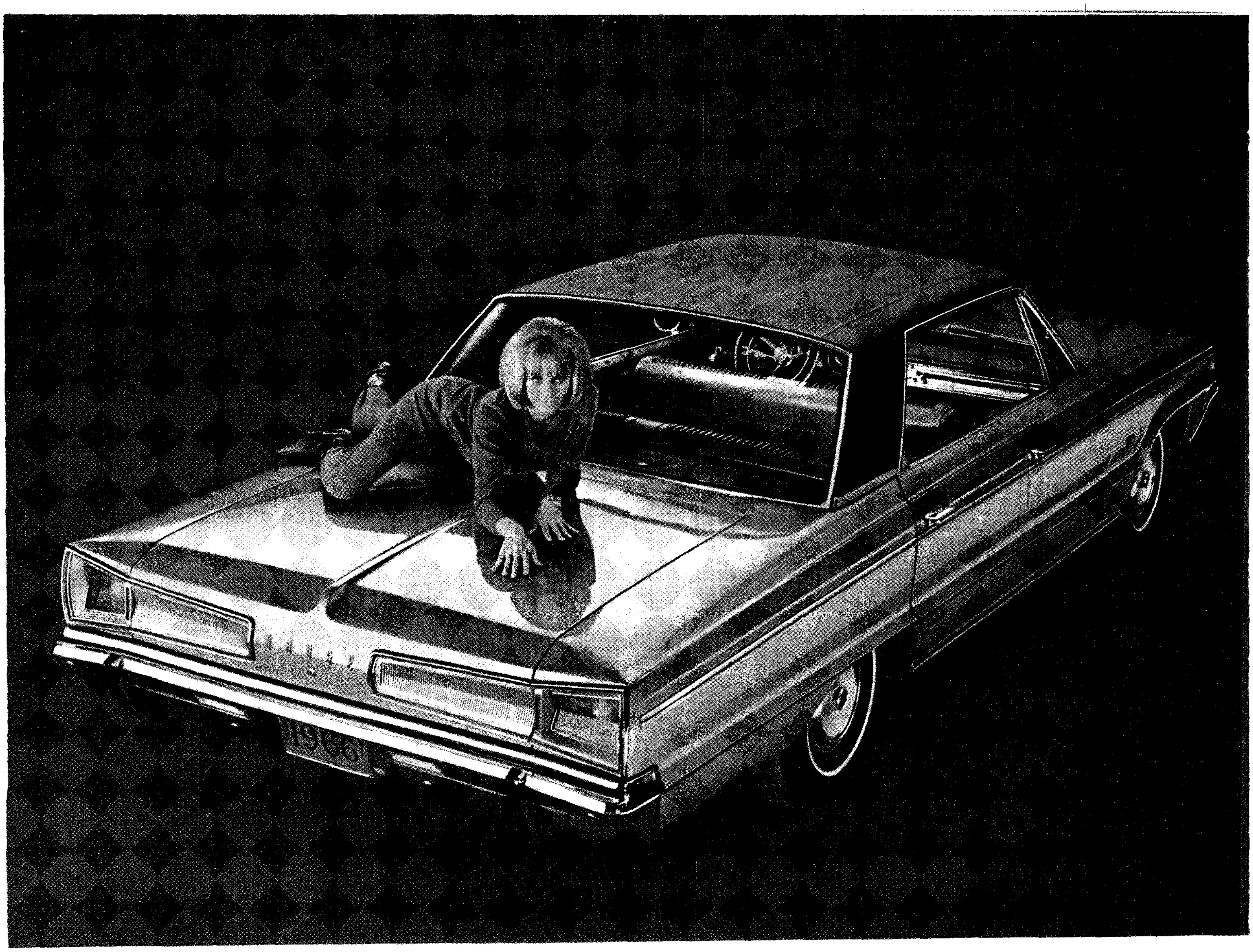
The aging of Remy Martin Cognac calls for the same meticulous attention. Special casks, hand-hewn from Limousin oak by Remy Martin coopers, are mellowed in the open air for three years before using. The Cognac "breathes through the wood", engendering its ardent spirit, and developing its light, clear, amber color.

How long does it age? That is for our tasters to decide. Any number of years, depending on the "evolution" of its flavor. But there comes a precise moment when the Cognac reaches peak perfection. The color, the bouquet, and above all the taste determine it. You yourself will recognize this moment of perfection when you sip it and inhale its delicate bouquet.



When Remy Martin is ready for export, the symbol of the Centaur travels with it—a mark of perfection known throughout the world. Look, too, for the proud initials: V.S.O.P.—Very Superior Old Pale. All Remy Martin Cognac is V.S.O.P., and no Cognac of lesser quality is permitted to bear the Remy Martin label.

Expensive? Beyond a doubt. Worth it? You alone can decide. We only plead that we could bring you Remy Martin Cognac in no cheaper or more expeditious way. If a few can afford to enjoy it, and appreciate it, we shall feel rewarded—as will they.



If you're not content to string along with the herd, take a long look at the big Dodge Polara above. Your first thought may be, "Nice . . . but out of my class." Don't you believe it. For that's what the Dodge Rebellion is all about. Giving you more go, show, spice for the same price you've always paid. Check the price tags on smaller cars. By the time you add a few of the things Polara's got standard—383 cu. in. V8, foam-padded seats, carpets—you can end up paying Polara's price and still be a long way from Polara's class. (Yes, even an outside mirror is standard.) So, march right down to your Dodge Dealer's. The Dodge Rebellion wants you.

'66 Dodge Polara

DODGE DIVISION **CHRYSLER**
MOTORS CORPORATION

JOIN THE DODGE REBELLION

Demand more "big" in your big car.
Swing with Dodge Polara.

If she hasn't been
to Paris this year,
give her a
Souvenir de Caron.

SOUVENIR DE CARON
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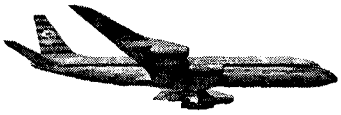
Cologne Parfumée Spray and Bath Powder. Both with the fragrance of Paris in the springtime. Just $6.00 the set. In Bellodgia, Fleurs de Rocaille, Nuit de Noel.

CARON PARIS

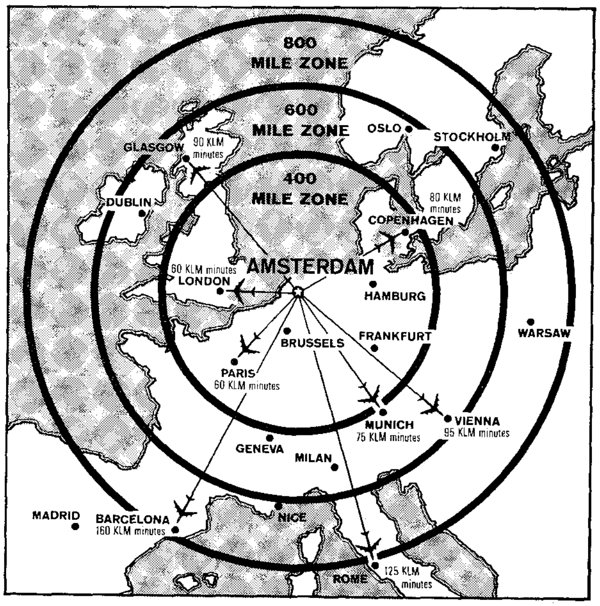
"You bet I'm going to Paris. But – by George – I'm going to Amsterdam first"



Reliable KLM reveals some of the reasons people start and end their vacations in Surprising Amsterdam—now one of the four most popular cities in Europe. For more surprises, clip coupon.

Intensely European. "Amsterdam is the most intensely European of all cities," says Arthur Frommer, popular travel writer. "It's the perfect spot from which to begin a European vacation. There is no letdown when you arrive, no feeling that you have yet to reach the 'real' Europe." Above: Amsterdam's 295-year-old Magere Brug.

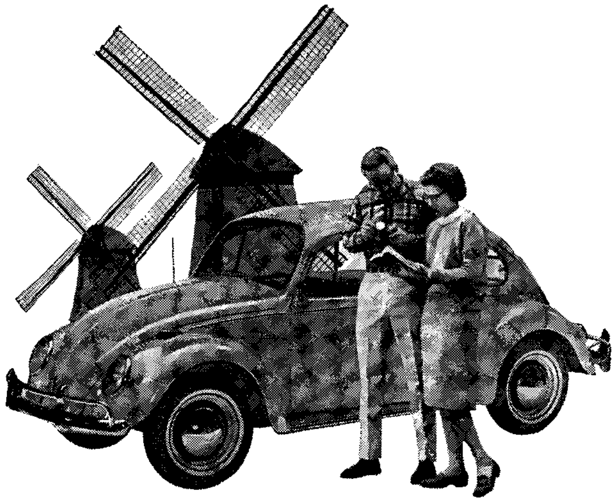
Surprising night life. Amsterdam's night life will quicken your pulse, *but the prices won't.* You can have a first-night fling – including a 21-dish rijsttafel dinner, drinks, and a floor show with an ecdysiast (above) – for $6.50. All prices are remarkably low. When you press on from Amsterdam, your budget will be intact. A happy feeling.


800 MILE ZONE
600 MILE ZONE
400 MILE ZONE
GLASGOW
90 KLM minutes
OSLO
STOCKHOLM
DUBLIN
80 KLM minutes
COPENHAGEN
60 KLM minutes
LONDON
AMSTERDAM
HAMBURG
BRUSSELS
FRANKFURT
WARSAW
PARIS
60 KLM minutes
MUNICH
75 KLM minutes
VIENNA
95 KLM minutes
GENEVA
MILAN
MADRID
BARCELONA
180 KLM minutes
NICE
ROME
125 KLM minutes

The hub of Europe. Amsterdam makes an ideal starting point because of its strategic location. It sits at the *edge* of the Continent—which, surprisingly, turns out to be the *middle* of Europe. Look at the map. *Fourteen* of Europe's brightest capitals are within KLM's 800-mile circle above.

KLM can whisk you to London or Paris in 60 minutes, to Copenhagen in 80, to Rome in 125. You can also leave by car, bus, train *or boat.*

Incidentally, ask your travel agent about KLM's plan that gives you *first class* hotel with private bath, breakfast, and *unlimited* sightseeing in 14 European cities—for $10 a day. (After Oct. 17, you can get 2 days *free* by starting in Amsterdam! See coupon.)



Low car rental rates. Hertz and Avis rates in Amsterdam are unusually low. Example: you can rent a Volkswagen for as little as $3.75 a day and 6½ cents a mile. *On a typical 30-day auto tour, you could save as much as $100 by starting in Surprising Amsterdam.*

TELEFOON
TELEFOON

No language problem—on the "telefoon," or face to face. Nearly 90 percent of Amsterdammers can speak *English.* This makes your visit more interesting. And what a blessing when you're first getting used to Europe's customs, currency, and geography.

Tax-free shopping. Here's a surprising reason to *end* your trip in Amsterdam. The tax-free center at the airport is the *largest* in Europe. Sample bargain: brand-name Scotch for just $2 a fifth. Save up to $30 on radios, $10 on fountain pens, too.

Clip coupon for new "Surprising Amsterdam" Guidebook

(Or pick up a free copy from your travel agent.)

☐ Please send KLM's new 208-page *book,* "Surprising Amsterdam." I enclose 25¢ in coin for mailing costs.

Please send free brochures on:

☐ KLM's "Europe on $5 a Day"—with hotel, meals, sightseeing for 2 days *free* (compliments of Amsterdam Tourist Office and the operator of this tour) when you start in Amsterdam and continue the tour for 12 days in other cities.

☐ KLM's "Europe on $10 a Day" (same free offer).

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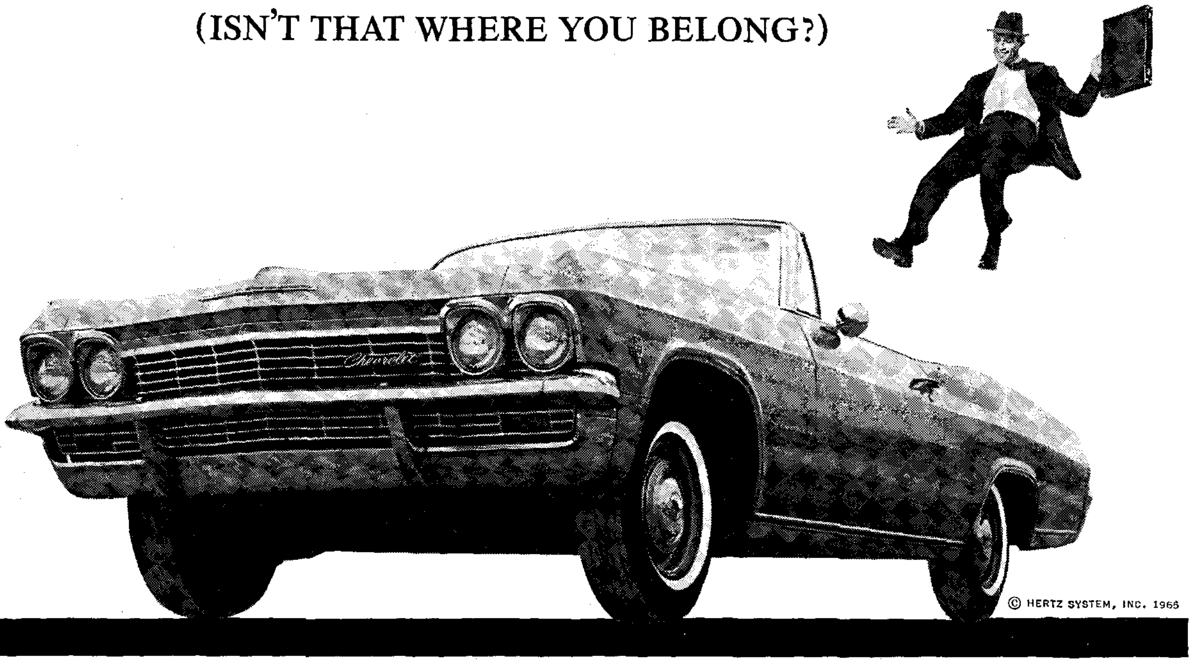
B-34

Hertz is the rent-a-car you can forget about

A busy, successful executive—out of town on a business trip—has plenty to think about. Important things. He certainly doesn't want to think about the car he rented. That's what Hertz is here—and there—for. To give you a Chevrolet or other fine car so right and ready you don't have to think about it. Get it and forget it. Just remember to call.

Let Hertz put you in the driver's seat

(ISN'T THAT WHERE YOU BELONG?)



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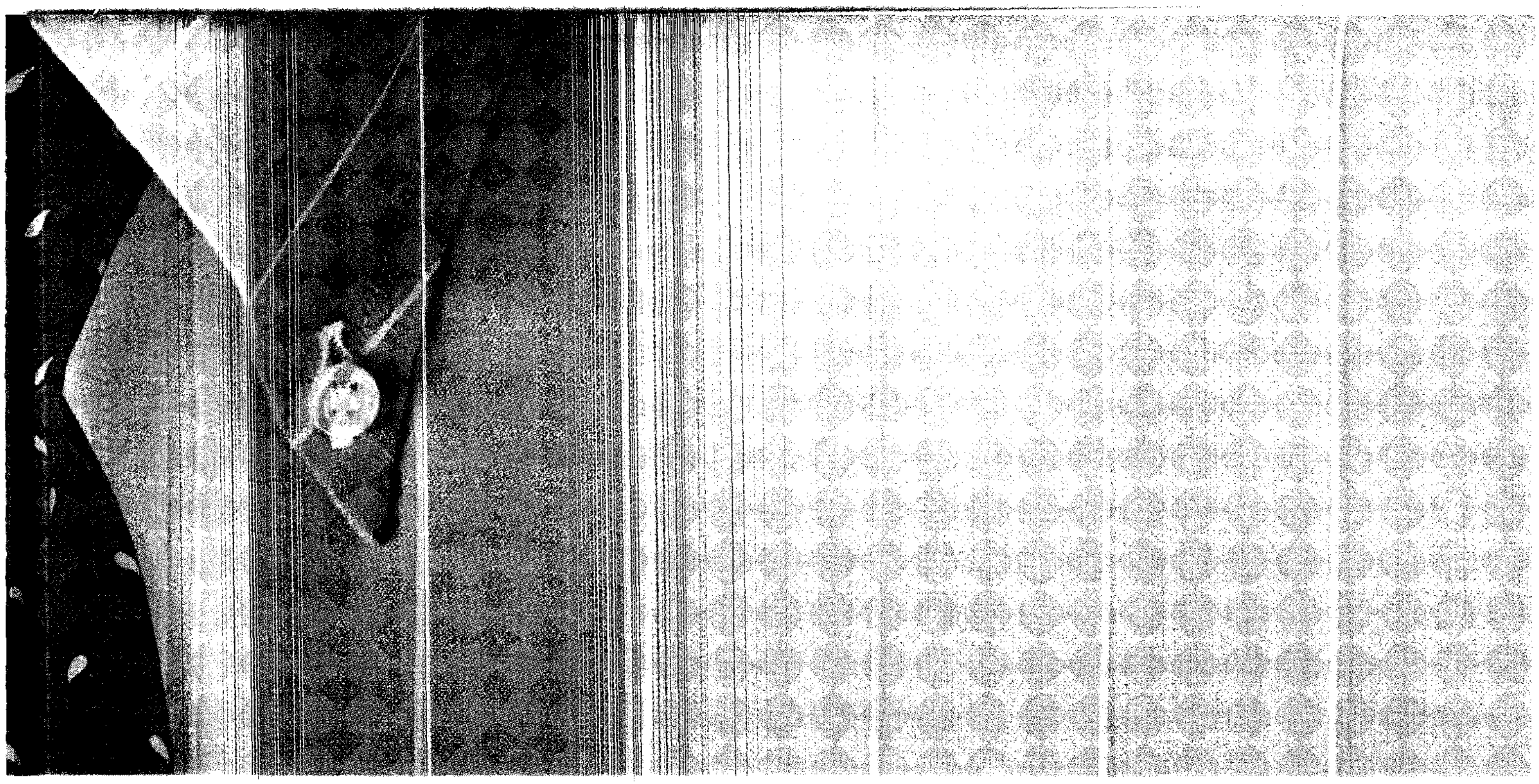
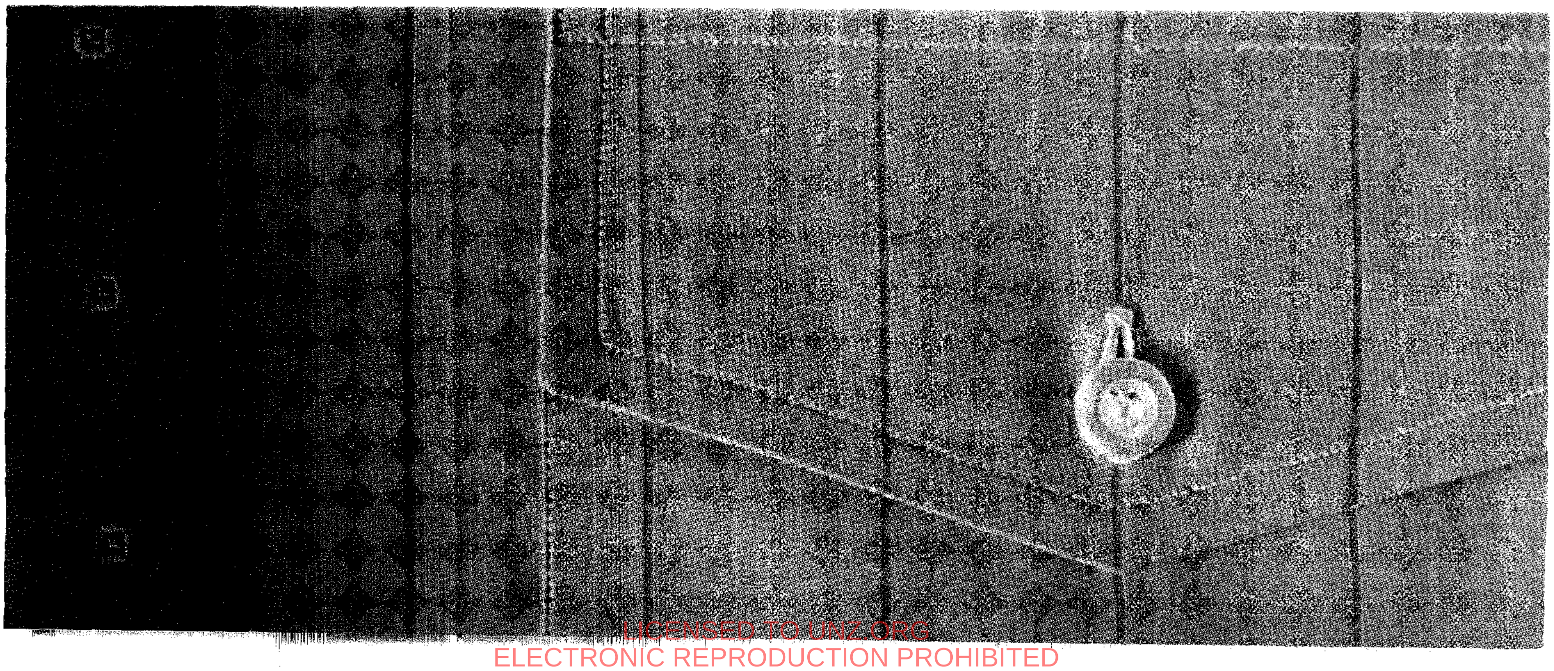


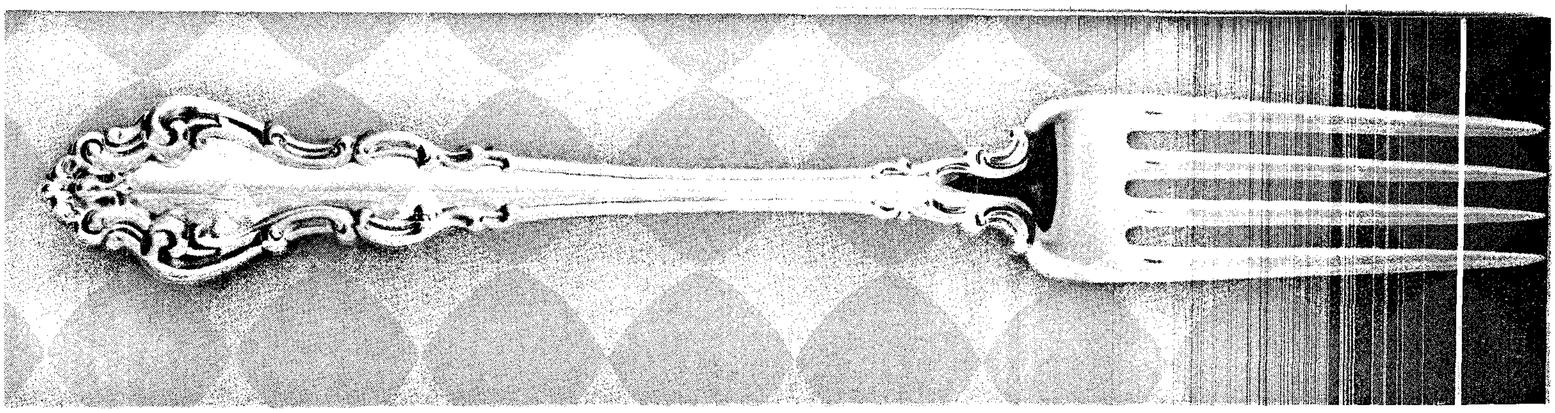
GEE . . .

IT'S A TROMBLEE IN BLUE CHAMBRAY WITH UNREGIMENTED STRIPES! ★★★★★★★

CHAMBRAY, that fine shirting, is named for Cambrai in France where it was first woven. One wonders how they found the time. Consider just these *introductory* words from the Encyclopedia Britannica (14th Ed.; Brain to Castin): ★ "Fortified by Charlemagne, (Cambrai) was captured and pillaged by the Normans in 870, and besieged by the Hungarians in 953. During the 10th, 11th, and 12th centuries it was the scene of frequent hostilities between the bishop and the citizens." Nor was the news much cheerier during the next 800 years. ★ Until now. Here in unfortified, unpillaged, unhostile Quakertown, Eagle Shirtmakers are using a specially woven chambray to make Tromblees. ★ A Tromblee, as we know, is a button-down shirt with a button-down pocket. This one comes in Collar Worker Blue with or without stripes of yellow, red, or white; about $7.00 where Eagle Shirts are sold. If you don't know where that is, besiege Miss Afflerbach at the address below. Better write first.

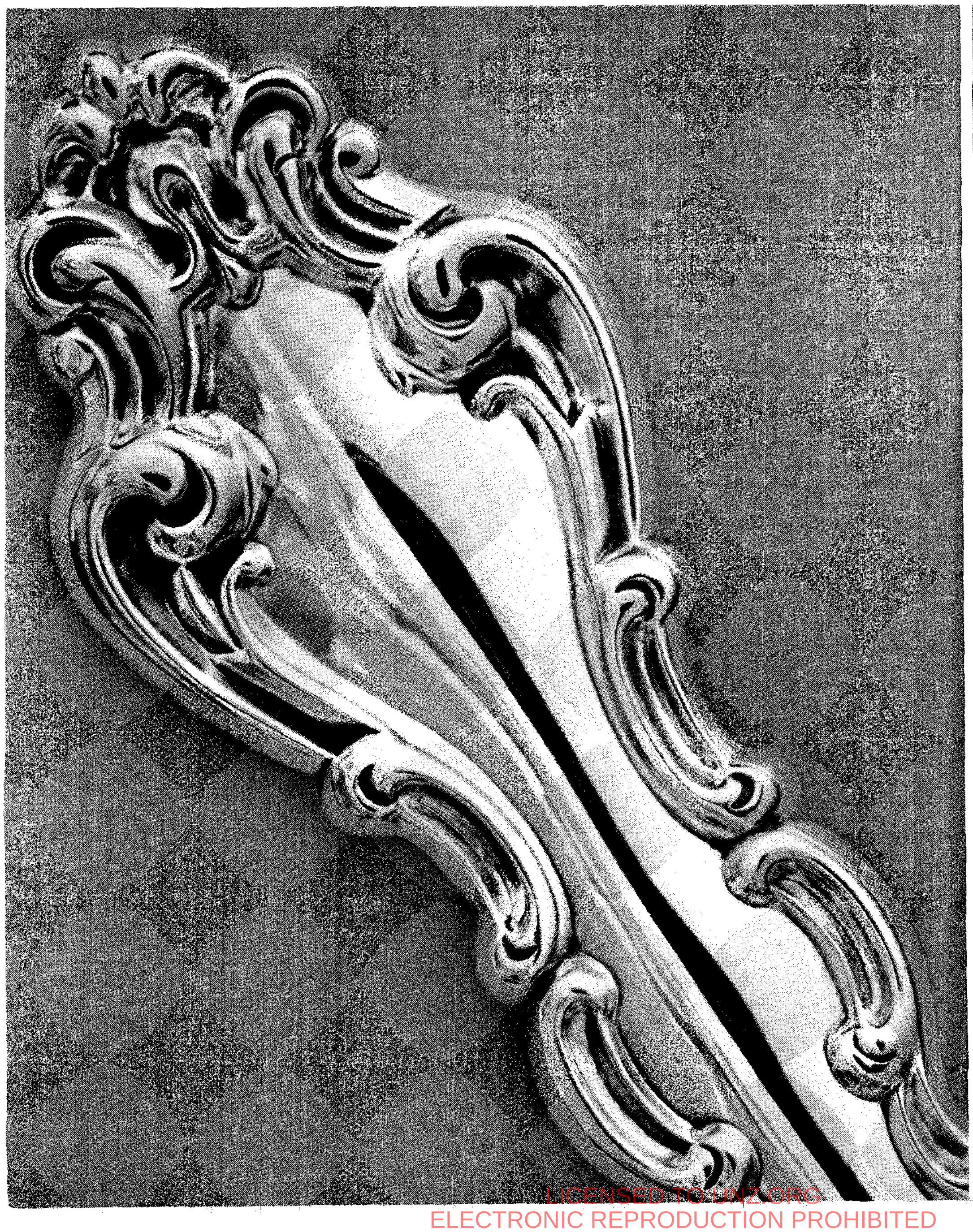
© 1965, EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS, QUAKERTOWN, PA.

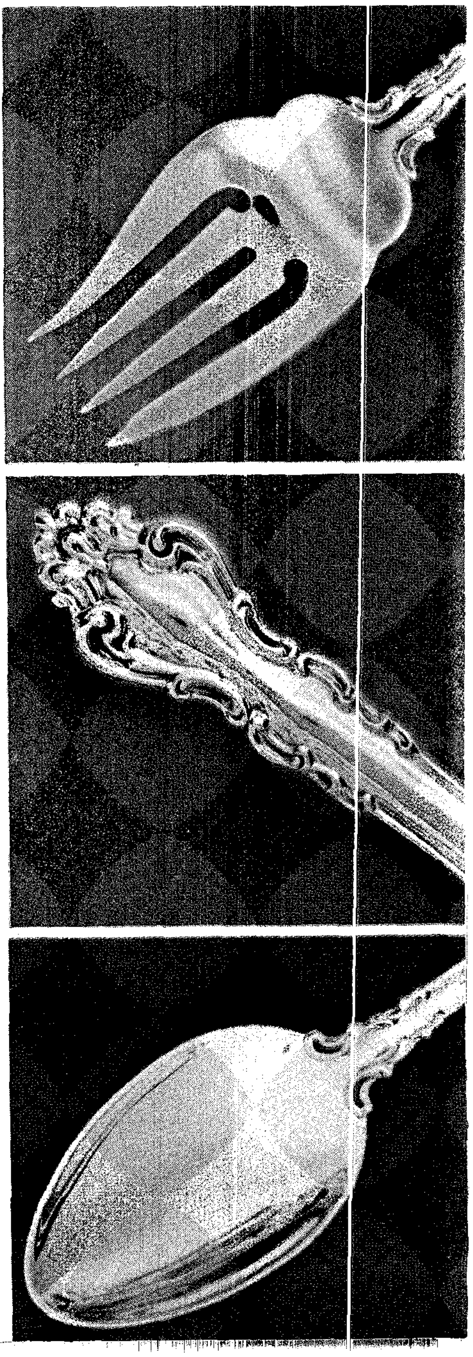




Maybe you were a princess in Spain and even your breakfast fork wore a crown. Reed & Barton seems to remember and curves a crown around every single piece of its newest sterling silver pattern. Does Spanish Baroque do something magical, but slightly mysterious, to you? Maybe you were a princess. If not in Spain, somewhere.

For store nearest you and booklet on Spanish Baroque and other solid silver patterns, write Reed & Barton, NO 5, Taunton, Mass.





"Symphony in B"

We invite you to a presentation of great virtuosity throughout the store

. . . Bloomingdale's fifth annual (and always eagerly awaited) showing of treasures . . . from Europe as heretofore, and also this year from the Near and Far East, Mexico and our own United States.

The major theme of "Symphony in B" grew out of an awareness that for some time sophisticated New Yorkers have been veering away from any given "school", whether from strictly "period" rooms in the home or the slavish acceptance of a "look" in fashion. We want to pick and choose, then put together. It's intriguing! But *where* we pick and *what* we choose must rely heavily on real skill and knowledge.

This is what we at Bloomingdale's know we can provide. A full year of far-reaching research and unflagging hard work on the part of our able team of experts has gone into preparations for this presentation . . . into developing literally hundreds of fascinating treasures made exclusively for us . . . for you. Placed in imaginative and dramatic settings these form an integrated, artistic whole, so that what awaits you is pure joy!

Each of a series of shops (just outside our famed Designer Rooms on the 5th Floor) is devoted to a different "idea": musical instruments, shells, garden embellishments, fireplace addenda. Truly a fascinating area!

"Tassels in Spain—Act I", 2nd Floor, is a breathtaking setting inspired by Palladio's renowned Teatro Olimpico (the murals alone are worth a special visit). Here, feminine temptations to pick, choose and love!

Flowers, flowers, flowers everywhere! But in our Street Floor Flower Shop you'll see specimens you have never seen before, made for us in 6 different countries, all of soap. Who could resist washing with a rose!

Nowhere is our love of picking, choosing and putting together done more brilliantly than in our pace-setting (taste-setting) Designer Rooms on the 5th Floor.

In Room 6 for example, vignetted here, Regency, Spanish and Louis XIV live harmoniously and handsomely side by side.

Ever unriddle a rebus?

Here's your chance! There's one outside of, and relating to, each of the 8 rooms. Great fun!

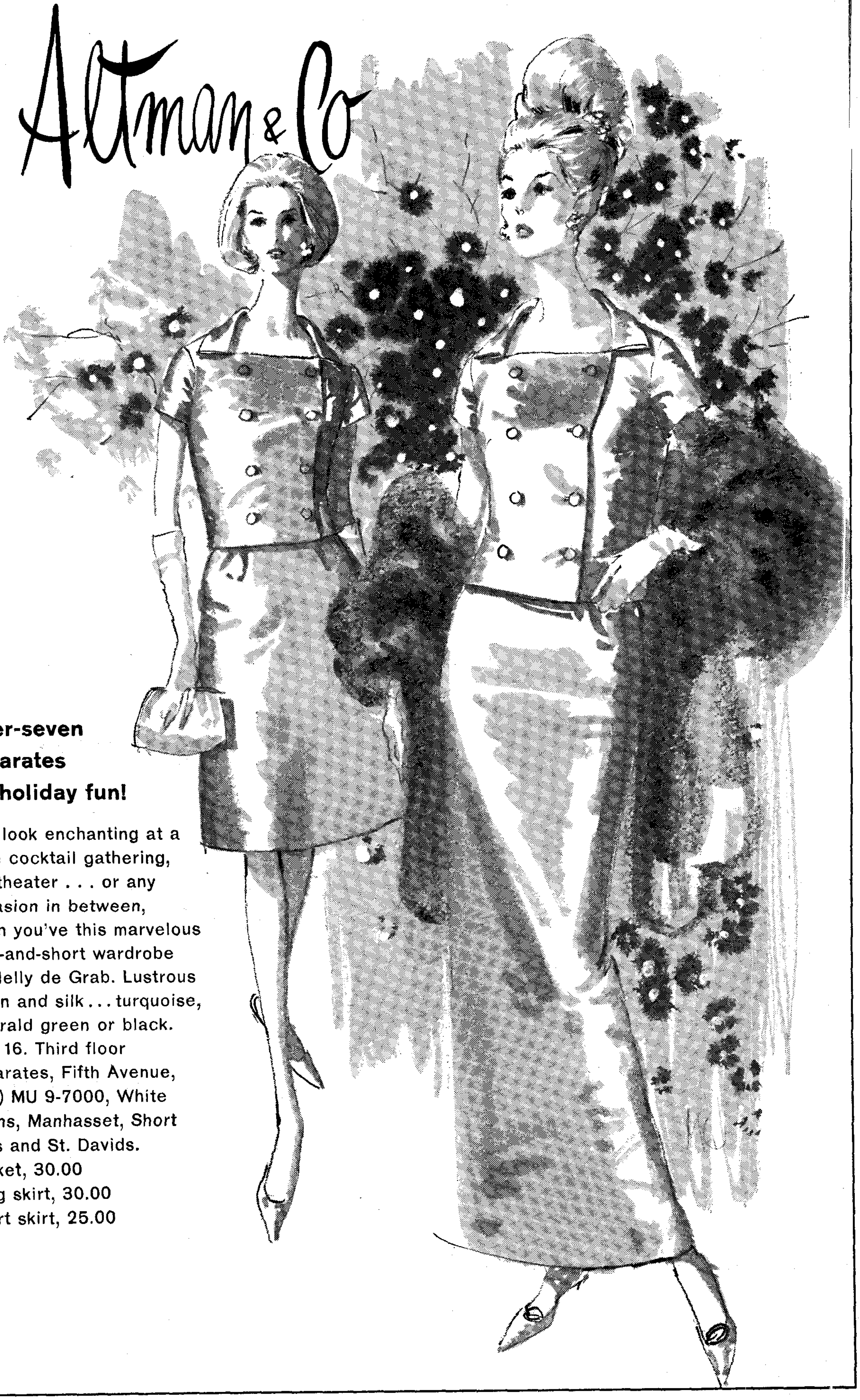
On the 3rd Floor, Act II of "Tassels in Spain". Here the mood of true sophistication, every smart New Yorker's credo, is set by an elegantly appointed, and peopled, opera box, itself inspired by one of the noblest 18th century theatres.

A leitmotif that runs throughout "Symphony in B" is shells. It turns up everywhere . . . from the real thing (washed ashore all round the world) to shells used decoratively in dozens of ways, all unique and most appealing.

The Sport of Kings inspired our famed Men's Store British collections. In Peterborough Row, the Town, or Derby, look (and a 5 minute Pathé News film in color of the June '65 Epsom Downs classic); while steeplechasing influenced our dyed-to-go-with countrywear, all ours exclusively.

Bloomingdale's • Lexington at 59th, New York, N. Y. 10022

B Altman & Co



After-seven separates for holiday fun!

You look enchanting at a little cocktail gathering, the theater . . . or any occasion in between, when you've this marvelous long-and-short wardrobe by Nelly de Grab. Lustrous rayon and silk . . . turquoise, emerald green or black. 8 to 16. Third floor separates, Fifth Avenue, (212) MU 9-7000, White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills and St. Davids.

Jacket, 30.00
Long skirt, 30.00
Short skirt, 25.00

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

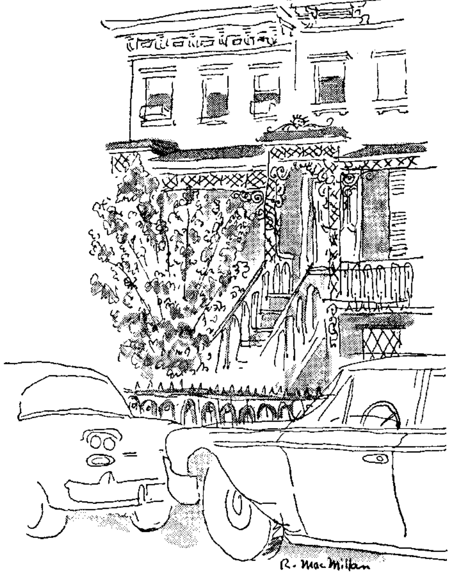
HISTORY NOTE: Legend graven in imperishable stone on the memorial to Marshal Rochambeau in the town of Vendôme, France:

COMMANDANT EN CHEF
DE L'ARMÉE FRANÇAISE
EN AMÉRIQUE.
PRIT YORKTOWN 1781
ET ASSURA L'INDÉPENDANCE DES
ÉTATS-UNIS.

Convened

OVER at United Nations Plaza, the Security Council has been meeting at odd hours of the day and night for several weeks now, tackling the various crises that coexisting human beings are heir to, and last Tuesday the General Assembly was convened for its twentieth session. The Assembly had, to all intents and purposes, kept its shutters up for the past two years, because of its own financial crisis. Last month, however, when the United States temporarily refrained from insisting that Russia and France be denied their voting rights because they hadn't paid their share of the costs of peace-keeping operations, the Assembly happily declared itself open for business again. Thanks to the entente between the paying members and the nonpaying members, all the members arrived here in anticipatory high spirits, and these high spirits were very much in evidence when we made our way to the General Assembly Building on opening day. The delegates' lounge, where we stopped for a cocktail, was filled with turbaned Middle Easterners, brightly robed Africans, and Ivy League-looking Orientals, chatting multilingually over their Martinis about the health of each other's wives, progeny, and heads of state. The reporters who paced the lounge hunting down dignitaries seemed anxious about the situation in Kashmir (it began to simmer down at a Security Council session at three o'clock the next morning, when Pakistan agreed to a cease-fire), but everybody else in the lounge was apparently having a fine diplomatic time. The delegates' cafeteria looked to us a bit like the Harvard Faculty Club at the start of the fall term, what with throngs of fresh-for-the-fray thinkers, their briefcases gleaming, lined up at the counter waiting for sandwiches and a broth billed as "soup of the day." In the interests of internationalism, we passed up the ham on rye, wrapped in wax paper, in favor of two large *croissants*, and sat down, with our tray, next to a couple of Senegalese, who were discussing nuclear disarmament, the heat wave, and diplomatic parking privileges in New York.

Convinced that things were indeed back to normal in the General Assembly, we went over to the Secretariat Building and up to the third-floor press area, a wide common room, lined with typewriter tables and news-release racks, off which the small private offices of the major news services open. As we looked around, we noticed that N.B.C. was sharing one of these offices with the *Pakistan Times*, that the Associated Negro Press was rooming with the Kansas City *Star*, and that the Polish Press Agency had set up shop next door to the Chicago *Tribune*. Almost everybody's door was open, and correspondents were wandering in and out of the cubicles swapping news, rumors, and, occasionally, information.



"So you've been in touch with Chou En-lai!" a South American called to an Eastern European, in English, and, whipping out a pad and pencil, demanded, "Now, what exactly did he have to say to you?"

Across the room, an Australian was pumping a Thai for news of a Korean trouble-shooter last seen "outside Elizabethville," and farther down the hall a Frenchman cornered an Arab who had cornered an American.

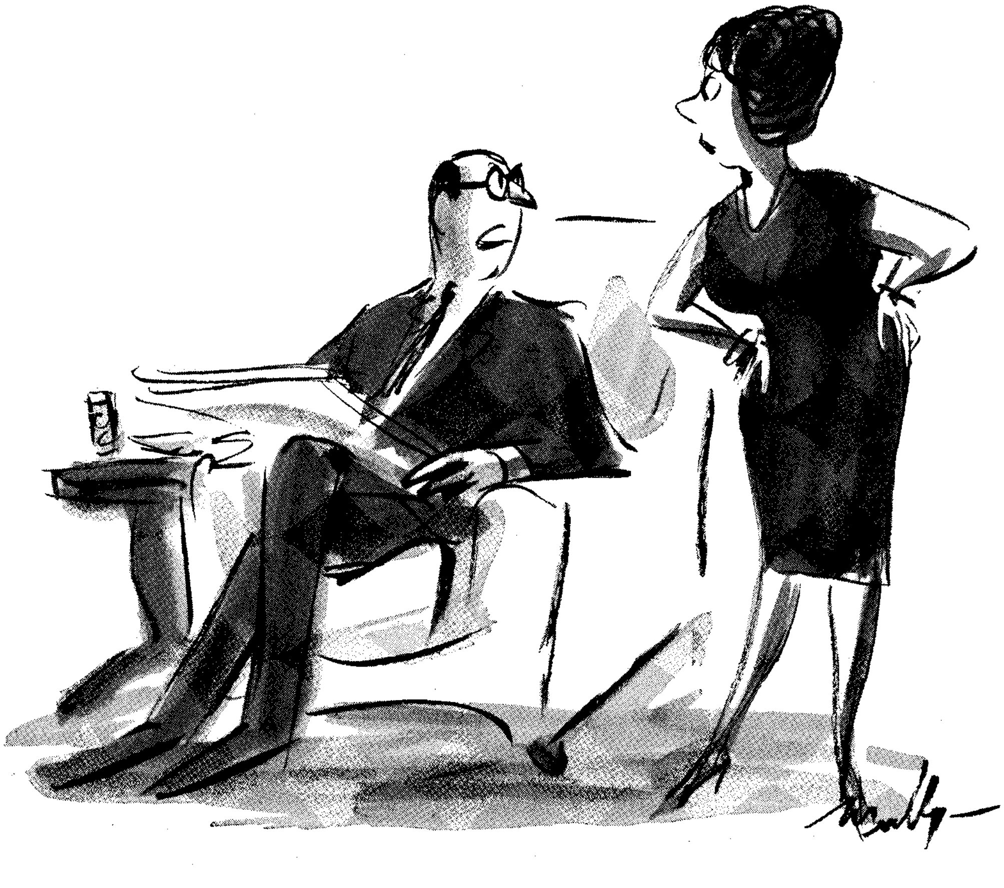
"Well, what do you say? Will there be any good arguments to hear today?" the Frenchman asked.

"Nothing but ceremony," replied the American, shaking his head. "Of course, there *could* be some objections raised to the seating of the new members. But who's going to veto the Maldive Islands, for God's sake? They're not exactly Red China, you know."

It was nearly time for the Assembly to convene, so we made our way back to the Assembly Hall, passing clusters of shirtsleeved tourists who stood peering at the parade of diplomats from behind the glass doors that separate the two buildings. We found a seat in the gallery next to a young man from Ceylon. The Ceylonese said that he would like to introduce himself properly but that, regrettably, his first name was unpronounceable, his middle name was unpronounceable, and his last name was unpronounceable. "My friends, however, call me A.J.," he added, shaking our hand. He then inquired, politely, whether we preferred the movie reviews in the *New Republic* to the movie reviews in the *Village Voice*. "I was fortunate to attend your film festival," he said. "I was also fortunate to attend two Security Council meetings on Kashmir, but I found your film festival far more interesting." Then he nodded toward the dais, where the outgoing president of the General Assembly, His Excellency Mr. Alex Quaison-Sackey, had just taken his seat behind the huge marble podium. He was flanked by the Secretary-General, U Thant, and by the Under-Secretary for General Assembly Affairs, Mr. C. V. Narasimhan, both of whom wore dark business suits. The president was resplendent in the brightly patterned yellow robes of his native Ghana, and to us he looked the most appropriately ceremonial of the three.

Mr. Quaison-Sackey, speaking in English, called the Assembly to order, asked for a moment of silent "prayer or meditation," and then announced to the assembled delegates that, "thanks to the spirit of statesmanship and compromise," the member nations had all put aside their financial problems in the interests of a fruitful year. "The ugly clouds that hung over the nineteenth session of the Assembly are now dissipated, and the twentieth session can take up the grave problems which we could not deal with for the past two years—the question of apartheid, the representation of Communist China, and peaceful coexistence among states," he said. He requested confirmation by acclamation of a new Credentials Committee, and when the delegates clapped their assent, he said, "It is so decided," banged down his gavel, and turned to the business of electing a new president of the General Assembly. Aides passed a ballot slip to each delegation, and when Mr. Quaison-Sackey called the roll, each country's chief delegate walked to the dais and cast his delegation's ballot in a small wooden box. While the ballots were being counted, the delegates roamed the Assembly floor, welcoming each other back to work. Bolivia and Brazil embraced, and Nigeria accompanied Mali up to the visitors' gallery to meet his wife. Ambassador Goldberg posed patiently for a dozen photographers who had gathered around the seats of his delegation, and so did Ambassador Fedorenko, of the Soviet Union.

Presently, Mr. Quaison-Sackey called the Assembly back to order and announced that Mr. Amintore Fanfani, former Prime Minister and present Foreign Minister of Italy, had been elected the twentieth president of the General Assembly, by a vote of a hundred and ten to two, with two abstentions. The two dissenting votes, he said, were for Mr. Vladimir Popović, of Yugoslavia. After this announcement, and to loud applause, Mr. Quaison-Sackey stepped down and joined the other bright-yellow robes of his delegation. Mr. Fanfani took the president's chair.



"And another thing. Your analogies are never analogous."

Mr. Fanfani immediately warned the delegates that they faced an enormous task in the next few months—and, indeed, in the next few days. "As we talk today, guns are booming abroad," he said, "and we cannot avoid our strict responsibility to put an end to this."

The delegates applauded warmly, and in the next few minutes three new member nations were formally admitted to the Assembly by its new president—Singapore, Gambia, and the Maldive Islands. The Singapore delegation was seated. So was the Gambia delegation (one flowing white robe, with a white fez, followed by two flowing orange robes, with red fezzes). President Fanfani then declared the Maldive delegation seated *in absentia*.

The Maldive Islands, a former British protectorate, are a tiny island cluster off the tip of India, near Ceylon, so we asked our Ceylonese neighbor if he knew where the Maldive delegation might be.

"The Maldives are very, very small," he replied. "Only about eighty-five thousand people are living there. They are now, next, I think, to Monaco and San Marino, the smallest country in the world, and it is rumored that they cannot afford to send a delegation yet. But tell me, what is your honest opinion of the movie criticism in the magazine called the *Saturday Review?*"

•

OVERHEARD on Houston Street, panhandler to pedestrian who saw him flip two pennies into the gutter: "They just make your pockets heavy."

Signs

"VIVID NERVE TINGLING ACTION! BOWANGA BOWANGA!" said an old movie sign, displaying photos of actresses in leopard costumes. "BRILLIANT IMAGINATIVE WIT," said another sign, standing on end near a seven-foot photo of Henry Fonda and a ten-foot-by-ten-foot sign reading,

JAMES BALDWIN
THE AMEN CORNER.

All around the big loft on the fourth floor of 525 West Forty-fifth Street, where King Displays—one of the two major signmakers for Broadway theatres—was getting ready for the new season, were signs of all sizes, styles, and ages, leaning against each other. Only fragments of their messages were visible:

NING"—*Louis Sobol.*
Orchestra & Balc. Seats
"PROVES . . .
X-RAY PHOTO OF HITLER'S BRAIN
"Radiant, Warm, Disar
Six Guns Spoke as Range Wars
Daily News *** Danish Orgy Film

In the middle of the loft, two silent, cigar-smoking middle-aged men were painting new signs; one was standing and filling in big letters on a large sheet of plastic for a marquee, and the other was bent over a drafting table, leaning on one elbow, and inscribing cast changes on a poster board. A few yards away, at a thirty-foot table, a third man was cutting letters out of composition board with a portable jigsaw. We strolled down the old loft through corridors of signs; past tables cluttered with dazzling pots and jars of DayGlo paint and cans of brushes; between huge rolls of brown paper; through an area used for spraying paint, where even the electric fan in the window had been sprayed a number of times; along a wall that was decorated with pinup pictures, including a youthful Shirley Temple amid the older, nude girls; around giant waste barrels, one of which was heaped with eight-inch letters ("M" and "E," bright red, were on top). We came to the rear of the loft, where Jerry Sapper, a pleasant, cheerful man who is a partner in King Displays, was making an easel poster for the front of a theatre. The floor was encrusted with lumps of dried paste. A large wooden tub, about six feet by eight, and containing a foot of water, stood against a brick wall. Above it was a hatch, giving access to a darkroom on the other side of the wall, and from the hatch a forty-by-sixty-inch sheet of photographic paper advertising a play suddenly fell. The paper plopped into the tub of water, and Mr. Sapper sloshed it around for a few moments.

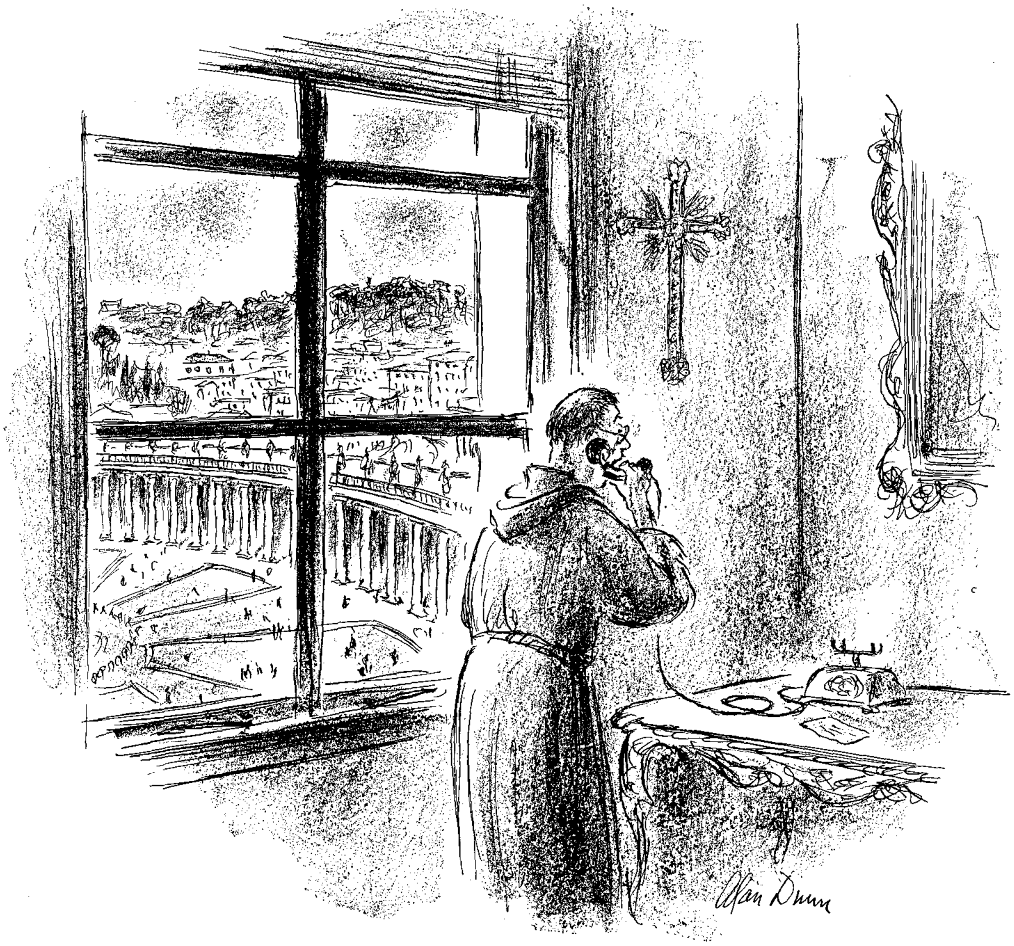
"It's a crazy business," Sapper said. "I like it very much. The excitement, the rush, the people you meet." He dragged the paper out of the tub and flung it expertly, face inward, against a large sheet of zinc that was mounted on the wall. "Show people are different," he said. "They live different." He pulled a big brush out of a bucket of white paste and slathered his poster with paste. Then he peeled the poster off the wall and slapped it neatly down on a horizontal sheet of beaverboard. Using a squeegee, Sapper smoothed the paper flat with fast, bold strokes, and then he trimmed off a tiny bit of overhanging edge with a razor blade. The sign was perfectly mounted, without a wrinkle. He picked up the board and leaned it against the wall, and, with us in tow, walked briskly back through the loft. "Everything is wanted yesterday," he said. "Here's a show that hasn't even opened"—he pointed to where the painter was whiting out a line of actors' names—"and already they've got cast changes." He picked up a thick gray loose-leaf notebook. "Here's our most valued possession," he said. "Our Size Book. It took years to get it in the shape it's in now. It's got all the theatres in New York in alphabetical order, telling the size of every sign on the building—the size of the marquees, the house boards, everything." In the book there were schematic drawings of the theatres, with arrows and measurements and notations in various hands.

A heavyset man in a business suit walked over, and Sapper introduced him as Charles B. Levine, his partner. "We started in this business twenty-six years ago," said Mr. Levine, lighting a pipe. "It was during the first World's Fair. We made signs for Billy Rose."

"*That* Fair, we got paid," said Sapper, and both men laughed.

"We did movie work, mostly, at first—for Brandt theatres and others—and then we branched into the legit end in the Subway Circuit," Levine said. "Brandt had stage shows that played a week at their various movie theatres around New York—the Flatbush, the Windsor, the Brighton Beach . . ."

Sapper held up a sketch that had just arrived from an advertising agency, to be copied large on theatre signs. "The producers are trying to get us to invest in this show," he said, peering at the ad critically. "We have invested in the past, and we've been very unlucky. *Very* unlucky." He laughed cheerfully. "Look here," he said. "Here's where the percentages are marked." Opposite the title of the show was the notation "100%," and on the line with the stars' names was another "100%." The director's name was "25%," and so on. "This tells us how big each line has to be in relation to the other lines. It's extremely important, because it's all specified in the stars' contracts. Stars have been known to get a ladder, climb up to the marquee, and



"You can reach him at Plaza 9-1400."

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measure their names to make sure the percentage was right."

The painter over at the drafting table, whose name was Myron Goldman, began putting in the new names on the poster that had been returned for cast changes. He dipped his brush in black paint and proceeded rapidly, glancing from time to time at a sketch next to his elbow. We complimented him on his speed and accuracy, and he shrugged. "You get to be sure of yourself," he said. "After years of training, it becomes second nature to you. I've been here over twenty-five years. I really enjoy the work." He drew a large, straight capital letter. "I happen to favor italics," he said.

As we left, we asked Levine about the forthcoming season on Broadway. "Anything good?" we inquired.

"I don't know yet," said Levine. "I wait for the word-of-mouth." He was watching the man working on the marquee board, which was now glistening with yellow paint. "I don't get swayed by ads."

We went over to the Parody Sign Company, a ground-floor operation at 12 Amsterdam Avenue, which splits most of the Broadway sign business with King Displays. In the front room, a high-ceilinged studio with the now familiar stacks of signs leaning against the walls, were two more middle-aged men painting signs. In an office in the rear we met Michael Turco, the owner of Parody, and Bob Turco, his older brother, who works for him.

"We got the name 'Parody' from an Italian cigar called Parodi, which I've been smoking for about fifteen years," said Bob, a burly man in his forties. "It sounded close to 'Brode,' which was the name of the company that made *all* the theatre signs for Broadway for years and years, until Brode died. An outfit called Kaye got the business and went broke, and we took over from them—it's been about three years now." He indicated some slips of paper impaled on a nail in the wall. "Those are the producers you can trust. You don't have to worry about them. Some producers—whoever they can beat, they beat. That's what you're confronted with in this business."

Michael Turco took us on a tour of the premises. "In the theatre, when you make a sign you're never done with it," he said. "They have replacements, substitutions, stars going on vacation. Press agents always want everything done by tonight. When Ginger Rogers went into 'Hello, Dolly!' we had to send a man out to the St. James at eight in the morning to clean off 'CAROL CHANNING' and letter on 'GINGER ROGERS' on two plastic marquees, a roof bulletin, a ground bulletin—that's on the front wall—and a house board. Stars won't go onstage unless the changes are up. I was here Labor Day myself doing changes." He smiled. "This isn't a business where a boss is a boss."

Michael paused in a hallway next to the office. "For a rush change, sometimes we make a snipe, which is a piece of oilcloth that can be glued over the part that needs changing," he said. "We pounce the snipe here with this enlarger." He indicated a projector that was pointed at the wall. "'Pounce' means we throw an enlarged image of the sign on a piece of tracing paper on the wall, and then we take a perforator"—he picked up a small roulette that resembled a dentist's tool with a spurred wheel at one end—"and trace the outline of the letters. It punches little holes as it traces. Then we take the perforated sheet, put it on top of the sign we want to paint, and brush the sheet with chalk or charcoal. The chalk goes through the holes and makes a perfect outline. Then you just fill in with the paint."

The two of us went back to the front of the shop, where the two sign painters—Barney Daniels, a jolly, white-haired man in spectacles, and Herbert Davidoff, a quiet, pleasant man who was wearing striped overalls—were working.

"We worked for the Brode firm for twenty-eight years, Herbie and I," said Daniels, stirring a jar of green paint. "Brode was a handsome fellow, a Broadway playboy, and he smoked dollar cigars. He commanded very high prices. No, he wasn't a sign painter himself. He was just the owner. We used to create our own styles in those days. Now seven out of ten shows have logos and lettering designed by the advertising agencies. We just copy them. The old Brode style, though, was a theatrical style devised by old-time sign men. The Brode style had a certain snap, a certain ring that caught the eye. We enjoyed doing those old letters; they all had serifs." Daniels put down the jar of paint and showed us some of his brushes. "These are cutters," he said, clutching a handful of rough bristle brushes that were anywhere from an inch to two and a half inches wide. "Cutters are for rough work," he went on. "You use them for coating, or filling in big letters." He put them down and picked up some others. "Fitches," he said. "Also for rough work." Then he showed us some thin brushes. "These are called quills," he said. "They're for fine lettering. They come flat or very thin. They're camel hair, which is actually squirrel hair. After I use them, I clean them with benzine, then rub on some vaseline or neat's-foot oil." He put the brushes in a satchel, poked around in it, and withdrew some finer brushes. "Now, these are beautiful red sable," he said. "You use them for watercolor or tempera."

We asked Daniels whether he got calluses from holding the brushes.

"The inside of the second finger," he said, showing us.

"Second finger," agreed Davidoff, showing us his callus, too.

Daniels put away the sable brushes and began to paint the price list for a musical called "Skyscraper." He dipped his brush into a square paper cup that was made out of a postcard and held a small amount of paint. We asked about the cup, and Daniels said, "That's the first thing you learn as an apprentice—how to make these things." He plucked another postcard from a stack ("Somebody gave me these") and folded it swiftly and expertly into an identical cup. "These things will never leak," he said. "When we were apprentices, we had to make them for the mechanic—the journeyman sign painter. The mechanic was king. We even had to shine his shoes. Right, Herbie?"

Davidoff nodded, smiling.

Daniels imitated an old-school sign painter summoning an apprentice. "Hey, boy!" he shouted. "Yes, sir!" he called back to himself respectfully.

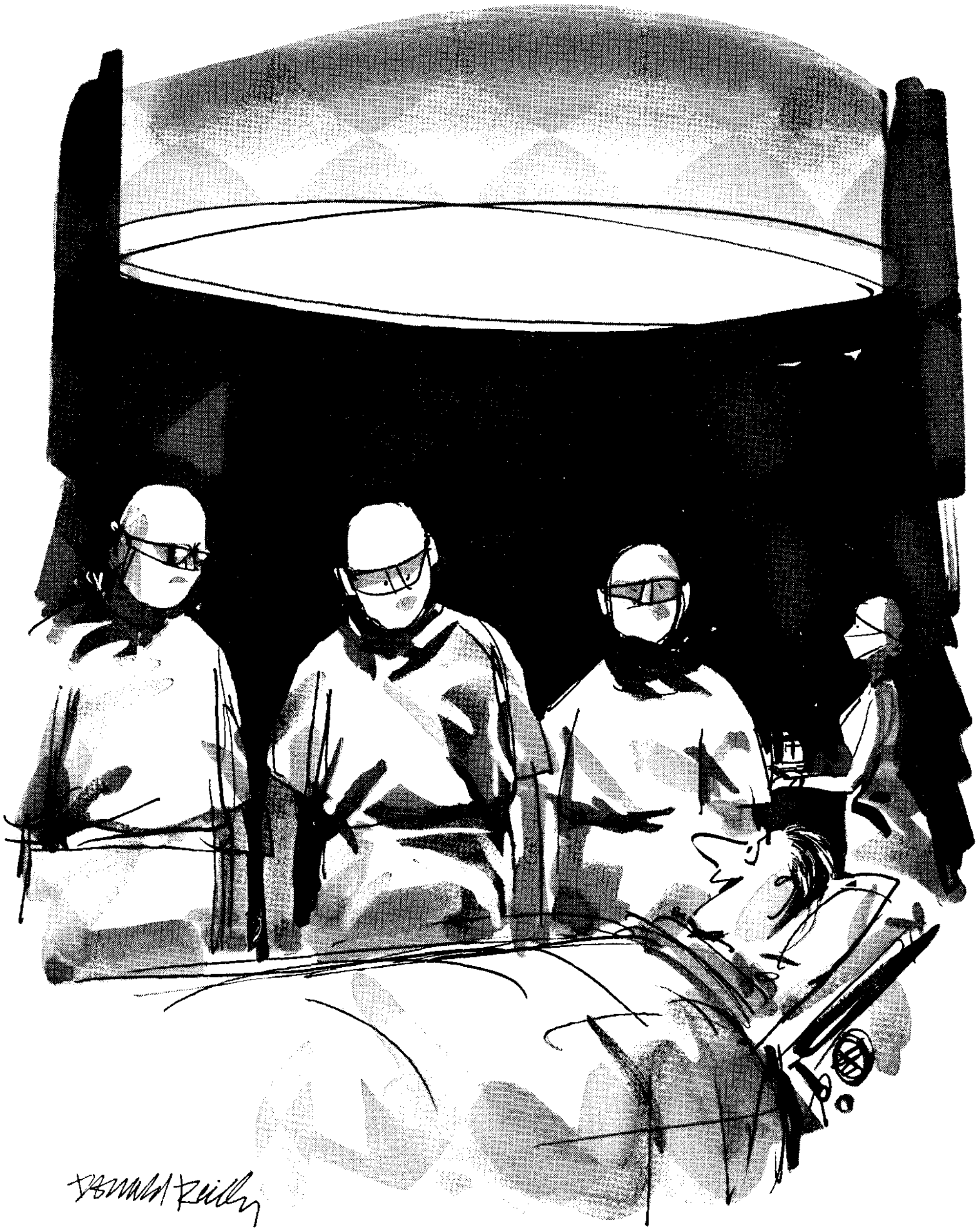
Davidoff nodded again, and said, "Not like the kids today."

"We earned four, five dollars a week, and it was a six-day week," said Daniels.

Both men painted silently for a few moments. Then Daniels sat back. "Herbie and I used to do theatre marquees in the days before the plastics," he said. "We had to set up ladders, and put a plank across, and paint right on the marquee. We'd have a sketch, and one of us would lay out and the other would letter. We'd toss to see. We'd get caught in the rain and snow, and our fingers would get numb. We'd have to climb down and get warm every ten minutes. Herb and I did that a good many years." Davidoff smiled. "Years ago, we used to put a lot of pride and effort in it," Daniels said. "It's not like it used to be. There used to be creativity. Now there's a time limit. 'Get it out! Get it out!'"

Davidoff added, "There's no newcomers coming in now. Young people go into commercial advertising. In the old days, everything was done by hand. Not anymore. Take the World's Fair. Hardly any handwork in it at all. Now it's all pasted on, and plastics. In 1939—the old Fair—our men worked around the clock. They couldn't get enough men. We had to beg for time off." He put down his brush. "The producers and press agents today have no idea of fine work," he continued. "They don't recognize it." He pointed to a poster. "We used to leave lots of space, to work nice. Now they don't care if it starts right at the top. They spend on costumes and sets, but the most important thing—the signs—they don't care." He picked up his brush and went back to work.

"No matter where I go, I always look at signs," said Daniels, a moment later, lettering the price list. "On vacation—no matter. 'There's a good one,' I say to myself, or 'There's a bad one.' "



"I'd just like to mention, Doctor, that I was against Medicare."

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The Johnstone Affair

A FRIEND of ours has become embroiled with the Consolidated Edison Company in a running battle that threatens to turn into a cliff-hanger. We were going to wait until the story ended before we passed it along, but recent events have reminded us that such serial adventures have no real ending; it's the chapter-by-chapter struggle that counts. Our friend, a normally mild-mannered man whose name happens to be Robert A. Johnstone, Jr., found his patience beginning to wear thin earlier this year when the Consolidated Edison Company, despite vigorous protests from him, persisted in billing him for gas-and-electric service under the name of "G. Johnstone." At first, he paid each bill promptly and enclosed a polite note requesting that in the future he be billed under the name that he signed his checks with. Con Ed cashed his checks but continued to bill him as "G. Johnstone." He sent another letter, worded a bit more strongly. The next bill arrived with the name uncorrected. He tried calling the Con Ed office. A young lady with impeccable telephone manners took down his complaint. The bills kept coming to "G. Johnstone." Finally, after eight months of growing tension, he sent a letter to Con Ed in which he stated that although "Robert A. Johnstone, Jr.," might not be the most sonorous, aristocratic, or memorable of names, it was still *his* name, and the one he wished to be billed under. Stapled to each corner of the page was a neatly torn section of the bill stub. "The purpose of this letter," our friend went on, "is to inform you that each succeeding bill I receive as Mr. G. Johnstone will be returned to you in a similar manner, and the portions of the stub will diminish in size but increase in number, in the hope that eventually the company will find it easier to address its bills correctly than to piece together a very uninteresting but increasingly complex jigsaw puzzle."

The response to this stratagem was electrifying. One week later, our friend received in the mail a personal apology, addressed to "Mr. Robert A. Johnstone, Jr.," and signed by a personal-service representative, that promised immediate rectification and thanked him for his last payment, without making any mention of the torn-and-quartered stub. He was asked to return his original deposit receipt, so that the correction could be entered on all relevant papers in his file. It looked like total victory. But our friend, who was going on vacation that week, failed to carry out his instructions before he left. Last Monday, he returned to New York to find another personal letter, gently chiding him for not sending in his deposit receipt. "We've changed our records to show the correct spelling of your name, Mr. Johnstone," the letter began. "Your coöperation will be appreciated, Mr. Johnstone," the letter ended. But the letter was addressed—ominously, our friend thinks—to "Mr. Robert *J.* Johnstone, Jr." "They might as well have scribbled 'To Be Continued' across the bottom of the page," he says.

A MACK SENNETT COMEDY

IMAGINE the scene: The village street—soft, wet, rusty under the lapis sky. A bridge, with a torrent running under it. The torrent is still swollen with last night's rain, and turbulent. Then a couple of inns, a Hotel Oldenhorn (we are in the German part of Switzerland), a coöperative store—end of milling business and residential districts.

The children scream, "A pumper, a pumper!"

The fire engine is new, red, and unreal. A moment ago, the bridge over the torrent was deserted; then the pumper arrived, and so did we. A man stepped in front of the car with the flat of his hand toward us and slowly smiled. He wore a heavy army helmet of dark, pewter-gray steel. The firemen climbed down from the pumper. We opened the car door and all got out—John and I, the two children, and another little boy, who is a friend. A thick fire hose, in a brand-new white cotton casing, lay across the road.

It rained last night, and the village is littered with wet leaves. The plane trees are almost bare. The village children run and shout. One little girl sits on the running board of the fire engine and sings; one long braid rests over her right shoulder. She looks edible. Apricot tights, pistachio skirt, lemon sweater. Around her the men—about ten of them—have assembled in attitudes of challenge and deadlock. And down below a fireman now stands in the freezing torrent, his corduroy knickers rolled back above his knees, his bare feet purple, and on his head an army helmet that could have been drawn by Dürer. He holds the nozzle of the hose underwater, and looks transfixed. He takes the nozzle out of the water and looks at it. The nozzle has a copper grille on it, probably to discourage the trout. Obviously, the man cannot get the water to go up the hose. Three little boys peer down from the bridge. They wear gum boots and French firemen's helmets on their heads. The helmets are too wide for their heads and come down over their eyebrows. When the boys want to look up, they throw their heads back. Their hats are initialled with the letters "S.-P.," for "Sapeurs-Pompiers."

Now one of the boys is climbing down the rocky escarpment by the side of the bridge. He wants to go down into the torrent, but at that moment a blast of air from some exhaust on the pumper hits him full in the face. He screams and disappears from view, but he must be all right, because I hear laughter from the bed of the torrent. There is the boy, sitting in the torrent, looking happy and surprised. The fireman lets go of the hose to help the boy, but he—wet, cold, and delighted—climbs back up again with the ease of a four-footed animal. The fireman once more picks up the nozzle of the hose. The boy is on the bridge now. He struggles to escape the other boys, who follow him as he runs down the village street and into the door of an inn, where he no doubt lives and will now change his pants. "Pin, pan, pin, pan, pin, pan!" the pursuers shout as they pursue, sounding like a French fire engine—but why French? Why the French firemen's helmets? This is, as I said, a Swiss-German village, out of the tourists' way, and it is very unlikely that the population speaks any French at all. The pursuers have now returned and, breathing hard, stand by the side of the pumper. The fireman with the purple feet is sitting on the bridge by the pumper, pulling on a thick pair of hand-knit socks. Then he puts on a high pair of gum boots and slowly descends back into the torrent.

The leaves on the ground are still wet in spite of the sun. A man tries to sweep them away, away, away from the center of the street, but they stick. Back and forth goes the broom, helplessly, but the man is in no hurry. I watch him, and he looks back at me. He sees me watching him, and so he stops sweeping altogether and rests the palms of his hands on the broomstick. Then, very deliberately, he takes off his brown felt hat and smiles, unveiling a perfect set of false teeth—"*un complet*," as it's called in the French-speaking part of Switzerland. He walks very slowly toward the pumper, dragging his broom behind him. But nothing whatever is happening. One man looks at a book, then turns a valve. The man in the torrent shouts in German that nothing is happening. The other men stand around in silence. Their hands are enormous, and they wear wedding rings that look like Life Savers made out of pink gold. I ask one of them, in German, what is happening, what is not happening, what is wrong. He tells me he is a volunteer fireman. So are the other men. They meet every three months, always on a Saturday, and after lunch.

They received a brand-new pumper this morning, just in time for "maneuvers," and it doesn't work at all. Nobody understands what's wrong, but something is terribly wrong. "Not enough pressure," another man tells me. The man who sweeps the leaves taps me on the shoulder; he would like to sweep the leaves from under my feet. I think he would like to annoy me. He smiles apologetically. His royal-blue cotton trousers are as wide as a circus clown's. I bow to him—from the waist, like a man, because I'm wearing trousers—and take a giant step to the left, knocking a volunteer fireman off balance, because he did not see me arriving. He was taking notes in a loose-leaf notebook. I apologize in German. The young man begins a detailed explanation of all the possible reasons for the technical failure of the pumper. Then he waits for my answer.

"I'm terribly sorry," I finally tell him, in French. "I understand German, but I speak it very badly." He looks delighted. "*Moi aussi j'ai étudié à Berne,*" he says. And he goes back to his notes. His hands are pale and thin, and he wears elegant little steel-rimmed glasses. He gives me a quick smile, points with his pen in

STOCK EXCHANGE
SELL
BUY
Drummond

"You can have *Elizabeth Taylor. I'll take Sophia Loren."*

the direction of the Oldenhorn Hotel, and begins a new paragraph.

I have, as usual, lost sight of our boys; no, there they are, all three of them, in their navy-blue school uniforms and climbing boots, hanging over the ramp of the bridge, their feet off the ground. As for John, he has joined the firemen around the pumper. He is alternately touching levers and looking into the firemen's manual. Then he puts the manual down on the pumper and takes a cigarette from his pocket, but he can't find any matches. One of the firemen lights his cigarette for him. No, he doesn't; the lighter doesn't work. Another fireman runs off in the direction of an inn. He wears a large hammer slung into his belt at the back.

The young fireman with the steel-rimmed glasses turns to me and says, "Now let's go see what's doing at the Oldenhorn."

I accept his invitation readily. Except for their navy-blue broadcloth jackets piped in red, with brass buttons, and the Dürer helmets, the volunteer firemen seem to dress as they please. My guide wears beige corduroy knickers, heavy, knitted knee socks, and climbing boots—all standard mountain equipment.

A wooden ladder is being extended upward, and it is now almost double its original length. Slowly, the top of this new long ladder is brought to rest against the second-floor balcony of the Oldenhorn Hotel. Half a dozen firemen are gathered round the foot of the ladder. Above the balcony, on the wall of the Oldenhorn Hotel, hangs a carpetbeater and a faded green umbrella, side by side, available to anyone on the balcony who might need them.

The six firemen choose a victim from among themselves. The victim slaps his forehead with the palm of his enormous hand and staggers back in horror. The young fireman at my side is taking voluminous notes. And in the alley between the Oldenhorn Hotel and a much smaller, modest inn, I suddenly notice a fireman I have not seen before. He is standing now, as he must have been standing for the last hour, holding the other nozzle of the hose in both his hands. He is waiting for the water to be pumped from the torrent and come out at his end. In the meantime, the whole village, including the Oldenhorn Hotel, which looks very dry and combustible in the sunlight, could burn to the ground. But the fireman is a patient soul; there he stands, in a modified fourth position, with his whole weight on the left boot, his right boot turned out, his eyes vacant and blue. He is the picture of resigned impotence, and he smokes a curved mountain pipe.

Meanwhile the giant on the ladder is slowly making his way up, rung by rung. The fireman at my side looks up at him from his book, and begins a new paragraph.

Only now do I notice that the giant on the ladder has a rope tied around his waist, like a mountain climber. He has Vibram soles on his climbing boots. Finally, he steps over the balustrade of the Oldenhorn's balcony and very deliberately lights a cigarette. Then he twists one end of his rope round and round the open woodwork of the balustrade, watching for effect like a couturier; he ends the operation by tying a delicate dressmaker's knot. Then he throws down the other end of the rope. And sighs.

Now his job is finished, and I see him standing profile on the balcony. He is about to settle himself down into a dark-green wicker armchair. *Crach!* goes the wicker armchair, and I expect to see the giant on the floor of the balcony, sitting on a flattish mound of green wicker, but not at all. *Crach!* was the luxurious and non-fatal sound of old wicker *giving* under his tremendous weight.

A small jeep goes by me, and stops in front of the man with the notebook. The driver is wearing a navy-blue jacket piped in red, with brass buttons, and the Dürer helmet. The street-sweeper walks up to the jeep, takes off his brown felt hat, and salutes the driver. Then he rests the palms of his hands on his broom and his chin on his hands, and they hold a conversation. A moment later, the sweeper runs around to the back of the jeep, dragging his broom behind him. He places it carefully against the side of the jeep, and then he opens the back door. He climbs in, then out again, carrying under his arm a brand-new aluminum-and-canvas stretcher, so narrow and so short it could only serve a very skinny five-year-old child. The street-sweeper places the canvas stretcher on the ground, closes the door of the jeep, and picks up his broom.

What's this? The ladder that was resting against the second-floor balcony of the Oldenhorn Hotel has grown once more. Its second extension is still growing. The men below are shouting orders to each other, and looking up with their heads thrown back. Slowly, the slightly swaying top of the ladder comes to the height of a square postage stamp of an attic window.

I turn to the young man with the steel-rimmed glasses and say, in French, because I could not possibly say it in German, "Is there a distressed maiden in a nightgown up there, waiting to be rescued?"

"Not at all," he answers, "but if there was one, she would be all dressed up by now, and lacing her boots." His French is excellent. He gives me a sidelong glance to observe the effect of his wit. I do laugh; in fact, I am delighted. My note-taking friend is delighted, too.

The fire engine still stands on the bridge, surrounded by about twelve volunteer firemen, and at this moment my younger son is sitting in the driver's seat. The two other boys still hang over the side of the bridge, so the man is probably still standing in the freezing waters of the torrent. The boys with the French firemen's helmets—including the one who fell into the torrent and changed his pants—are sitting on the front step of the Oldenhorn Hotel, craning their heads to see what is happening directly above them. Four little girls, including the edible one, are sitting on the front step of the inn next door to the hotel, and they are singing a canon. The street-sweeper is more successful with his sweeping; the leaves must be drying.

A thin young man begins the ascent toward the attic window. He also has a rope around his waist. On his way up, he passes the giant fireman, who is resting on the balcony in the green wicker armchair and blowing smoke rings. "*Salut!*" says the thin young man, waving his left hand as he races to the top of the ladder. At the dormer window, he throws one end of the rope down to the fireman at the foot of the ladder and then, with a hop, head first, he plunges into the dark square.

The note-taker at my side tells the street-sweeper to go sweep somewhere else. The street-sweeper leans his broom against the door of a house and walks toward the stretcher. He stops there, looking happy, and stares up at the attic window.

John, I see, is in the alley by the Oldenhorn Hotel, talking to the fireman who still stands there, still holding the hose, still waiting. They are both laughing. John holds the hose while the fireman takes a box of matches from his pocket.

Now the young fireman reappears at the attic window, facing out, looking exceedingly distraught. "*Non, non!*" he shouts, beating his breast. Then something in Schwyzertütsch, which I do not understand. With his eyes lifted to Heaven, he makes the sign of the Cross.

The street-sweeper makes a strange noise, halfway between chuckling and swallowing the wrong way.

"What's happening?" I ask the note-taker.

"You'll see," he answers without lifting his eyes from the notebook.

The firemen who were standing under the ladder now march across the street toward me with the heavy rope; the other end is inside that attic window.

Crach! goes the green wicker armchair as the giant fireman stands up to see what is about to happen directly above him.

"Aououououi!" screams the young fireman at the attic window. The firemen who are holding the rope across the street shout an order.

"Aououououi!" screams the young fireman at the attic window once more, and again he makes the sign of the Cross, with his eyes raised skyward. Then he throws some invisible thing over his left shoulder, and then he *dives* into the air! No, it's all right. He is suspended by a powerful hook from the rope that is being held by the men across the street, and he wears a harness, to which the hook is secured. It is beautifully safe; the fireman is gliding down ever so slowly and smoothly, doing the breast stroke with both his arms and his legs, and his face, under the Dürer helmet, wears an expression of perfect, suspended bliss.

I'm sorry to say I have no idea how the episode ended. I saw the fireman swimming through the air, about to land very gently, but then, just as he was touching ground, he was jerked up again, like a puppet, and so unexpectedly that his face showed real terror and surprise, and this was too much for me. I began to laugh and couldn't stop. I sat down in the middle of the street and went on laughing, missing everything around me, until the young fireman with the steel-rimmed glasses bent over me with a large glass of water. It tasted delicious; it tasted like glacier water.

"*Ah, merci!*" I said through my tears, and drank on.

"*Nous sommes tous des amateurs, hein?*" he said, by way of answer.

I found the children piled in the back seat of the car. The hose was removed, and we were free to continue our trip home, but we had to wait until a man who had dismounted from his bicycle to speak to the street-sweeper got out of the way. He had an enormous aluminum milk jug strapped to his back. When they finished their conversation, the street-sweeper turned to us, took off his brown felt hat, and waved us on.

—NATACHA STEWART

ON APPLES

One is not hale until one inhales
The russet of these apples—
Their rosy smell . . .
As from cleft hearts there rises
The green
Veridical stem.

Thus in Cézanne one sees
The stillness of utter rest: an electric calm
Of placement; the apple transcendent—
Flat: cool: the virtual assumed
As real . . .

Anne once refused to have
An apple; yet she held it
And sat there like another, or the first
Eve, who again rejected
Pleasure for the pleasure of a cusp,
Self-worried; the famous prerogative
Of feminine indecision . .

The apple need not be eaten; must be had.
I recall at the end of the road, where rampant boys lived,
Green apples on the ground, ant-laden, brown, abscessed—
We'd chuck them at each other, or at trees.
Hit in the ribs, it hurt.
Ted Mingo showed me.

And sometimes near Cooper Union, peddlers buff
Pippins upon their rusty
Winter sleeves;
Reset each polished crimson
On their cart.

McIntosh are best
Unpeeled, for rosy apple sauce,
For eating, as for fragrance . . .
Try them—
But you must smell them.

—DAVID ROSS

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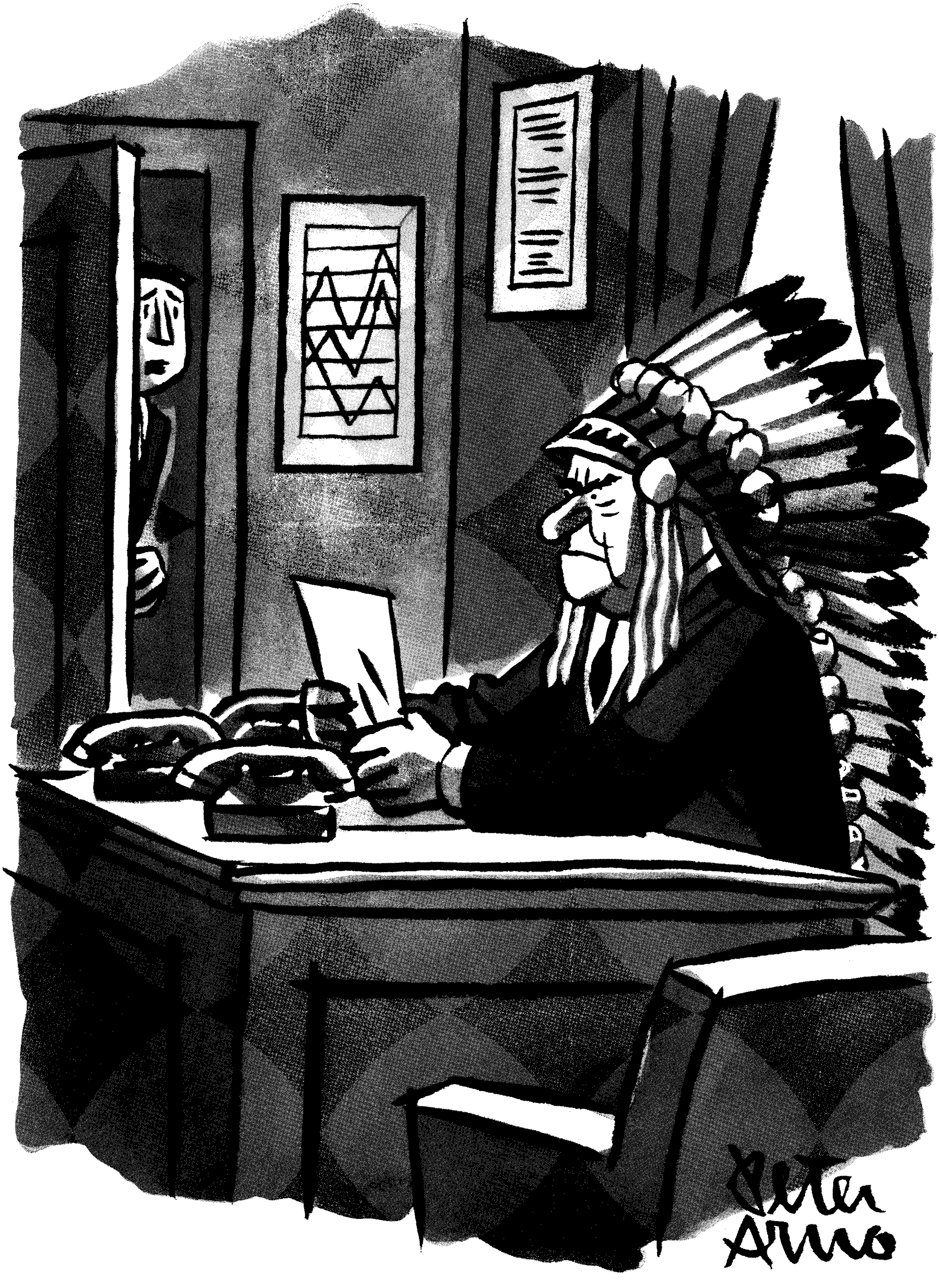


"Morning, Chief!"

ARE WE LOSING EAST FRAMBESIA TO THE COMMUNISTS?

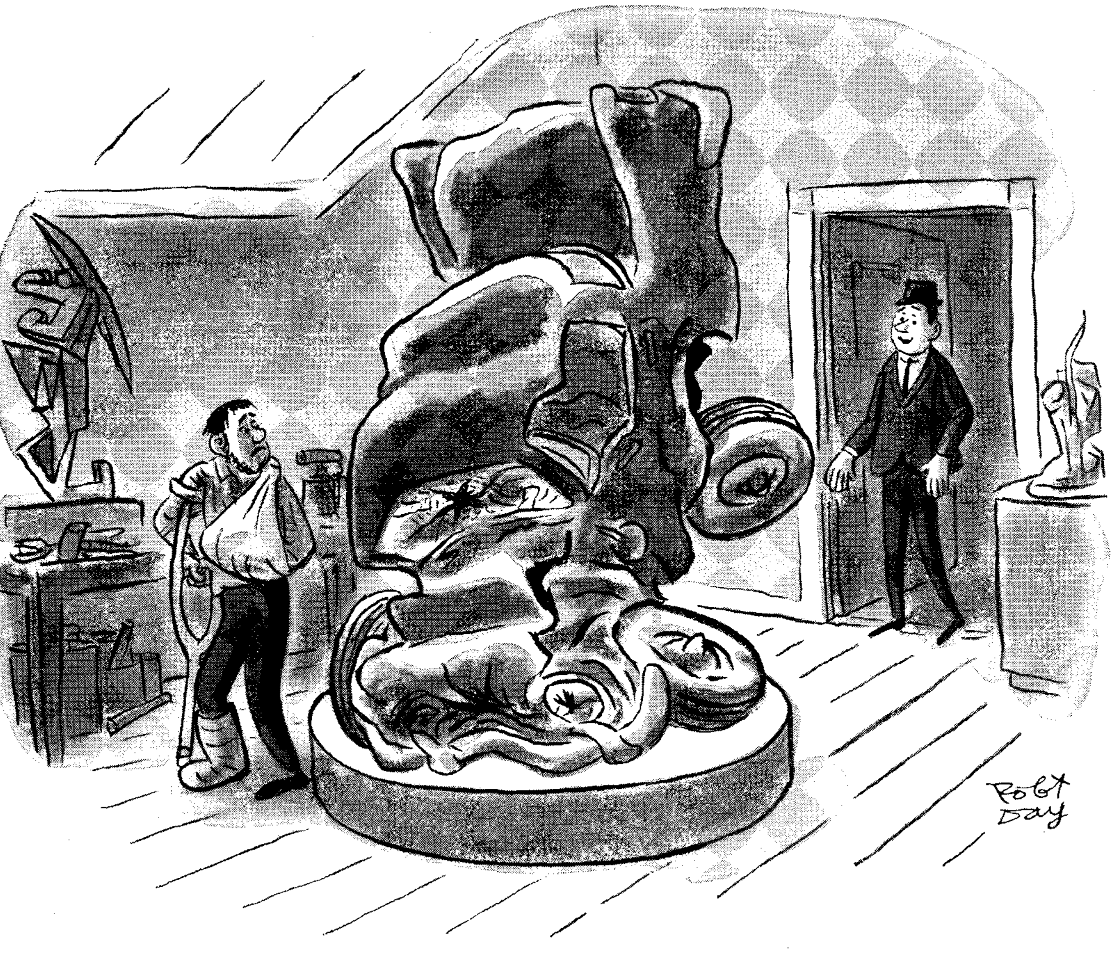
(A SEARCHING LOOK AT YET ANOTHER COLD WAR CRISIS SPOT)

LAST week, as the *swaghali*, or autumn rainy season, began in the tiny, problem-beset republic of East Frambesia, ending the scorching three-month *swaghati*, or summer season of drought, and causing flash floods in the steamy Mbasi delta that left thirty-eight per cent of the troubled nation's population homeless, concerned citizens of Dengue, East Frambesia's bustling modern oceanside capital city, gazed anxiously out toward the sea, afraid that the rains would once again bring with them the dread *fream*, the sultry hundred-and-seventy-five-mile-an-hour wind which from time to time wreaks unspeakable havoc throughout the hard-luck little democracy. Meanwhile, equally concerned U.S. diplomatic strategists, who have, of course, in recent months been concentrating their attention on Vietnam and the Dominican Republic, were now nervously turning their gaze *toward* Dengue, and, indeed, toward the whole of East Frambesia, worried that the insignificant but vital nation, a key prize in the Cold War, may be drifting inexorably toward Communism. If East Frambesia were drawn into the Red camp, admit top State Department sources, it might well mean that neighboring Perangi would soon also fall under the Communist spell, thus starting a chain reaction that could lead to the loss to the Free World of the entire Lhambastian plateau. As Lester W. Arbogast III, our long-time ambassador to the vest-pocket republic, told a recent visitor, what happens in East Frambesia is of crucial importance to freedom-loving peoples everywhere, for if East Frambesia goes Communist there can then be little hope left for the West's carefully nurtured FIASCO pact.

"And yet," added Arbogast discouragedly, "most Americans are incredibly apathetic about the situation here. In fact, many supposedly educated Americans apparently don't even know where East Frambesia is. I mean, they seem to think that it's in Southeast Asia or Africa or somewhere down in South or Central America, instead of right here where it is. This is profoundly disheartening, especially when one realizes that .0087 cents out of every American tax dollar is funnelled directly into the East Frambesian treasury."

AS ten thousand rioting university students surged through the rain-lashed streets of Dengue last week, demanding unlimited chapel cuts, most of the blame for the current chaotic state of Frambesian affairs was being laid squarely at the doorstep of squat, weak-chinned Field Marshal Oscar J. Wrok, Jr., leader of the country's present government—the teetering, middle-of-the-road Dhali Mbugi coalition. Swept into power five months ago, when he led a cabal of Army officers in ousting the rightist José Luis Obispo government, the pig-eyed former Frambesian Chief of Staff has proved to be a major disappointment to everyone, especially to his wife, Mme. Miriam L. Wrok, and to the C.I.A., which is said to have secretly engineered the nearly bloodless April 18th Wrok takeover. Indeed, the Dhali Mbugi had been in power less than a month before official Washington was uneasily asking, "Will success spoil Wrok's junta?"

Disturbingly, this question seems now to have been answered in the affirmative, for last month seven of Wrok's most trusted lieutenants, led by Colonel Ralph J. Kbamba, a lean, swarthy, Oxford-educated Left Wing intellectual, split off from the Dhali Mbugi to form the outlaw Chali Mbala, an anti-government extremist group that has set up headquarters in a secret Khabala mountain retreat and vowed not only to hang Wrok by his earlobes from the highest lamppost in Dengue but also to nationalize the country's seven thousand-odd parcheesi parlors, which could be a first step toward establishing a full-fledged Marxist regime in East Frambesia. Since early June, when an earthquake devastated much of Sprue, East Frambesia's inland summer capital city, and, in fact, totally destroyed the just completed $400,000,000 East Sprue hydroelectric plant that the plucky Frambesians, with substantial U.S. financial backing, had been building for the



"It's the finest thing you've ever done!"

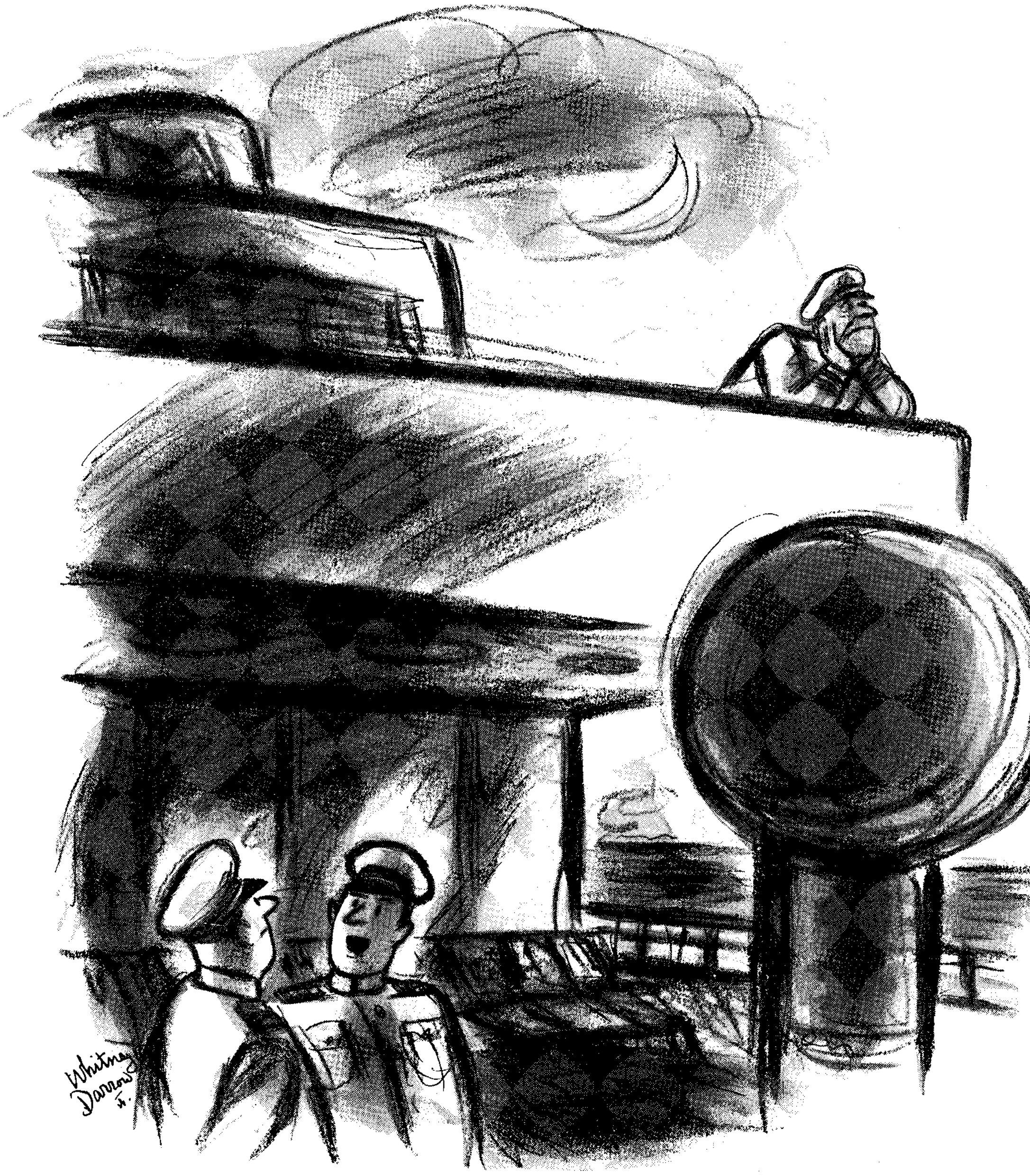
past nineteen years, it has been evident to everyone that the Dhali Mbugi's days are numbered, for Wrok flatly refused to send aid to the disaster-struck area, and instead sat coolly in the Palace of the Bubas at Dengue playing early Gershwin on the shawm—a pastime that generally seems to take up most of the Frambesian strong man's waking hours.

At the same time, Wrok has done virtually nothing to bolster the tiny republic's sagging economy, and, once more in critical fiscal trouble, the East Frambesian Ministry of Finance has turned to Washington for further monetary aid. Whether or not this aid will be forthcoming is now difficult to say, for since 1953, when East Frambesia gained its independence, we have steadily pumped millions of dollars a year into the straitened little democracy's economy, yet even today the average East Frambesian peasant family must struggle by on an annual income of only forty-five geckos (equivalent in U.S. currency to $17,500).

Key to East Frambesia's delicately balanced economy is the swift-flowing Mbasi, which tumbles from the lofty Khabala Mountains in the north downward to the sea, and is said by experts at the National Geographic Society to be one of the world's seven most boring rivers. Indeed, it is along the banks of the copper-brown Mbasi that most East Frambesians live, and it is here, too, in the fertile Mbasi mud flats, that ninety-eight per cent of the Johnson grass, iceberg lettuce, and cocktail onions that are the backbone of the nation's economy is grown. Whenever the Mbasi overflows its banks, as it does with heartbreaking regularity, or dries up to a mere trickle, as it does with frustrating frequency, causing the crops to wither and die in the blistering (145-degree) Frambesian sun, the entire little nation is dealt another staggering fiscal body blow. Unfortunately, too, there is scarcely anywhere other than along the banks of the Mbasi that the Frambesian peasant can live and work, for at present ninety-two per cent of the country is still virtually impenetrable virgin jungle, inhabited only by the deadly tpfraz snake, sacred giant mosquitoes, and ferocious Khabala tribesmen, who may well be Communist sympathizers. (Since no linguist has yet been able to crack their curious, pre-Stone Age language, just how far they may have swung toward dialectical materialism is as yet uncertain.)

THUS, as the torrential *swaghali* pours relentlessly down, gloomy State Department observers brood pessimistically over the economic and political future of little East Frambesia—or, as the upriver Mbasi peasants usually refer to their nation, the "Land of the Ten Thousand Elbows." In any event, while Left-leaning Colonel Kbamba is menacingly gathering his forces in the Khabalas and reportedly receiving arms and recruits from the East Frambesians' most deadly enemy, the South-Southwest Frambesians; while irate bands of university students are tossing hymnals through the windows of the U.S. Embassy; and while Field Marshal Wrok is noodling away in the palace on "Fascinating Rhythm," weary, Yale-educated C.I.A. agents meeting for late-afternoon cocktails in crowded Dengue cafés have more than once in recent weeks been heard to mutter the ancient East Frambesian saying "*Dahgo magholi*"—"If the day brings sorrow, wait for tomorrow, because things are sure to get worse."

—THOMAS MEEHAN



"He's just found out that one out of every four marriages he performs ends in divorce."

• •

ON THE EDGE

DANIEL is beside me, in a chair beside the bed. His mouth is pursed, his head is lowered, and his chin is touching his collar. His eyes are raised and still, watching me. When we met down on the terrace weeks ago, two strangers among strangers in this hotel, he said little, eventually gave his presence into silence. In fact, I can't even remember meeting him. He was simply there. From time to time, I remember, he would take a seat beside me and read one of the London newspapers, sometimes pointing to a story and talking about it. He didn't seem to care that I was not responding. One day, I suddenly became aware of him as other than a form. There was a quick movement; he had turned a page of the paper and shifted his position in the chair. At that moment, I became aware of myself. On my arms were drops of perspiration, shining in the sun. On my skirt were damp spots where the fabric clung to my knees. I closed my eyes.

I did not go down to the terrace again for a week. I lay in my room and watched the glare of the morning sun on the ceiling. In the afternoons, I slept. Waiters brought my meals, like people in a film without sound. At night, I lay awake in the dark, but I might have been sleeping, for I was not thinking of anything. I had little sense of time. I knew the days were divided by the sun on the ceiling, but each day was the same.

When I went to the terrace again, a few people were drinking from frosted glasses and pushing their chairs into corners for shade. I sat down and looked past a crumbling balustrade, covered with bougainvillaea, to the sea. Heat waves seemed to rise from the bougainvillaea, making it sway as if it were under water. Heat lay like a film over everything. It occurred to me that I was in Spain. I tried to think of some Spanish words, but I couldn't remember any, except please and thank you and a few words used in travelling. That was all I had needed anyway, to get here. I went to sleep.

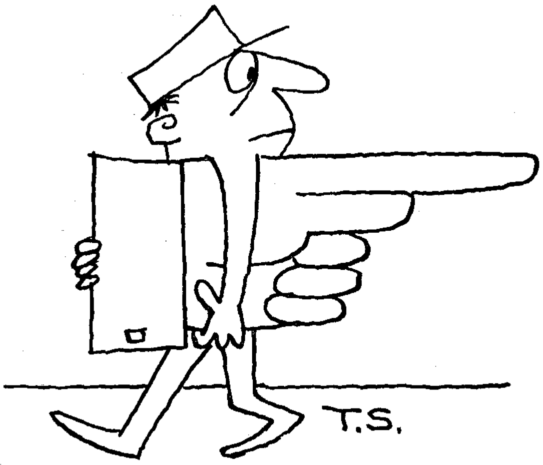
When I woke, it was nearly evening. I went to my room and lay on the bed, waiting for dinner. After a while, I got up and looked in the mirror. The face was familiar, but I had no interest in it. It looked blank. The eyes were vacant, the pupils dilated, the skin pale and moist. The face was breathing shallowly, occasionally making an effort to take a deep breath. It was a very, very thin face, with an expression totally random and immobile. The waiter came in, and I looked at his face to see what his expression was. He was smiling. He looked as though he recognized everybody he saw, as soon as he saw them. I tried to remember his face after he left, but it wouldn't stay in my mind, so I ate dinner. While I was eating, I looked out the window, and I noticed some boys playing soccer in a vacant lot a block away. Their arms shot out, and their heels flew up, and the ball spewed clouds of dust. They bumped each other and fell in heaps on the ground. They lay in twisted positions for a few seconds, then got up and started all over again. I enjoyed watching those boys, but after a while it was too dark to see them. I finished dinner and smoked a cigarette. I took a bath, put on fresh clothes, and went out for a walk.

The street in front of the hotel led to a long park with a broad sidewalk down its center. A light wind was brushing the palm fronds leaning over the sidewalk. There were not many lights in the park, and the darkness was cool and pleasant. I walked slowly, so I wouldn't get too tired. I thought about those boys playing soccer, and I guessed they were at home now, eating or getting ready for bed. They wouldn't be playing the game again until tomorrow, and tomorrow seemed far away. Wait. Something was wrong. I couldn't breathe. There was an arm around my neck, and I felt knuckles in my back. Somebody was pulling me down. This was strange. These things didn't happen in Spain, did they? Who was it who told me, I can't remember, maybe I read it, that the police state doesn't let things like this happen. But I was on the ground, and my mouth had a fist in it. Someone was going through my pocketbook. They were taking my money. There wasn't much, only some change. They were hitting me on the head and running away. I lay on the grass for a while, then went back to the hotel. I was sorry I hadn't been able to finish my walk and think about that soccer game some more. I could do that tomorrow.

The next day, I did not get out of bed until afternoon, and I had to walk very slowly down to the terrace. Outdoors, the glare was so strong I put on sunglasses, and then I ordered a glass of water. I was drinking the water when Daniel sat down next to me. He leaned over and looked at my face and arms. "What happened to you?" I wasn't sure what he was talking about. "You're bruised," he said. I told him what had happened, and he said I should report it to the police immediately. I said it didn't matter, I had already forgotten about it. "Weren't you afraid?" he asked. I thought about it and said no, I couldn't remember being afraid. "Weren't you in pain?" Yes. "Doesn't pain frighten you?" Well, no, I had just wished it would go away.

I was getting tired of talking. It had been a long time since I had talked so much, and I didn't feel like going on with it. I went upstairs and sat at the window for a while. Pretty soon the soccer game started. There were more players today, and the game was busier. When they fell down, they took longer to get apart and return to their positions. Over and over, they raced and fell and got up again. I could see their mouths moving as they swore at each other. I was sorry when the game ended.

One evening, when I was watching the players as usual, a bellboy came in with a cablegram. I put it on the dresser until the game was over, and then I opened it. It was from my brother, and it said my mother had been killed in an automobile accident. A heaviness came over me, and I felt as if I had settled, finally, at the bottom of a pool. Whenever my mother entered a room, she touched her hair nervously and straightened her clothes. She was vain and vulnerable, and I loved her. I could not take my eyes from the linear, two-dimensional, sunlike cablegram. My brother would see to the funeral. I would not go back. There was nothing I could do for her now.



TIME went by, and the days became warmer. The sea beyond the terrace went glassy

"*Who's the greatest Mom of them all?*"

under the glare. The other guests stayed indoors, so I had the view to myself whenever I could bear the heat. I watched the ships moving slowly on the horizon. I saw very little of Daniel and had forgotten about him when, one afternoon, he suddenly appeared. He was smiling and saying something about painting. I had never thought about what he did when he was not sitting in the sun. I noticed he had a tall, slender body, and his clothes looked worn. I remember now that it was at this time that he told me he was a painter and his name was Daniel. I closed my eyes. As I sat there, he took my left hand and turned it palm up. I felt something round and nubby, like old skin. I held it with both hands and raised it to my nose. A fresh, overripe smell. I bit into it. Tiny needles went into my tongue, singeing it with an aftertaste that cleared my mouth of its dry darkness. I drew the warm liquid into my throat and opened my eyes.

He took the orange from me and held it between us on his open palms. The sun gleamed on the rind, making its tiny pocks shine like beads of sweat. "Bend down," he said. "*Listen.*" A small bubbling sound, and then an inhalation. He was squeezing the orange and releasing it, slowly, at the pace of a person breathing in sleep. As he squeezed, from the hole where I had bitten came a spiral of tiny circles of air that grew into larger circles and spilled over the lip of the hole, bubbling, spitting. As he released the pressure, the circles receded, disappearing, and the orange slowly expanded, regaining its form with a small sucking breath. Again the squeeze and exhalation. I watched it a long while. Inside, its strands of pulp rose and fell like teeth and tongue forced up and down by the regular, rhythmic movement. Gradually, he stopped. He passed the orange to me. I squeezed. Inside, all the weakness could be felt, the thousands of thin fibres filled with juice and forced against each other, the glistening, transparent sacs of liquid, shaped like daggers, filled with a light, light yellow fluid, all pointing to the center where the seeds lay. I squeezed, and the orange sagged, spat.

I dropped it. I got up and went to the balustrade. I felt dizzy. I leaned against the rail for a while, then went down the steps to the sand. He was following me. I wanted him to go away, but he kept walking beside me, talking. I did not want to hear anything, but I could not get rid of him. "Barbara, Barbara," he was saying. His voice was low and even. He wouldn't understand that I had no needs, that I was out of time. We walked down the beach, following the edge of the water, and then, as the shoreline curved inward, I saw some fishermen hauling a net. Their feet were naked on the sand, and their trousers were rolled to their thighs. Their shoulders were bare and shining. They pulled with a slow, slow strain. Some of them were in the water up to their waists, and their heels sank in the undertow each time they leaned with the ropes. Daniel told me to watch the movement in their chests and backs. The muscles were bulging and sliding, over and over, in a measured surge and fall. It was coming, the net. Slowly, inch by inch, its webbing rose from the water, and I could feel a strain in my fingers, a pulling against my palms. I seemed to be hauling the net, and yet I was the net. I could feel its massive ennui, its great rolling power of resistance, in my whole body. Heaving, swaying, it crawled toward shore in rocking pause, riding the undertow outward after each pace forward, but gradually and finally unable to escape the meeting with land. I could see its huge body, black and amorphous beneath the water, and it was then that I felt the scalding heat of the sun on my head, and I turned and walked away.

The sand sank under my feet at each step. It seemed a long time before I got back to the hotel, and I was very tired. I went to my room, pulled the shades, and sat in the cool darkness. I did not hear the door open, but there was Daniel again, standing in front of me, talking. I didn't listen. I wanted to tell him to sit down or go away or do anything but stand there talking. I closed my eyes, and he went away, and I forgot about him. I sat in the dark room and watched the light seep in through cracks in the shades. When a breeze moved the shades, the light splintered all over the walls.

The waiter came in with dinner. He had a napkin over his left arm, and he placed the dishes on the table beside me carefully, bending from the waist each time he put down a dish. Then he stood straight and bowed. I saw that he was perspiring, and he looked tired around the eyes. I thought his job must be difficult in this weather. I was trying to think of something to say to him when he spoke to me in Spanish, precisely and without hurry, so I could understand: "Nothing in life is difficult but death."

I guessed this was a proverb, and I thought it was very interesting, but I wanted to tell him it was not true. The truth was the other way around. The difficult part is the living. That was why I had left my country. It's hard to live in my country, because people ignore death. They turn away from a man dying in the street, pretending they don't see him. And the doctors in my country are strange, for although they deal directly with life and death, they speak of neither and seem ashamed of both. "People are like machines," the doctor in New York told me. "They run down." When I started to cry in his office, he smiled—he had a crisp, stamped sort of smile—and said I

WATER

On that hot journey, I became aware of water.
At Panajachel, the water ran in the strawberry gardens.
Through the dusty hedge, from the path's deep dust, I could hear water.
It was low-voiced and bright from the hot pipes, and the fingers of the pickers
were wet and stained and shiny with water and juice;
the small brown girls in red squatted and picked
to this sound—of water that gratified the red, warm, bumpy cones.

At the end of the puffs of dust, at the foot of the dust path,
Atitlán: deep, blue; at levels tepid, cool, chill, cold,
below the volcanic, perfect cone and its cloud.
All morning it mirrored the cone and the cloud;
the wind boiled it, after that, in cones of its own,
hurrying it over drowned Indians, a priest, and older things,
in a secret heap at a depth it has so far not disclosed.

At Acolman, the cistern in the center of the courtyard
of the roofless convent held all that blurred in the day's breath.
What could stir stone and figures of pain and grace but water?
At Morelia, the children and fountains jumped, the zócalo's blown fountains
sprayed the children, the children and fountains played.
This was the merest blandest brush with water,
its stage effects palmed off on the uninitiate.

I drove through days of a desert blind and cracked and white with light
and stones, bones, bone stones, and limbs of bare-bone trees.
There were doves, vultures, coyotes; thorns, iguanas, doves;
and the shadows were stunted; the goats travelled in haloes
of dust and slipped on the stones of furnace arroyos.
Once a dusty pair of coyotes leaped down
into a rocky gully and raised a little yellow cloud that floated.

The dusty doves and the muscle-bound vultures, rocking
like wrestlers over the split earth toward their feast, were clouded,
and everything was silent and yellow with dust, that ghost of earth.
The sky shone through its haze; the dazed earth gave no dew.
Water was before the eye, in the mind, the ear, the bone,
before the parched lips, on the parched tongue.
All that land hummed like a wire with absent water.

—Josephine Jacobsen

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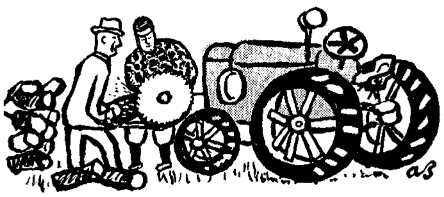
mustn't give up. And then he took me to another room, where he kept his X-ray machines and steel cabinets full of pills and steel instruments, and said I could cry there. That was the last time I cried. I decided, in this white room, to go to a country that was sombre and old and full of death. I would come to terms with a kidney disease in my own way. I did not have much money, nor did I have any interest in money.

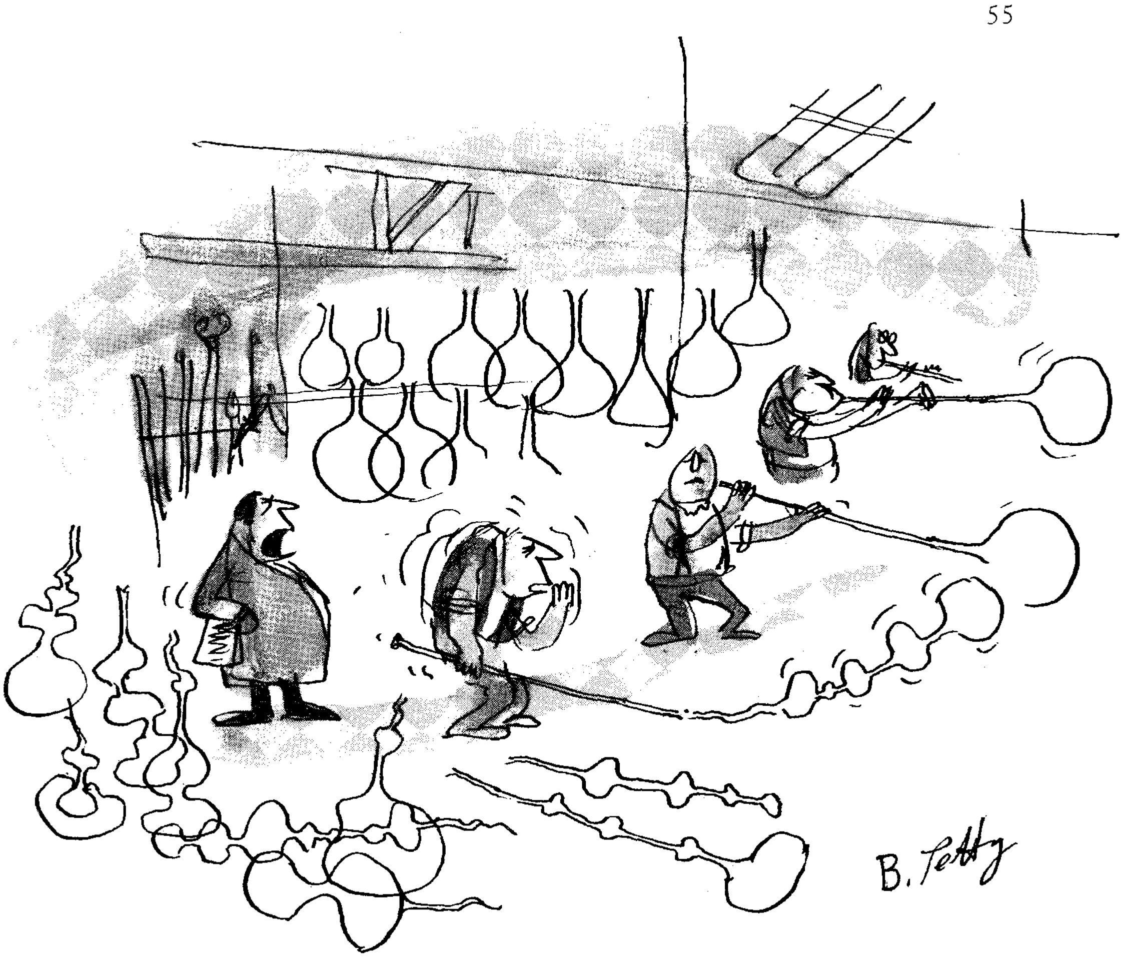
Before I could find the words to explain all this to the waiter, he had gone. It would have taken too long to explain it anyway. I ate dinner and lay down. I was too tired to undress. When Daniel came into the room again, I pretended to be asleep, but he sat on the edge of the bed and took my head in his hands, gently lifting my eyelids with his thumbs. "Look at me," he said. I looked into his eyes, and I saw that he was blind in one eye. The iris was milky and jagged. "Do you know," he said, "what it's like being a one-eyed painter?" I turned my head away, but he turned it back. I didn't know what to say. Far back in my mind, I felt some stir of humor, but I couldn't reach for it. He wants me to laugh, I thought, but there is nothing funny here.

He put a sweater around my shoulders, took me by the hand, and led me out of the room. I did not want to go anywhere, but it was easier to follow than to resist. Anyway, the night would be cool. We walked through the park, past the port, and turned up a side street that was so narrow I could have stretched my arms and touched the stone walls of the old houses on either side. Curved iron lanterns were leaning over us, and I could see their yellow light on the cobblestones. We walked for a long while, following the winding walls, passing through a quiet, dark square, and stopping at a dead-end street. Its shop fronts were covered with metal grilles for the night. One café was still open, its window nearly opaque with dust. A dull light shone through. We went inside. Rough wooden tables and chairs took up most of the small floor space, except for a platform in one corner and a bar in another. Two men with guitars were sitting at the rear of the platform. Around the bar were laughing girls surrounded by men in workmen's clothes. At the tables were men in business suits. It was late, and their wives were at home.

We sat down, and Daniel ordered a drink for himself, water for me. I saw that everyone was in conversation. They were moving their lips quickly and making darting gestures with their hands and staring intently at each other, the way Spaniards do. The darkness of their hair and eyes, under the dim lights, made their movements seem full of force. Now and then, at one or another of the tables, a man would throw his head back sharply, or lean forward abruptly to crush a cigarette, in emphasis. I turned my head and saw that Daniel, too, was talking. He was saying something about death being a dropping of one's personal existence and, at the same time, an awakening. I looked past him to the people at the bar. The girls were moving away, walking around the edge of the floor to the platform. Some of them sat on chairs in a semicircle around the guitarists, and the others stood behind the semicircle. One of the two guitarists looked up and nodded. The lights went out, except for one pointed on the stage. I could smell fish and wine and years of urine. Both men began flicking their fingers like snakes' tongues across the guitar strings. One of the women began a chant that soared and died in midair. Silence. Then one guitar resumed, alone, in a shifting, tentative, questioning series of melodies, as if searching and considering many courses.



The first dancer came forward, her hands on her hips. She was young, no more than fifteen, and her body was strong and brown. She was like a young pony. Her legs were short and stocky, her torso broad and powerful. As she stood at the center of the stage, her neck was arched back so that her chin was nearly touching her collarbone, and the expression on her face was menacing and sly and childish. The muscles of her upper arms, pulled tight against her body, strained like ropes under the skin. Suddenly she moved one of her short legs forward, stabbing the floor with the toe of her shoe and holding the position for several seconds. Then she whipped the other leg forward in the same kind of movement, pausing again, and so she kept coming and gathering, it seemed, an inner tumult each time she moved, and as she gathered this power she held it poised at the tip of her foot, summoning the whole intent of her body and the whole empty concentration of her mind, with her eyes wild and her spine straight and her head immobile, as if all of her upper body were of one piece, of one calculating force releasing itself downward into the legs.



"*I don't like that cough, Hendershot.*"

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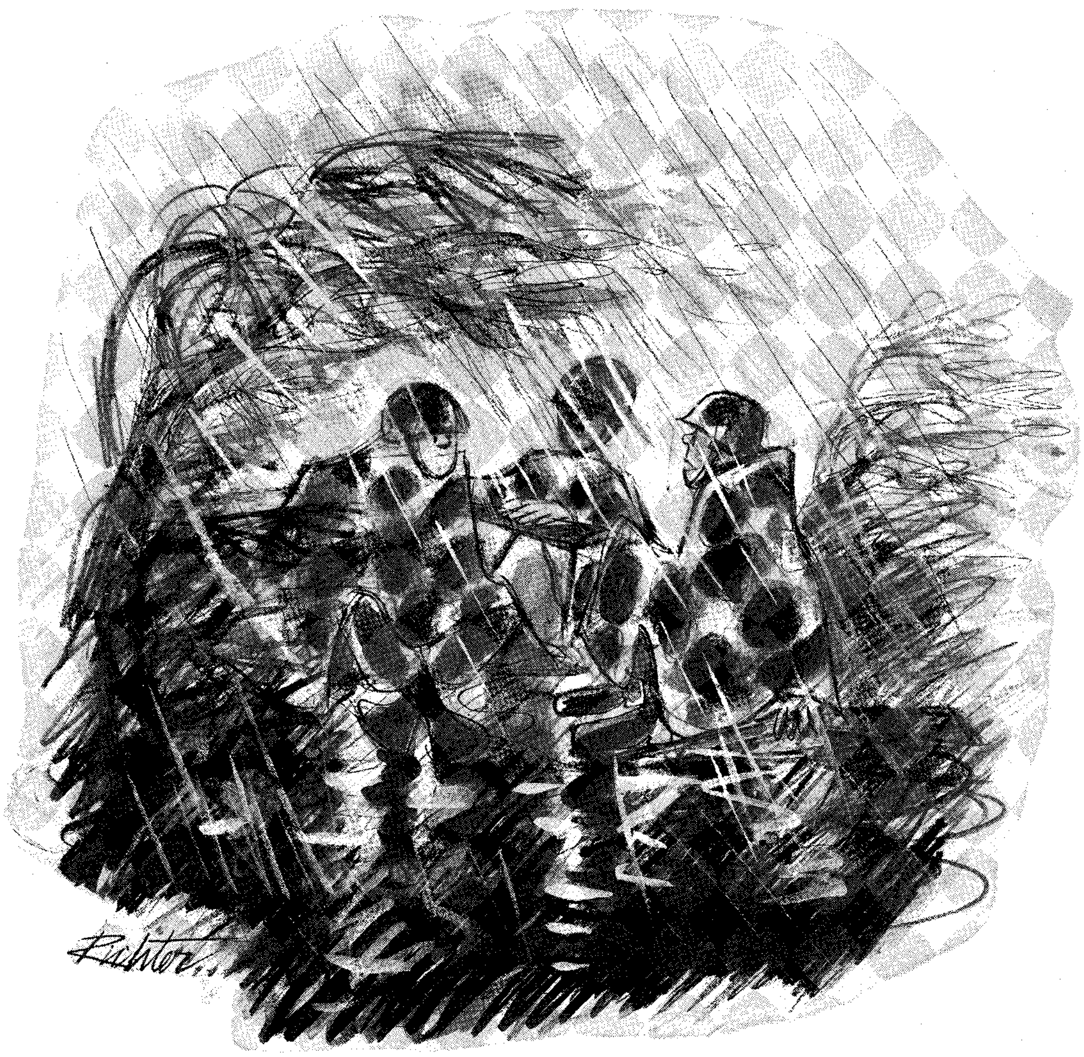
The guitarist subdued his instrument, reducing its volume but sliding into a devious, Arabic weave of rhythm and dare, building his own contest like waves of heat against the dancer's growing strength. Building, building, the guitar was probing, questioning, threatening. She laughed. She slammed her heel on the floor, beating the board with a single lash that made her whole leg rebound. The guitar rose. Again she struck. The guitar answered, faster. She pivoted, whirling into profile, and twisted her head toward the crowd. Her neck muscles were defiant, carved arches. Her mouth was a straight red slit. Her eyes were nearly shut. Her body began to tremble. Her heels began to drum, muted, racing in one spot. A faraway sound, like far hoofbeats, flowed through the room, rising against the tremulous chant of the guitar, melting into it, weaving in and out of the music as if a line of horses was merging with the sky, disappearing over a hill, lost below, reappearing in the distance, fading, dissolving, gone.

Suddenly her arms shot straight up. Her eyes opened, hard and vacant. She clenched her fists. The tendons of her wrists stood out like blades; her knuckles shone white. She tossed her head, screamed, and jammed her heels in a driving, possessed tattoo. The guitar ascended, fighting, biting into her climb, slashing, shrieking. She beat harder, turning now, making an animal noise in the depth of her throat and moving in a circle, as if to seal her power, to circumscribe it as it surged, nearing the peak, circling, circling, her arms moving downward all the time in a terrible slow, slow deliberation, gradually pulling the force down, sending it to her legs, the rushing legs and feet, beating it into the ground. The guitar was insane, parallel with her, racing to catch her madness as it spiralled into an outer sphere where her greatest force and total control became one in a demon instant. God! She fell. The crowd roared. They would not stop clapping.

I GOT up and left the café. The first thing I remember seeing was the park. I was walking through the park, and the palm fronds were waving at me. A taste of nausea was in my throat, and I wanted to get back to the hotel. The long, dark line of the sidewalk stretched straight before me. Let me get on with it, I thought. We cannot all be dancers. When I get back, I will sleep, and tomorrow I will watch the soccer game. That is the point. To watch the motion from a distance.

Now Daniel is beside me. He has been running. He is short of breath, and he is gripping my arm. We are passing under one of the dim park lights, and I can see he is smiling. His eyebrows are moving up and down, and he is talking at a great rate. He is telling me there isn't much time left, don't I understand? I understand only that I am walking down the sidewalk, and that there is only enough light to see the sidewalk, and that the hotel is ahead. Every palm leaf moving under the lights is clear to me now. The blades are like scissors cutting the night. I see the tiny ruts and pocks in the sidewalk, and the shiny corner curves of the park benches, and the crisp circlets of hard bark on the trunks of the trees, and the pitted, bleary lanterns' hexagonal faces, and straight through the dimness I am walking. Like mooring lights are the hotel windows ahead.

An insect is biting my leg. And on my wrist is another sort of sting: Daniel is grabbing my wrist, and he is pulling me off the path. I am walking very quickly now, stumbling to keep up with him, for he won't let go of my arm. We are bumping into bushes. Where



"I'd like to think the reservoirs back home are getting a little of it."

• •

are we? I can feel sand under my feet. We must be taking a shortcut to the beach. I wish I could get rid of this man. I see the water now. A slithering silver line of it is hitting the beach in successive shots, like mercury darting from nowhere and flashing into nothing. I am so tired I ache in my bones. Out beyond the water a full moon is halfway up the sky. Daniel is still talking, and I can't understand what he wants with me now. He has let go of my arm and is standing a few feet away, staring at me. Perhaps he is going to hit me. I'll keep my eyes closed. I am so tired, so tired. But he is still standing there. I wish I could get rid of him. I wonder if the fishermen would be hauling the nets at night. Probably not. I'll open my eyes and look down the beach. No, they are not there. If they were, there would be lanterns around them, and I can't see any. The beach is deserted. I think I will sit down. Maybe he will go away. No. He is shouting. "*Listen to me!*" He is saying we are going to run a race up the beach, and we are going to run as fast as our legs can carry us, and neither of us is going to stop until we drop. Jesus, he is crazy. But it is better than being assaulted. If this is all he wants, perhaps it will be easy to resist. I am not interested in running; I just want to go home. But he insists. He is crazy. He is, in fact, gripping my shoulders and shaking me. His lower lip is trembling. I can see it even in this gentle moonlight. He looks as though he may cry or start shouting again, I don't know which. I take off my shoes.

He takes off his shoes and draws a little gully with his foot in the sand in front of us. I look at the dark line of trees and bushes along the upper edge of the beach. I smell pine and wild jasmine and heliotrope and sand tar and the smoke-oil smell of sardines and burnt cane where someone was roasting fish. He is motioning now toward the starting line. I put one foot on it and brace myself with the other. He does the same. We crouch there for a few seconds, and the smells of the beach come closer. My mouth is open and dry. I run my tongue over my lower lip, and I can taste the jasmine and sardines. My thigh muscles are beginning to tremble from the crouch, sending a tingling strain through the tendons into the calves. Three feet away is the Mediterranean. My back is bent from the waist, nearly parallel to the sand. My breath is coming faster, and a light tickle runs in my throat, as if someone had slid the tip of a feather along the lining of the esophagus. My head is up, facing forward, and I can feel the blood moving into my skull, dancing at the temples. My breathing is very shallow and fast now. I am on the edge.

"Go," he says.

I push off, losing for an instant almost all consciousness, in an abandonment of awareness like that of a sneeze. Yet it is only for an instant. Consciousness returns as if it had never been lost, and I feel, in instantaneous retrospect, the surge of the takeoff, the full thrust from the balls of the feet through the legs and into the chest. Before I have completely apprehended the thrust, I am thrown forward on its momentum, and my legs are pounding like rods driven by a detached, relentless, and abstract force. It is as if I had been running forever. I do not now remember the start, and I do not see an end. Everything is in the legs. They move as if I had never been acquainted with them and never would be. Cold air cuts my face, and my eyeballs feel like cool crystal. Three feet away is the Mediterranean. I hear its sighing, and I consider, as if I had all the time in the world, that it must be tired of wiping the earth, and when my heart seems to explode and I feel myself falling, I want to laugh.

—CONSTANCE FEELEY

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Moving? If yours is one of the five American families moving this year, you will welcome professional advice!—*Adv. in the Long Island Press.*

No, we've got it licked. Try the other four.

ANNALS OF CRIME

IN COLD BLOOD

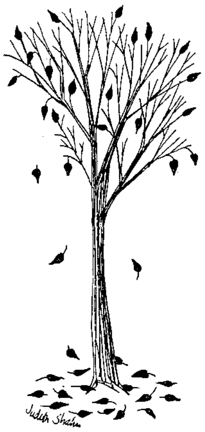
II—PERSONS UNKNOWN

(EDITOR'S NOTE: ALL QUOTATIONS IN THIS ARTICLE ARE TAKEN EITHER FROM OFFICIAL RECORDS OR FROM CONVERSATIONS, TRANSCRIBED VERBATIM, BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND THE PRINCIPALS.)

MONDAY, the sixteenth of November, 1959, was still another fine specimen of pheasant weather on the high wheat plains of western Kansas—a day gloriously bright-skied, as glittery as mica. Often, on such days in years past, Andy Erhart had spent long pheasant-hunting afternoons at River Valley Farm, the home of his good friend Mr. Herbert W. Clutter, and often, on these sporting expeditions, he'd been accompanied by three more of Herb Clutter's closest friends: Dr. J. E. Dale, a veterinarian; Carl Myers, a dairy owner; and Everett Ogburn, a businessman. Like Erhart, the superintendent of the Kansas State University Agricultural Experiment Station, all were prominent citizens of Garden City, the county seat of Finney County, Kansas. Today, this quartet of old hunting companions had once again gathered to make the familiar journey, but in an unfamiliar spirit and armed with odd, non-sportive equipment—mops and pails, scrubbing brushes, and a hamper heaped with rags and strong detergents. They were wearing their oldest clothes. For, feeling it their duty, a Christian task, these men had volunteered to clean certain of the fourteen rooms in the main house at River Valley Farm: rooms in which, on the morning of the previous day, four members of the Clutter family—Mr. Clutter himself; his wife, Bonnie; his son, Kenyon, fifteen; and a daughter, Nancy, sixteen—had been discovered bound, gagged, and shot in the head, by, as their death certificates declared, "a person or persons unknown."

Holcomb (pop., 270), the village in which the tragedy happened, is seven miles west of Garden City (pop., 11,000). Erhart and his partners drove the distance in silence. One of them later remarked, "It just shut you up. The strangeness of it. Going out there, where we'd always had such a welcome." On the present occasion, a highway patrolman welcomed them. The patrolman, guardian of a barricade that the authorities had erected at the entrance to the farm, waved them on, and they drove a half mile more, down the elm-shaded lane leading to the Clutter house, which was locally considered rather a show place—white and spacious and standing on an acre of well-tended lawn. Alfred Stoecklein, a hired man and the only employee who actually lived on the property, was waiting to admit them.

They went first to the basement, in separate sections of which two of the killings had occurred: a furnace room, where the pajama-clad Mr. Clutter had been found sprawled atop a cardboard mattress box, the victim of seemingly passionate savagery (not only had someone shot him in the face with a shotgun at very close range but someone had also cut his throat), and an adjoining, much larger area, which the children, Nancy and Kenyon, had furnished as a playroom, and in which Kenyon, bound to a couch, had been shot to death. The couch (an attic relic that Kenyon had rescued and mended and that Nancy had slipcovered and piled with mottoed pillows—"YES," "NO," "WHY NOT?"—upon which Kenyon's head had been propped when the killer took aim) was a blood-splashed ruin; like the mattress box, it would have to be burned. Gradually, as the cleaning party progressed from the basement to the second-floor bedrooms where Nancy and her mother had been murdered in their beds, they acquired additional fuel for the impending fire—blood-soiled bedclothes, mattresses, a bedside rug, a Teddy bear.

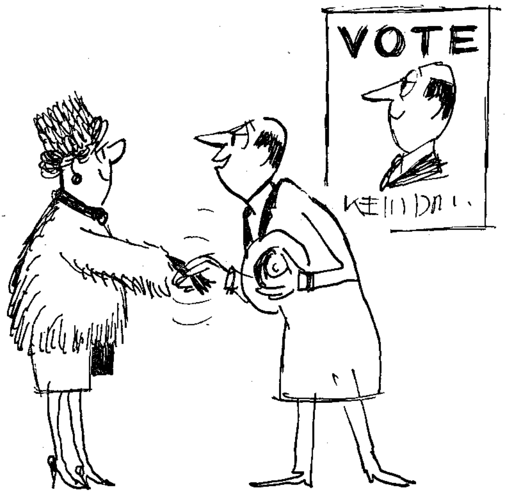


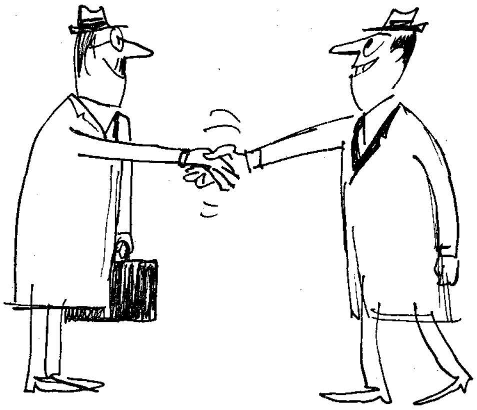
Alfred Stoecklein, not usually a talkative man, had much to say as he fetched water and otherwise assisted in the cleaning up. He wished "folks would stop yappin' and try to understand" why he and his wife, though they lived in a tenant house scarcely a hundred yards from the Clutter home, had heard "nary a nothin' "—not the slightest echo of gun thunder—of the violence taking place. "Sheriff and all them fellas been out here fingerprintin' and scratchin' around, they got good sense, *they* understand how it was. How come we didn't hear. For one thing, the wind. A west wind, like it was, would carry the sound t'other way. Another thing, there's that big milo barn 'tween this house and our'n. That old barn 'ud soak up a lotta racket 'fore it reached us. And did you ever think of this? Him that done it, he must've *knowed* we wouldn't hear. Else he wouldn't have took the chance—shootin' off a shotgun four times in the middle of the night! Why, he'd be crazy. Course, you might say he must be crazy anyhow. To go doin' what he did. But my opinion, him that done it had it figured out to the final T. He *knowed*. And there's one thing I know, too. Me and the Missis, we've slept our last night on this place. We're movin' to a house alongside the highway."

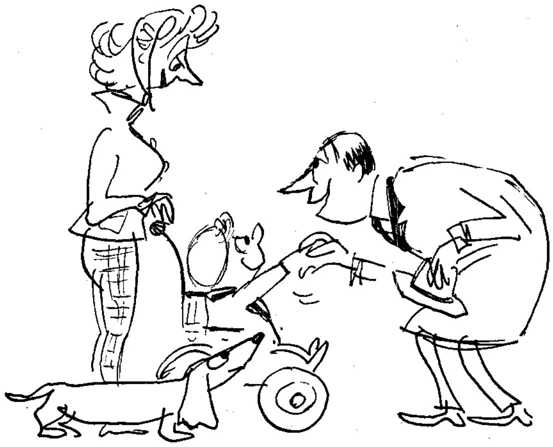
The men worked from noon to dusk. When the time came to burn what they had collected, they piled it on a pickup truck and, with Stoecklein at the wheel, drove deep into the farm's north field, a flat place full of color, though a single color—the shimmering tawny yellow of November wheat stubble. There they unloaded the truck and made a pyramid of Nancy's pillows, the bedclothes, the mattresses, the playroom couch; Stoecklein sprinkled it with kerosene and struck a match.

Of those present, none had been closer to the Clutter family than Andy Erhart. Gentle, genially dignified, a scholar with work-calloused hands and sunburned neck, he'd been a classmate of Herb's at Kansas State University. "We were friends for thirty years," he said some time afterward, and during those decades Erhart had seen his friend evolve from a poorly paid County Agricultural Agent into one of the region's most widely known and respected farm ranchers: "Everything Herb had, he earned—with the help of God. He was a modest man but a proud man, as he had a right to be. He raised a fine family. He made something of his life." But that life, and what he'd made of it—how could it happen, Erhart wondered as he watched the bonfire catch. How was it possible that such effort, such plain virtue, could overnight be reduced to this—smoke, thinning as it rose and was received by the big, annihilating sky?

THE Kansas Bureau of Investigation, a statewide organization with headquarters in Topeka, has a







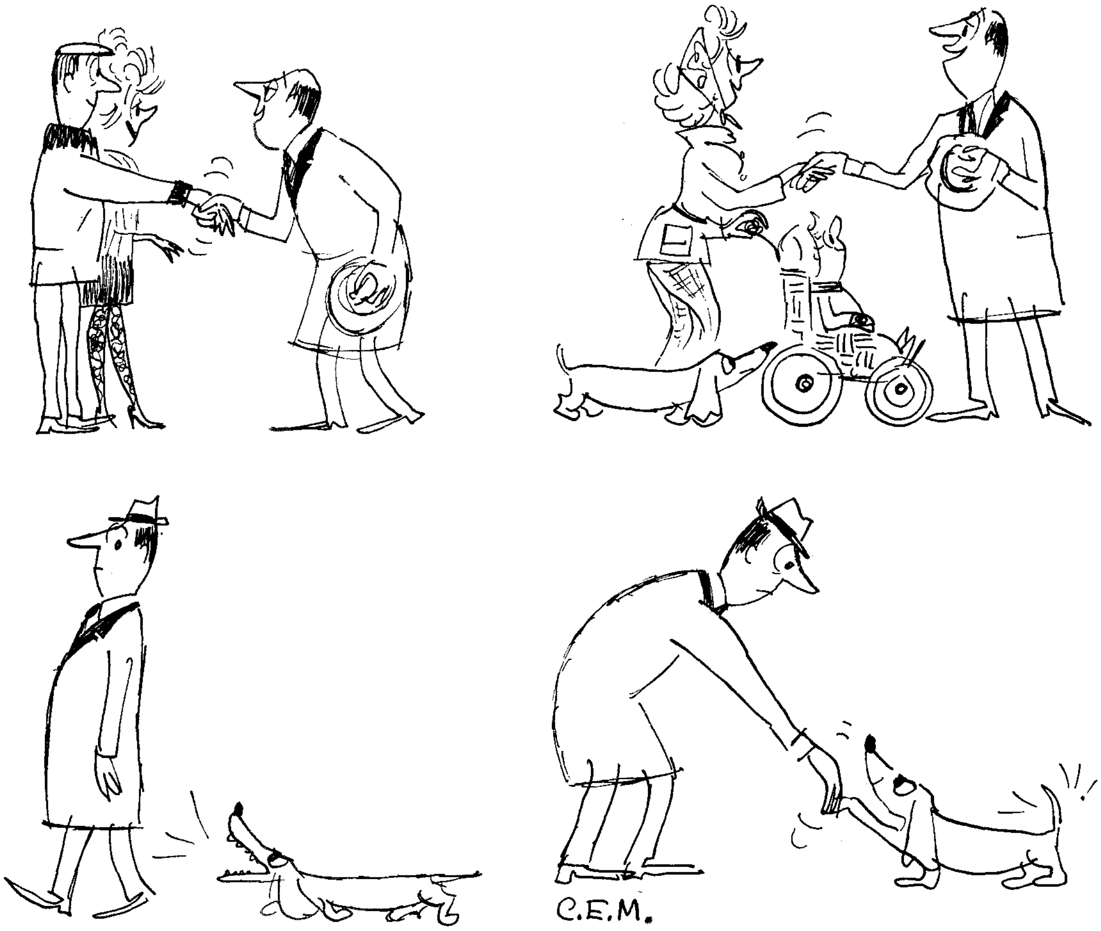
staff of nineteen experienced detectives scattered through the state, and the services of these men are available whenever a case seems beyond the competence of local authorities. The Bureau's Garden City representative, and the agent responsible for a sizable portion of western Kansas, is a lean and handsome fourth-generation Kansan of forty-seven named Alvin Adams Dewey. It was inevitable that Earl Robinson, the sheriff of Finney County, should ask Al Dewey to take charge of the Clutter case. Inevitable, and appropriate. For Dewey, himself a former sheriff of Finney County (from 1947 to 1955) and, prior to that, a Special Agent of the F.B.I. (between 1940 and 1945 he had served in New Orleans, in San Antonio, in Denver, in Miami, and in San Francisco), was professionally qualified to cope with even as intricate an affair as the apparently motiveless, all but clueless Clutter murders. Moreover, his attitude toward the crime made it, as he later said, "a personal proposition." He went on to say that he and his wife "were real fond of Herb and Bonnie," and "saw them every Sunday at church, visited a lot back and forth," adding, "But even if I hadn't known the family, and liked them so well, I wouldn't feel any different. Because I've seen some bad things, I sure as hell have. But nothing so vicious as this. However long it takes, it may be the rest of my life, I'm going to know what happened in that house: the why and the who."

Toward that end, a total of eighteen men were assigned to the case full time, among them three of the K.B.I.'s ablest investigators—Special Agents Harold Nye, Roy Church, and Clarence Duntz. With the arrival in Garden City of this trio, Dewey was satisfied that "a strong team" had been assembled. "Somebody better watch out," he said.

The sheriff's office is on the third floor of the Finney County Courthouse, an ordinary stone-and-cement building standing in the center of an otherwise attractive tree-filled square. Nowadays, Garden City, which was once a rather raucous frontier town, is quite subdued. On the whole, the sheriff doesn't do much business, and his office, three sparsely furnished rooms, is usually a quiet place popular with courthouse idlers; Mrs. Edna Richardson, his hospitable secretary, usually has a pot of coffee going and plenty of time to "chew the fat." Or did, until, as she complained, "this Clutter thing came along," bringing with it "all these out-of-towners, all this *news*paper fuss." The case, then commanding headlines as far east as Chicago, as far west as Denver, had indeed lured to Garden City a considerable press corps.

On Monday, at midday, Dewey held a press conference in the sheriff's office. "I'll talk facts but not theories," he informed the assembled journalists. "Now, the big fact here, the thing to remember, is we're not dealing with one murder but four. And we don't know which of the four was the main target. The primary victim. It could have been Nancy or Kenyon, or either of the parents. Some people say, 'Well, it must have been Mr. Clutter. Because his throat was cut; he was the most abused.' But that's theory, not fact. It would help if we knew in what order the family died, but the coroner can't tell us that; he only knows the murders happened sometime between 11 P.M. Saturday and 2 A.M. Sunday." Then, responding to questions, he said, no, neither of the women had been "sexually molested," and, no, as far as was known, nothing had been stolen from the house, and, yes, he did think it a "queer coincidence" that Mr. Clutter should have taken out a forty-thousand-dollar life-insurance policy, with double indemnity, within eight hours of his death. However, Dewey was "pretty darn sure" that no connection existed between this purchase and the crime; how could there be one, when the only persons who benefited financially were Mr. Clutter's two surviving children, the elder daughters, Mrs. Donald Jarchow and Miss Beverly Clutter? And, yes, he told the reporters, he did have an opinion on whether the murders were the work of one man or two, but he preferred not to disclose it.

Actually, at this time, on this subject, Dewey was undecided. He still entertained a pair of opinions—or, to use his word, "concepts"—and, in reconstructing the crime, had developed both a "single-killer concept" and a "double-killer concept." In the former, the murderer was thought to be a friend of the family, or, at any rate, a man with more than casual knowledge of the house and its inhabitants—someone who knew that the doors were seldom locked, that Mr. Clutter slept alone in the master bedroom on the ground floor, that Mrs. Clutter and the children occupied separate bedrooms on the second floor. This person, so Dewey imagined, approached the house on foot, probably around midnight. The windows were dark, the Clutters asleep, and as for Teddy, the farm's watchdog—well, Teddy was famously gun-shy. He would have cringed at the sight of the intruder's weapon, whimpered,



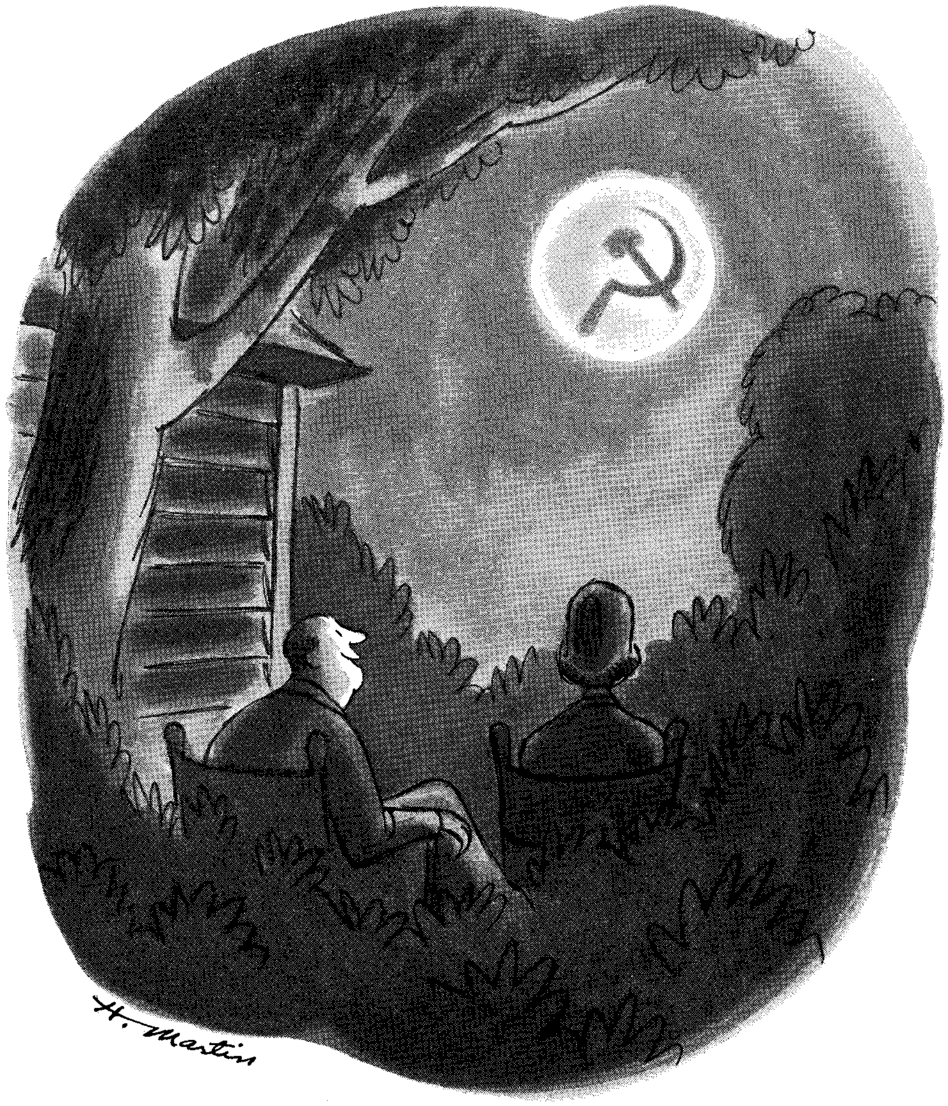
and crept away. On entering the house, the killer first disposed of the telephone installations—one in Mr. Clutter's office, the other in the kitchen—and then, after cutting the wires, he went to Mr. Clutter's bedroom and awakened him. Mr. Clutter, at the mercy of the gun-bearing visitor, was forced to obey instructions—forced to accompany him to the second floor, where they aroused the rest of the family. Then, with cord and adhesive tape supplied by the killer, Mr. Clutter bound and gagged his wife, bound his daughter (who, inexplicably, had not been gagged), and roped them to their beds. Next, father and son were escorted to the basement, and there Mr. Clutter was made to tape Kenyon and tie him to the playroom couch. Then Mr. Clutter was taken into the furnace room, hit on the head, gagged, and trussed. Now free to do as he pleased, the murderer killed them one by one, each time carefully collecting the discharged shell. When he had finished, he turned out all the lights and left.

It might have happened that way; it was *just* possible. But Dewey had doubts: "If Herb had thought his family was in danger, mortal danger, he would have fought like a tiger. And Herb was no ninny—a strong guy in top condition. Kenyon too—big as his dad, bigger, a big-shouldered boy. It's hard to see how one man, armed or not, could have handled the two of them." Moreover, there was reason to suppose that all four had been bound by the same person: in all four instances the same type of knot, a half hitch, was used.

Dewey—and the majority of his colleagues, as well—favored the second hypothesis, which in many essentials followed the first, the important difference being that the killer was not alone but had an accomplice, who helped subdue the family, tape, and tie them. Still, as a theory, this, too, had its faults. Dewey, for example, found it difficult to understand "how two individuals could reach the same degree of rage, the kind of psychopathic rage it took to commit such a crime." He went on to explain: "Assuming the murderer was someone known to the family, a member of this community; assuming that he was an ordinary man, ordinary except that he had a quirk, an insane grudge against the Clutters, or one of the Clutters—where did he find a partner, someone crazy enough to help him? It doesn't add up. It doesn't make sense. But then, come right down to it, nothing does."

After the news conference, Dewey retired to his office, a room that the sheriff had temporarily lent him. It contained a desk and two straight chairs. The desk was littered with what Dewey hoped would someday constitute courtroom exhibits: the adhesive tape and the yards of cord removed from the victims and now sealed in plastic sacks (as clues, neither item seemed very promising, for both were common-brand products, obtainable anywhere in the United States), and photographs taken at the scene of the crime by a police photographer—twenty blown-up glossy-print pictures of Mr. Clutter's shattered skull, his son's demolished face, Nancy's bound hands, her mother's death-dulled, still staring eyes, and so on. In days to come, Dewey was to spend many hours examining these photographs, hoping that he might "suddenly see something," that a meaningful detail would declare itself: "Like those puzzles. The ones that ask, 'How many animals can you find in this picture?' In a way, that's what I'm trying to do. Find the hidden animals. I feel they must be there—if only I could see them." As a matter of fact, one of the photographs, a closeup of Mr. Clutter and the mattress box upon which he lay, had already provided a valuable surprise: footprints, the dusty trackings of shoes with diamond-patterned soles. The prints, not noticeable to the naked eye, registered on film; indeed, the delineating glare of a flash bulb had revealed their presence with superb exactness. These prints, together with another footmark, found on the same cardboard cover—the bold and bloody impression of a Cat's Paw half sole—were the only "serious clues" the investigators could claim. Not that they *were* claiming them; Dewey and his team had decided to keep secret the existence of this evidence.

Among the other articles on Dewey's desk was Nancy Clutter's diary. He had glanced through it, no more than that, and now he settled down to an



"Things must be popping around the White House tonight."

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earnest reading of the day-by-day entries, which began on her thirteenth birthday and ended some two months short of her seventeenth: the unsensational confidings of an intelligent child who adored animals, who liked to read, cook, sew, dance, ride horseback—a popular, pretty, virginal girl who thought it "fun to flirt" but was nevertheless "only really and truly in love with Bobby," Bobby being Bobby Rupp, the classmate and local basketball hero with whom she had "gone steady" since grammar-school days. Dewey read the final entry first. It consisted of three lines written an hour or two before she died: "Jolene K. came over and I showed her how to make a cherry pie. Practiced with Roxie. Bobby here and we watched TV. Left at 11:00." Young Rupp, the last person known to have seen the family alive, had already undergone one extensive interrogation, and although he'd told a straightforward story of having passed "just an ordinary evening" with the Clutters, he was scheduled for a second interview, at which time he was to be given a polygraph test. The plain fact was that the police were not quite ready to dismiss him as a suspect. Dewey himself did not believe that Bobby, soft-spoken and slender, the son of a respected sugar-beet farmer, had "anything to do with it;" still, it was true that, at this early stage of the investigation, Bobby was the only person to whom a motive, however feeble, could be attributed. Here and there in the diary, Nancy referred to the situation that was supposed to have created the motive: her father's insistence that she and Bobby "break off," stop "seeing so much of each other," his objection being that the Clutters were Methodist, the Rupps Catholic—a circumstance that, in his view, completely cancelled any hope the young couple might have of one day marrying. But the diary notation that most tantalized Dewey was unrelated to the Clutter-Rupp, Methodist-Catholic impasse. Rather, it concerned a cat, the mysterious demise of Nancy's favorite pet, Boobs, whom, according to an entry dated two weeks prior to her own death, she'd found "lying in the barn," the victim, or so she suspected (without saying why), of a poisoner: "Poor Boobs. I buried him in a special place." On reading this, Dewey felt it could be "very important." If the cat had been poisoned, might not this act have been a small, malicious prelude to the murders? He determined to find the "special place" where Nancy had buried her pet, even if it meant combing the vast whole of River Valley Farm.

While Dewey was occupying himself with the diary, his principal assistants, the agents Church, Duntz, and Nye, were crisscrossing the countryside, talking, as Duntz said, "to anyone who could tell us anything": the faculty of the Holcomb School, where both Nancy and Kenyon had been honor-roll, straight-A students; the employees of River Valley Farm (a staff that in spring and summer sometimes amounted to as many as eighteen men but in the present fallow season consisted of the farm manager, whose name was Gerald Van Vleet, and three hired men, plus a part-time housekeeper, Mrs. Paul Helm); friends of the victims; their neighbors; and, very particularly, their relatives. From far and near, some twenty of the last had arrived to attend the funeral services, which were to take place Wednesday morning.

The youngest of the K.B.I. group, Harold Nye, who was a peppy little man of thirty-four with restless, distrustful eyes and a sharp nose, chin, and mind, had been assigned what he called "the damned delicate business" of interviewing the Clutter kinfolk: "It's painful for you and it's painful for them. When it comes to murder, you can't respect grief. Or privacy. Or personal feelings. You've got to ask the questions. And some of them cut deep." But none of the persons he questioned, and none of the questions he asked ("I was exploring the emotional background. I thought the answer might be another woman—a triangle. Well, consider: Mr. Clutter was a fairly young, very healthy man, but his wife, she was a semi-invalid, she slept in a separate bedroom. . . ."), produced useful information; not even the two surviving daughters—Eveanna, who had married and moved to Illinois, and Beverly, a student nurse in Kansas City—could suggest a cause for the crime. In brief, Nye learned only this: "Of all the people in all the world, the Clutters were the least likely to be murdered."

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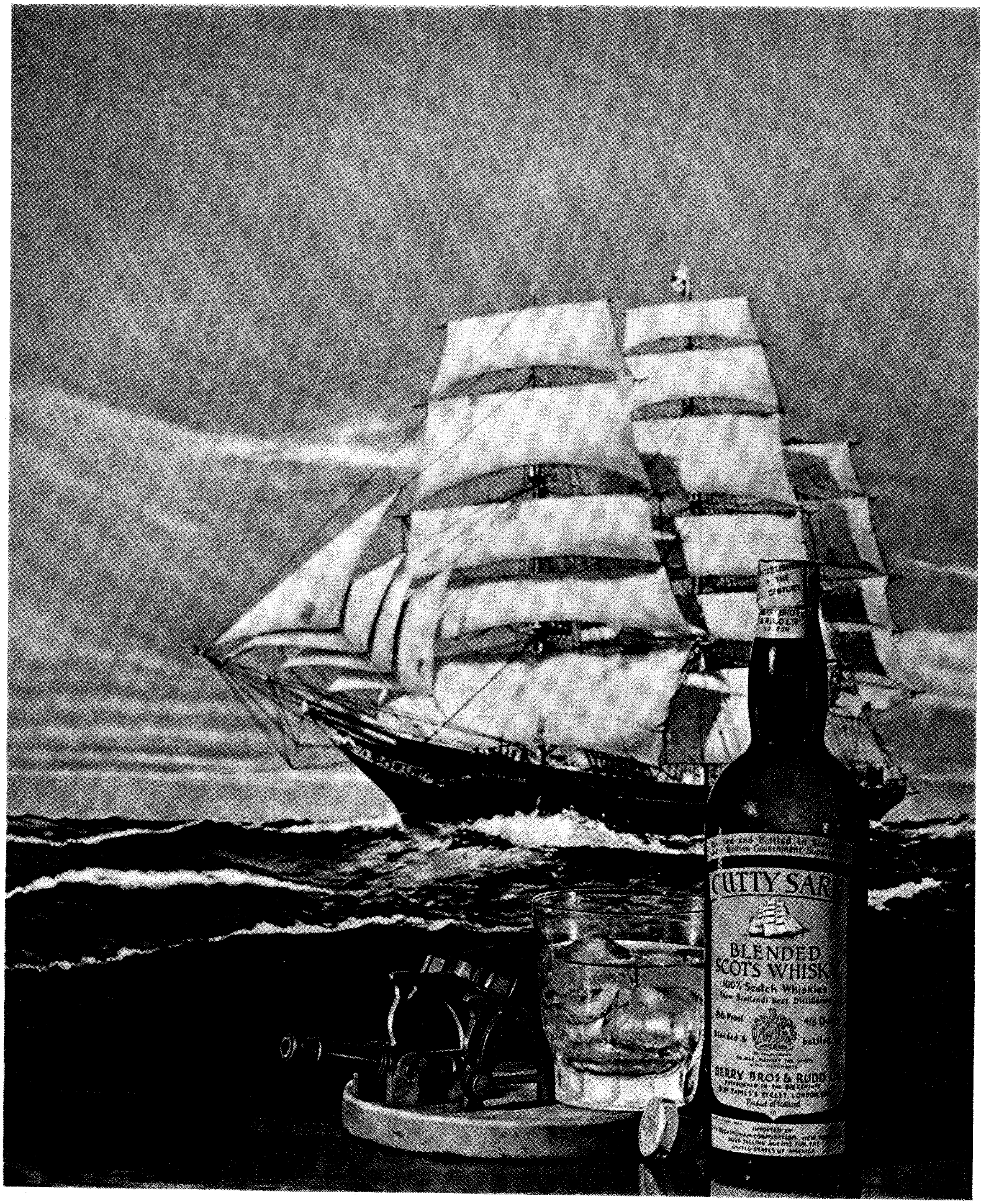
agents convened in Dewey's office, it developed that Duntz and Church had had better luck than Nye—Brother Nye, as the others called him. (Members of the K.B.I. are partial to nicknames; Duntz is known as Old Man—unfairly, since he is not quite fifty, a burly but light-footed man with a broad, tomcat face—and Church, who is sixty or so, pink-skinned, and professorial-looking, but "*tough*," according to colleagues, and "the fastest draw in Kansas," is called Curly, because his head is partly hairless.) Both men, in the course of their inquiries, had picked up "promising leads."

Duntz's story concerned a father and son who shall here be known as John Senior and John Junior. Some years earlier, John Senior had conducted with Mr. Clutter a minor business transaction, the outcome of which angered John Senior, who felt that Clutter had thrown him "a queer ball." Now, both John Senior and his son "boozed;" indeed, John Junior was an often incarcerated alcoholic. One unfortunate day, father and son, full of whiskey courage, appeared at the Clutter home intending to "have it out with Herb." They were denied the chance, for Mr. Clutter, an abstainer aggressively opposed to drink and drunkards, seized a gun and marched them off his property. This discourtesy the Johns had not forgiven; as recently as a month ago, John Senior had told an acquaintance, "Every time I think of that bastard, my hands start to twitch. I just want to choke him."

Church's lead was of a similar nature. He, too, had heard of someone admittedly hostile to Mr. Clutter: a certain Mr. Smith (though that is not his true name), who believed that the squire of River Valley Farm had shot and killed Smith's hunting dog. Church had inspected Smith's farm home and seen there, hanging from a barn rafter, a length of rope tied with the same kind of knot that was used to bind the four Clutters.

Dewey said, "One of those, maybe that's our deal. A personal thing—a grudge that got out of hand."

"Unless it was robbery," said Nye, though robbery as the motive had been much discussed and then more or less dismissed. The arguments against it were good, the strongest being that Mr. Clutter's aversion to cash was a county legend; he had no safe, and never carried large sums of money. Also, if robbery were the explanation, why hadn't the robber removed the jewelry that Mrs. Clutter was wearing—a gold wedding band and a diamond ring? Yet Nye was not convinced: "The whole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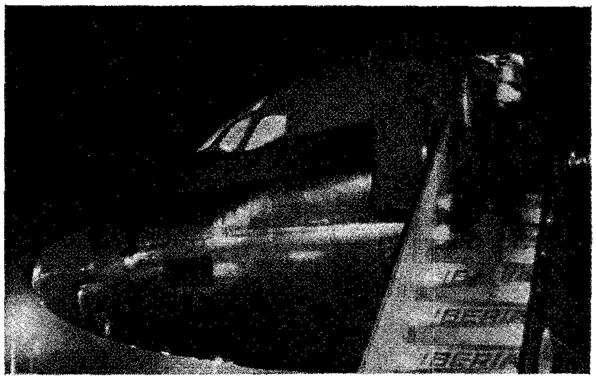

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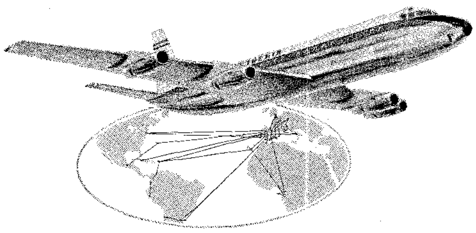

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setup has that robbery smell. What about Clutter's wallet? Someone left it open and empty on Clutter's bed—I *don't* think it was the owner. And Nancy's purse. The purse was lying on the kitchen floor. How did it get there? Yes, and not a dime in the house. Well—two dollars. We found two dollars in an envelope on Nancy's desk. And we *know* Clutter cashed a check for sixty bucks just the day before. We figure there ought to have been at least fifty of that left. So some say, 'Nobody would kill four people for fifty bucks.' And say, 'Sure, maybe the killer did take the money—but just to try and mislead us, make us think robbery was the reason.' I wonder."

As darkness fell, Dewey interrupted the consultation to telephone his wife, Marie, at their home, and warn her that he wouldn't be home for dinner. She said, "Yes. All right, Alvin," but he noticed in her tone an uncharacteristic anxiety. The Deweys, parents of two young boys, had been married seventeen years, and Marie, a Louisiana-born former F.B.I. stenographer, whom he'd met while he was stationed in New Orleans, sympathized with the hardships of his profession—the eccentric hours, the sudden calls summoning him to distant areas of the state.

He said, "Anything the matter?"

"Not a thing," she assured him. "Only, when you come home tonight, you'll have to ring the bell. I've had all the locks changed."

Now he understood, and said, "Don't worry, honey. Just lock the doors, and turn on the porch light."

After he'd hung up, a colleague asked, "What's wrong? Marie scared?"

"Hell, yes," Dewey said. "Her, and everybody else."

NOT everybody. Certainly not Holcomb's widowed, betrousered postmistress, the intrepid Mrs. Myrtle Clare, who scorned her fellow-townsmen as "a lily-livered lot, shaking in their boots, afraid to shut their eyes," and said of herself, "This old girl, she's sleeping good as ever. Anybody wants to play a trick on me, let 'em try." (Eleven months later, a gun-toting team of masked bandits took her at her word by invading the post office and relieving the lady of nine hundred and fifty dollars.) As usual, Mrs. Clare's notions conformed with those of very few. "Around here," according to the proprietor of one Garden City hardware store, "locks and bolts are the fastest-going item. Folks ain't particular what brand they buy; they just want them to *hold*." Imagination, of

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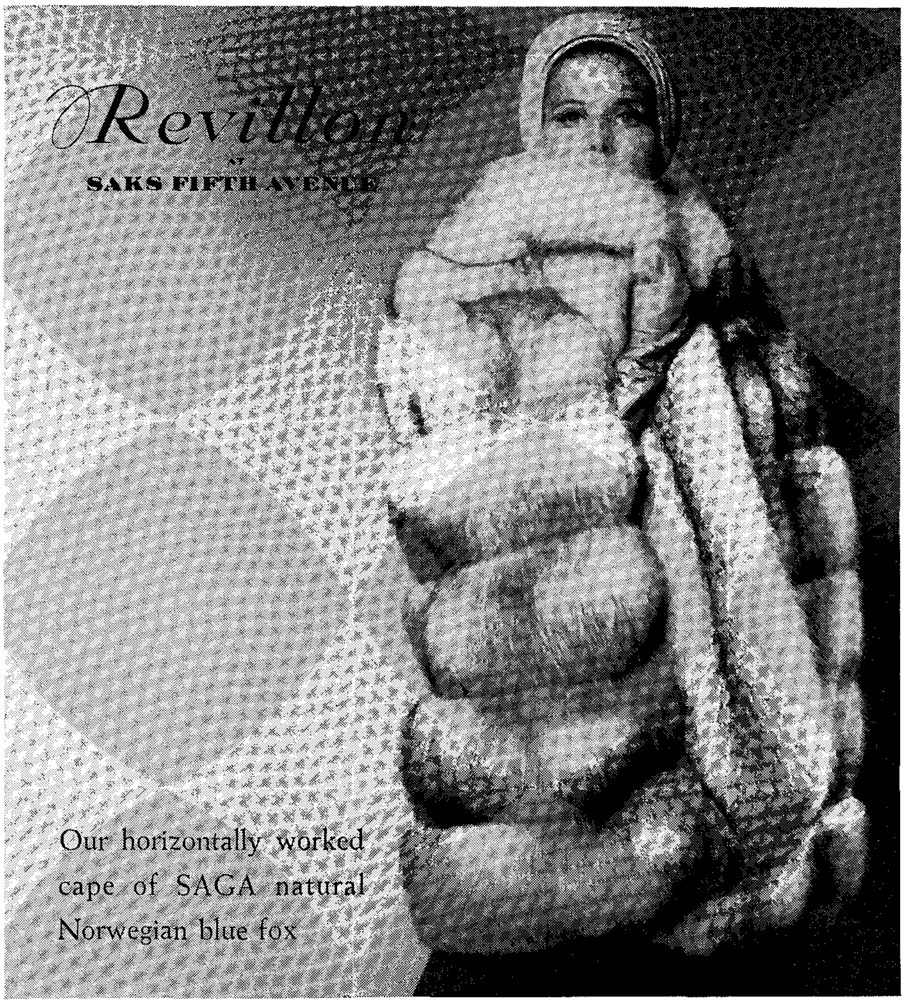

course, can open any door—turn the key and let terror walk right in. Tuesday, at dawn, a carload of pheasant hunters from Colorado—strangers, ignorant of the local disaster—were startled by what they saw as they crossed the prairies and passed through Holcomb: windows ablaze, almost every window in almost every house, and, in the brightly lit rooms, fully clothed people, even entire families, who had sat the whole night wide awake, watchful, listening. Of what were they frightened? "It might happen again." That, with variations, was the customary response. However, one woman, a schoolteacher, observed, "Feeling wouldn't run half so high if this had happened to anyone *except* the Clutters. Anyone *less* admired. Prosperous. Secure. But that family represented everything people hereabouts really value and respect, and that such a thing could happen to them—well, it's like being told there is no God. It makes life seem pointless. I don't think people are so much frightened as they are deeply depressed."

Another reason, the simplest, the ugliest, was that this hitherto peaceful congregation of neighbors and old friends had suddenly to endure the unique experience of distrusting each other; understandably, they believed that the murderer was among themselves, and, to the last man, endorsed an opinion advanced by Arthur Clutter, a brother of the deceased, who, while talking to journalists in the lobby of a Garden City hotel on November 17th, had said, "When this is cleared up, I'll wager whoever did it was someone within ten miles of where we now stand."

APPROXIMATELY four hundred miles northeast of where Arthur Clutter then stood, two young men were sharing a booth in the Eagle Buffet, a Kansas City diner. One—narrow-faced, and with a blue cat tattooed on his right hand—had polished off several chicken-salad sandwiches and was now eying his companion's meal: an untouched hamburger, and a glass of root beer in which three aspirin were dissolving.

"Perry, baby," Dick said, "you don't want that burger. I'll take it."

Perry shoved the plate across the table. "Christ! Can't you let me concentrate?"

"You don't have to read it fifty times."

The reference was to a front-page article in the November 17th edition of the Kansas City *Star*. Headlined "CLUES ARE FEW IN SLAYING OF

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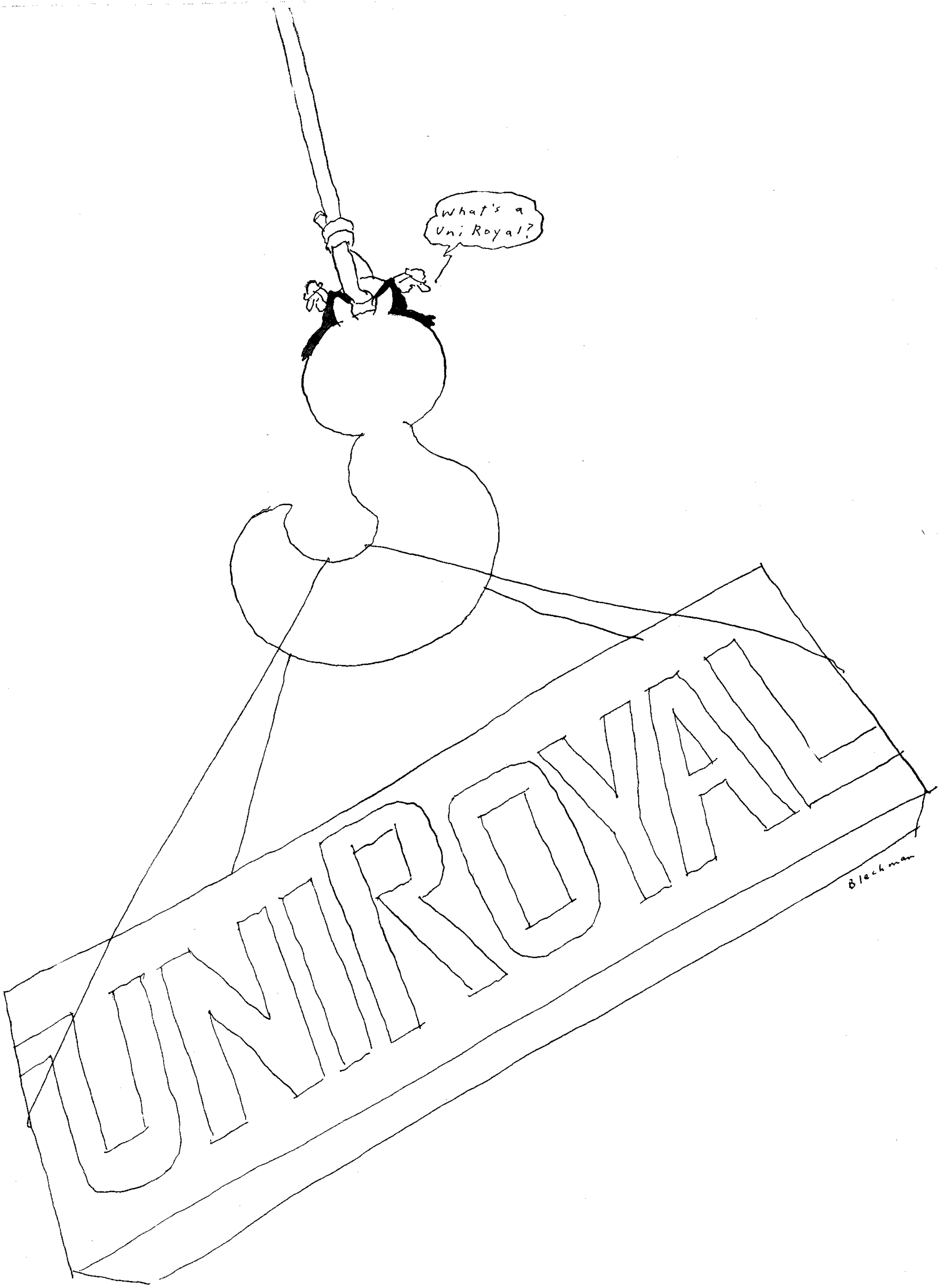

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4," the article, which was a follow-up of the previous day's initial announcement of the murders, ended with a summarizing paragraph:

> The investigators are left faced with a search for a killer or killers whose cunning is apparent if his (or their) motive is not. For this killer or killers: *Carefully cut the telephone cords of the home's two telephones. *Bound and gagged their victims expertly, with no evidence of a struggle with any of them. *Left nothing in the house amiss, left no indication they had searched for anything, with the possible exception of the [Clutter's] billfold. *Shot four persons in different parts of the house, calmly picking up the expended shotgun shells. *Arrived and left the home, presumably with the murder weapon, without being seen. *Acted without a motive, if you care to discount an abortive robbery attempt, which the investigators are wont to do.

" 'For this killer or killers,' " said Perry, reading aloud. "That's incorrect. The grammar is. It ought to be 'For this killer or *these* killers.' " Sipping his aspirin-spiked root beer, he went on, "Anyway, I don't believe it. Neither do you. Own up, Dick, be honest. You don't believe this no-clue stuff?"

Yesterday, after studying the papers, Perry had put the same question, and Dick, who thought he'd disposed of it ("Look. If those cowboys could make the slightest connection, we'd have heard the sound of hoofs a hundred miles off"), was bored at hearing it again. Too bored to protest when Perry once more pursued the matter: "I've always played my hunches. That's why I'm alive today. You know Willie-Jay? He said I was a natural-born 'medium,' and he knew about things like that, he was interested. He said I had a high degree of 'extrasensory perception.' Sort of like having built-in radar—you see things before you see them. The outlines of coming events. Take, like, my brother and his wife. Jimmy and his wife. They were crazy about each other, but he was jealous as hell, and he made her so miserable, being jealous and always thinking she was passing it out behind his back. One day, he shot her, and the next day he shot himself. When it happened—this was 1949, and I was in Alaska with Dad, up around Circle City—I told Dad, 'Jimmy's dead.' A week later we got the news. Lord's truth. Another time, over in Japan, I was helping load a ship, and I sat down to rest a minute. Suddenly a voice inside me said 'Jump!' I jumped I guess maybe ten feet, and just then, right where I'd been sitting, a ton of stuff came crashing down. I could give you a hundred examples. I

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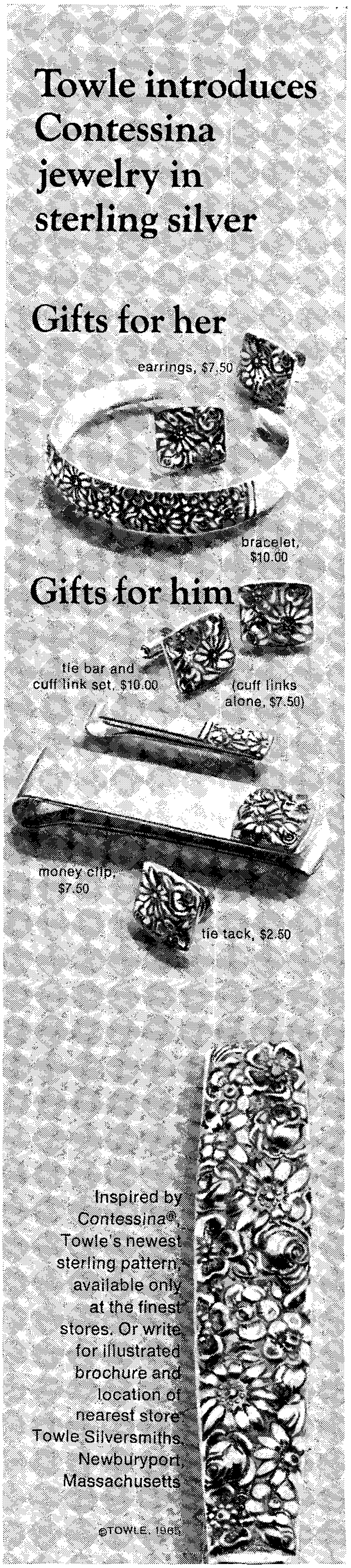
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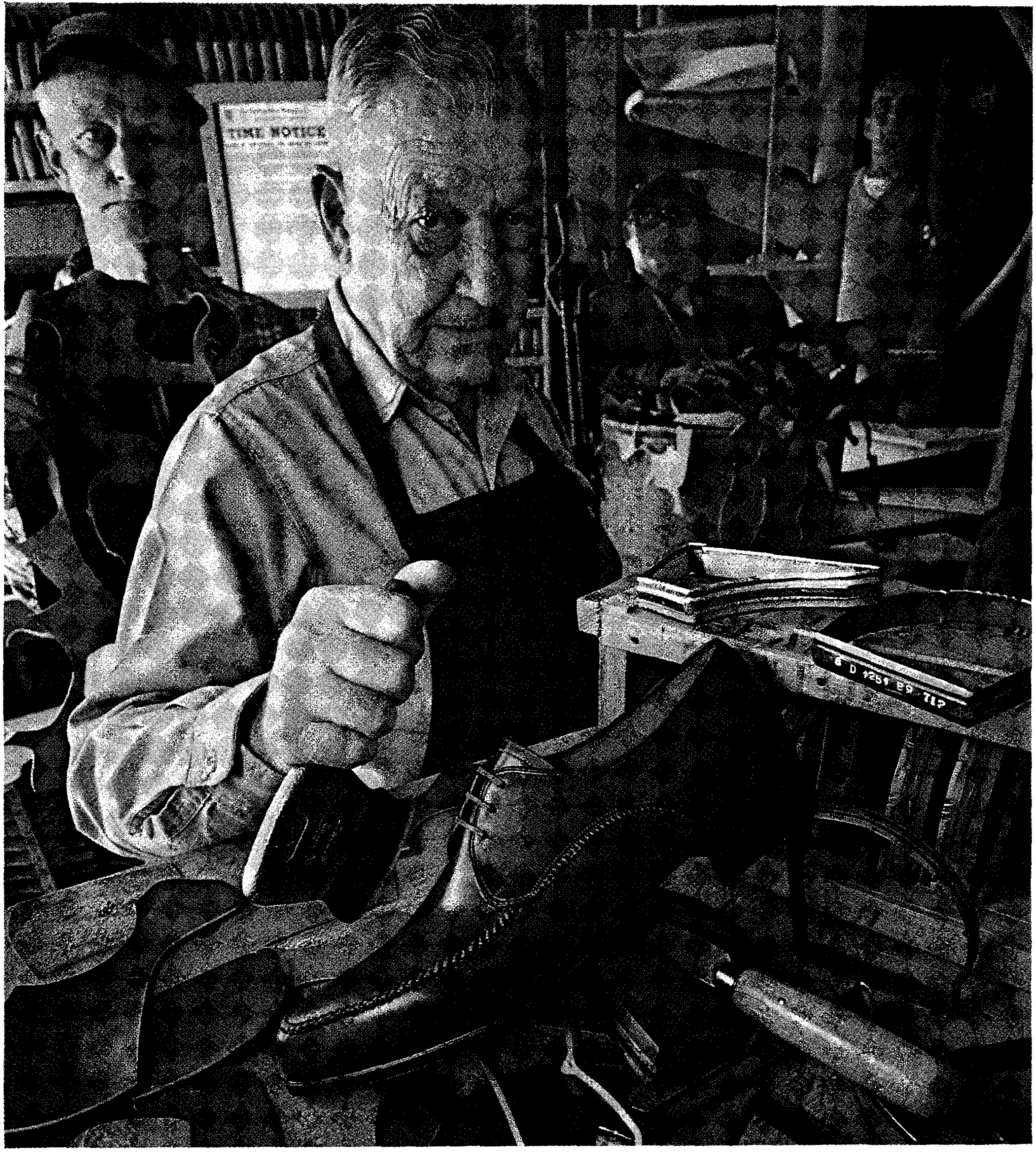

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don't care if you believe me or not. For instance, right before I had my motorcycle accident I saw the whole thing happen: saw it in my mind—the rain, the skid tracks, me lying there bleeding and my legs broken. That's what I've got now. A *pre*monition. Something tells me this is a trap." He tapped the newspaper. "A lot of *pre*varications."

Dick ordered another hamburger. During the past few days, he'd known a hunger that nothing—three successive steaks, a dozen Hershey bars, a pound of gumdrops—seemed to interrupt. Perry, on the other hand, was without appetite; he subsisted on root beer, aspirin, and cigarettes. "No wonder you got the leaps," Dick told him. "Aw, come on, baby. Get the bubbles out of your blood. We scored. It was perfect."

"I'm surprised to hear that, all things considered," Perry said. The quietness of his tone italicized the malice of his reply. But Dick took it, even smiled—and his smile was a skillful proposition. Here, it said, wearing a kid grin, was a very personable character, clean-cut, affable, a fellow any man might trust to shave him.

"O.K.," Dick said. "Maybe I had some wrong information."

"Hallelujah."

"But on the whole it was perfect. We hit the ball right out of the park. It's lost. And it's gonna stay lost. There isn't a single connection."

"I can think of one."

Perry had gone too far. He went further: "Floyd—is that the name?" A bit below the belt, but then Dick deserved it; his confidence was like a kite that needed reeling in. Nevertheless, Perry observed with some misgiving the symptoms of fury rearranging Dick's expression: jaw, lips, the whole face slackened; saliva bubbles appeared at the corners of his mouth. Well, if it came to a fight, Perry could defend himself. He was short, several inches shorter than Dick, and his runty, damaged legs were unreliable, but he outweighed his friend, was thicker, had arms that could squeeze the breath out of a bear. To prove it, however—have a fight, a real falling out—was far from desirable. Like Dick or not (and he didn't dislike Dick, though once he'd liked him better, respected him more), it was obvious they could not now safely separate. On that point they were in accord, for Dick had said, "If we get caught, let's get caught together. Then we can back each other up. When they start pulling the confession gag, saying you said and I said." Moreover, if he broke with Dick, it meant the end of plans still attractive to Perry, and

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still, despite recent reverses, deemed possible by both—a skin-diving, treasure-hunting life lived together among islands or along coasts south of the border.

Dick said, "*Mr.* Wells!" He picked up a fork. "It'd be worth it. Like if I was nabbed on a check charge, it'd be worth it. Just to get back in there." The fork came down and stabbed the table. "Right through the heart, honey."

"I'm not saying he would," said Perry, willing to make a concession now that Dick's anger had soared past him and struck elsewhere. "He'd be too scared."

"Sure," said Dick. "Sure. He'd be too scared." A marvel, really, the ease with which Dick negotiated changes of mood; in a trice, all trace of meanness, of sullen bravura, had evaporated. He said, "About that premonition stuff. Tell me this: If you were so damn sure you were gonna crack up, why didn't you call it quits? It wouldn't have happened if you'd stayed off your bike—right?"

That was a riddle that Perry had pondered. He felt he'd solved it, but the solution, while simple, was also somewhat hazy: "No. Because once a thing is set to happen, all you can do is hope it won't. Or will—depending. As long as you live, there's always something waiting, and even if it's bad, and you know it's bad, what can you do? You can't stop living. Like my dreams. Since I was a kid, I've had this same dream. Where I'm in Africa. A jungle. I'm moving through the trees toward a tree standing all alone. Jesus, it smells bad, that tree; it kind of makes me sick, the way it stinks. Only, it's beautiful to look at—it has blue leaves and diamonds hanging everywhere. Diamonds like oranges. That's why I'm there—to pick myself a bushel of diamonds. But I know the minute I try to, the minute I reach up, a snake is gonna fall on me. A snake that guards the tree. This fat son of a bitch living in the branches. I know this beforehand, see? And, Jesus, I don't know how to fight a snake. But I figure, Well, I'll take my chances. What it comes down to is I want the diamonds more than I'm afraid of the snake. So I go to pick one, I have the diamond in my hand, I'm pulling at it, when the snake lands on top of me. We wrestle around, but he's a slippery son of a bitch and I can't get a hold, he's crushing me, you can hear my legs cracking. Now comes the part it makes me sweat even to think about. See, he starts to swallow me. Feet first. Like going down in quicksand." Perry hesitated. He could

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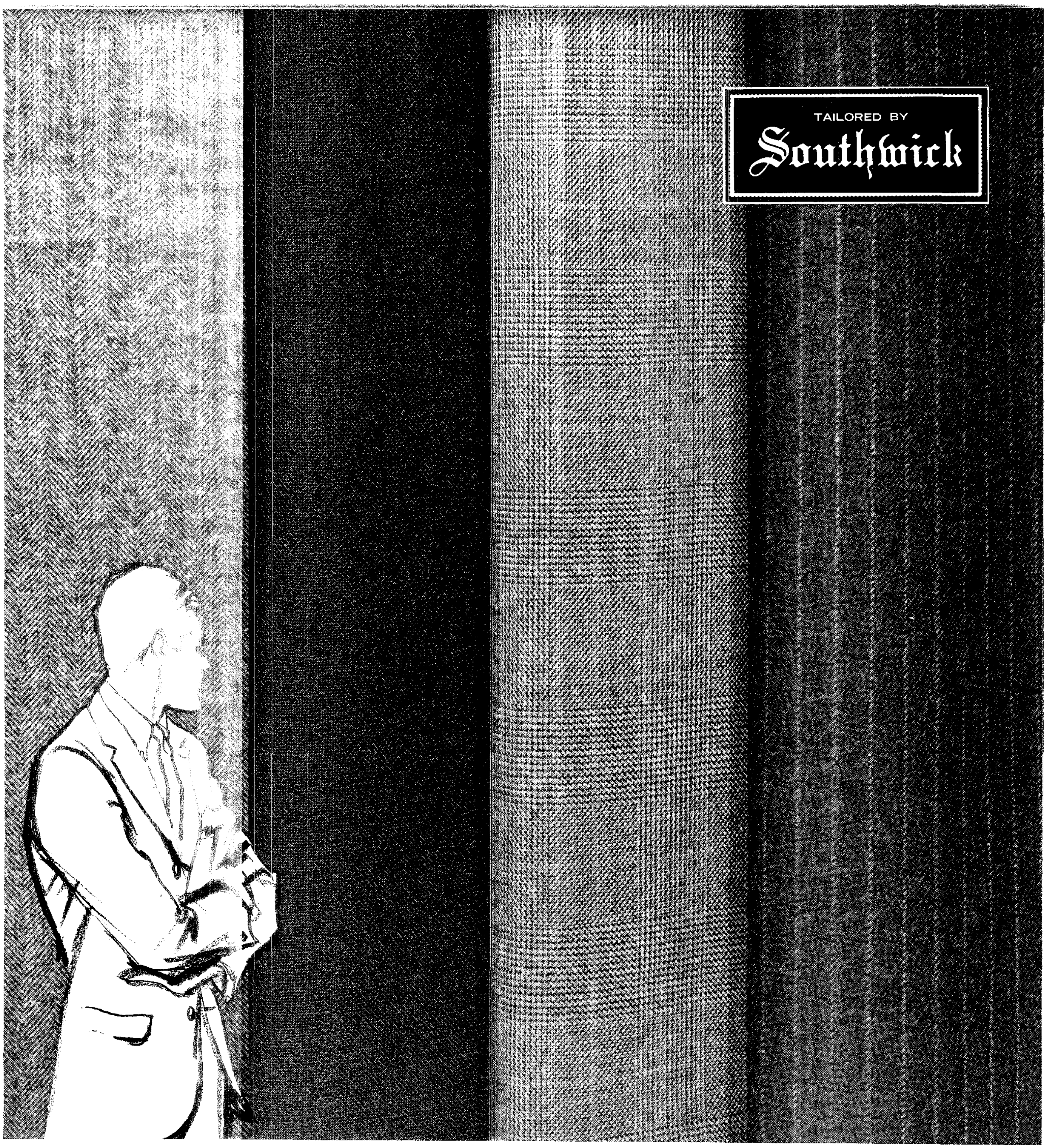

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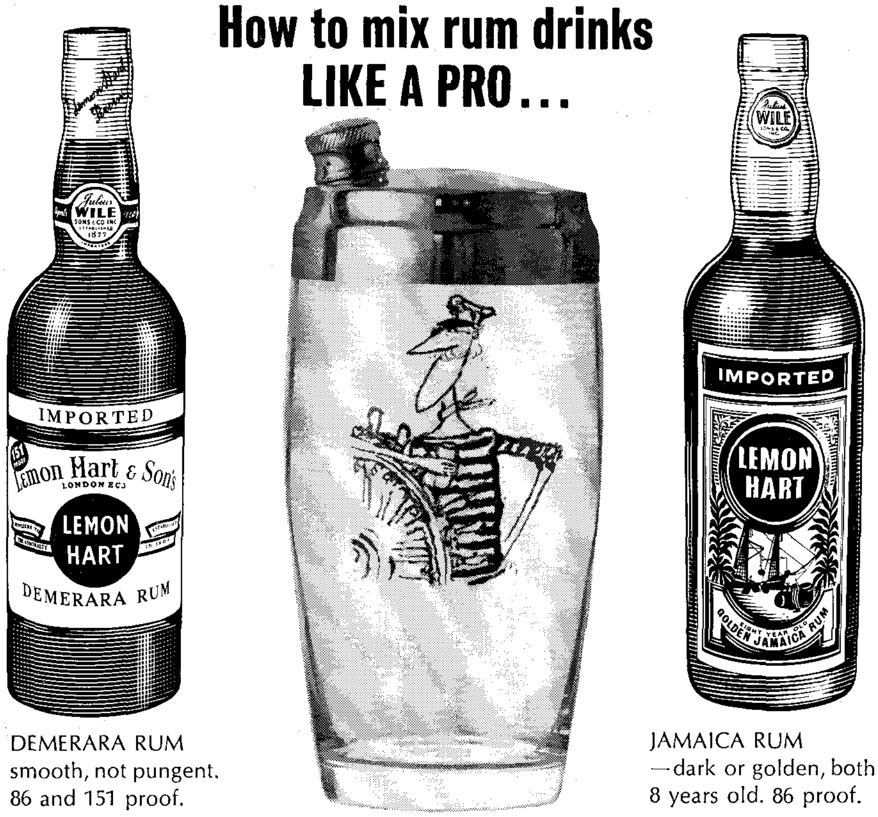

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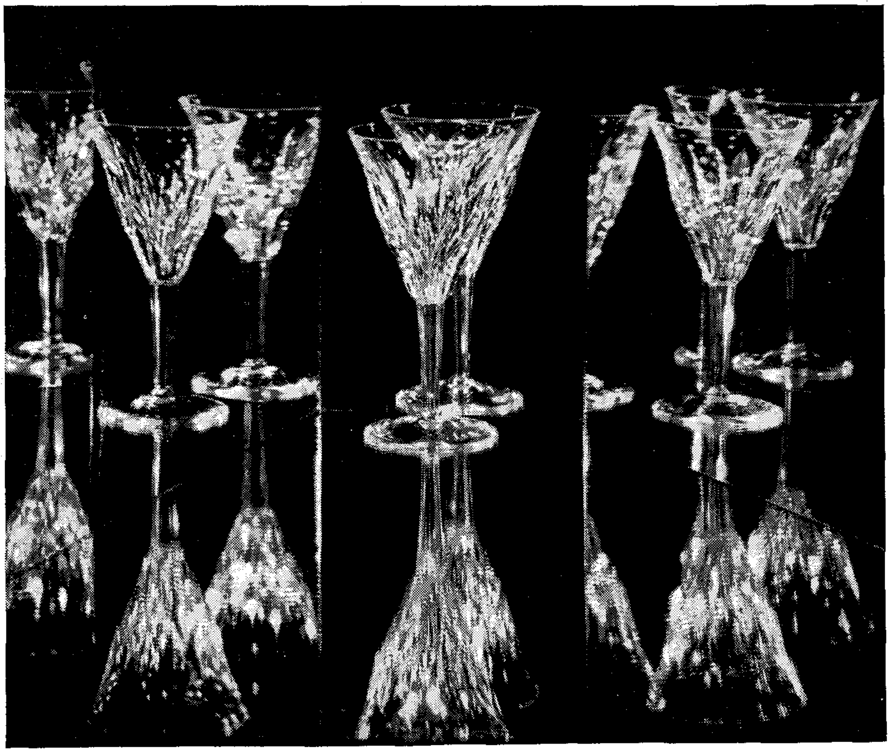

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not help noticing that Dick, busy gouging under his fingernails with a fork prong, was uninterested in his dream.

Dick said, "So? The snake swallows you? Or what?"

"Never mind. It's not important." (But it was! The finale was of great importance, a source of private joy. He'd once told it to his friend Willie-Jay; he had described to him the towering bird, the yellow "sort of parrot." Of course, Willie-Jay was different—delicate-minded, "a saint." He'd understood. But Dick? Dick might laugh. And that Perry could not abide: anyone's ridiculing the parrot, which had first flown into his dreams when he was seven years old, a hated, hating half-breed child living in a California orphanage run by nuns—shrouded disciplinarians who whipped him for wetting his bed. It was after one of these beatings, one he could never forget ["She woke me up. She had a flashlight, and she hit me with it. Hit me and hit me. And when the flashlight broke, she went on hitting me in the dark"], that the parrot appeared, arrived while he slept, a bird "taller than Jesus, yellow like a sunflower," a warrior-angel who blinded the nuns with its beak, fed upon their eyes, slaughtered them as they "pleaded for mercy," then so gently lifted him, enfolded him, winged him away to "Paradise." As the years went by, the particular torments from which the bird delivered him altered; others—older children, his father, a faithless girl, a sergeant he'd known in the Army—replaced the nuns, but the parrot remained, a hovering avenger. Thus, the snake, that custodian of the diamond-bearing tree, never finished devouring him but was itself always devoured. And afterward the blessed ascent! Ascension to a Paradise that in one version was merely "a feeling," a sense of power, of unassailable superiority—sensations that in another version were transposed into "A real place. Like out of a movie. Maybe that's where I *did* see it—remembered it from a movie. Because where else would I have seen a garden like that? With white marble steps? Fountains? And way down below, if you go to the edge of the garden, you can see the ocean. Terrific! Like around Carmel, California. The best thing, though—well, it's a long, long table. You never imagined so much food. Oysters. Turkeys. Hot dogs. Fruit you could make into a million fruit cups. And, listen—it's every bit *free*. I mean, I don't have to be afraid to touch it. I can eat as much as I want, and it won't

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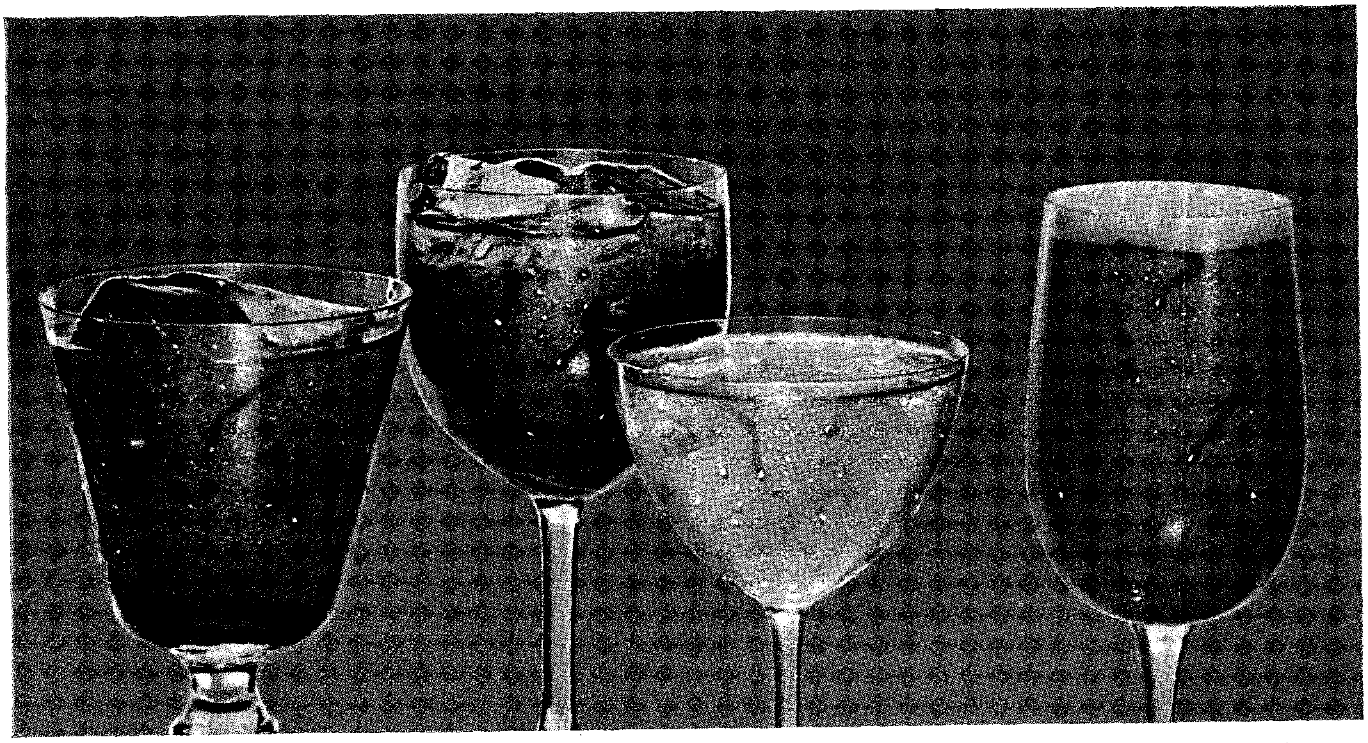

The shadows in the canyons are growing deeper. The evening is clear. You can see the lights below for miles.

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cost a cent. That's how I know where I am.")

Dick said, "I'm a normal. I only dream about blond chicken. Speaking of which, you hear about the nanny goat's nightmare?" That was Dick—always ready with a dirty joke on any subject. But he told the joke well, and Perry, though he was in some measure a prude, could not help laughing, as always.

THE crime had been discovered by two young girls who, accustomed to attending church with the Clutter family, had gone to River Valley Farm that brilliant Sunday morning, entered the house, and found what one of them, Susan Kidwell, described as "this thing I have to live with—even when I'm asleep."

A girl of fifteen, the good-looking and intelligent only child of a high-school music teacher, Susan was Nancy Clutter's best friend. "We were like sisters," Susan once said, after the murder. "At least, that's how I felt about her—as though she were my sister. I couldn't go to school—not those first few days. I stayed out of school until after the funeral. So did Bobby Rupp. For a while, Bobby and I were always together. He's a nice boy—he has a good heart—but nothing very terrible had ever happened to him before. Like losing anyone he'd loved. And then, on top of it, having to take a lie-detector test. I don't mean he was bitter about that; he realized the police were doing what they had to do. Some hard things, two or three, had already happened to me, but not to him, so it was a shock when he found out maybe life isn't one long basketball game. Mostly, we just drove around in his old Ford. Up and down the highway. Out to the airport and back. Or we'd go to the Cree-Mee—that's a drive-in—and sit in the car, order a Coke, listen to the radio. The radio was always playing; we didn't have anything to say ourselves. Except, once in a while, Bobby said how much he'd loved Nancy, and how he could never care about another girl. Well, I was sure Nancy wouldn't have wanted that, and I told him so. I remember—I think it was Monday—we drove down to the river [the Arkansas River, a section of which flows along the southern edge of Holcomb]. We parked on the bridge. You can see the house from there—the Clutter house. And part of the land—Mr. Clutter's fruit orchard, and the wheat fields going away. Way off in one of the fields a bonfire was burning; they were burning stuff from the house. Everywhere you looked, there was something to remind

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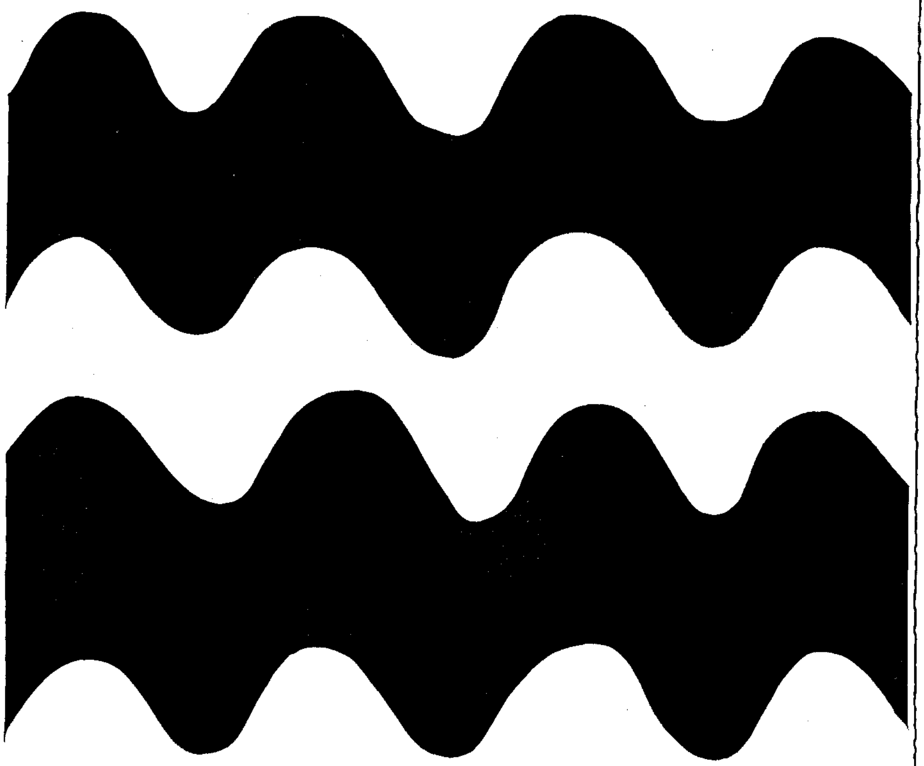

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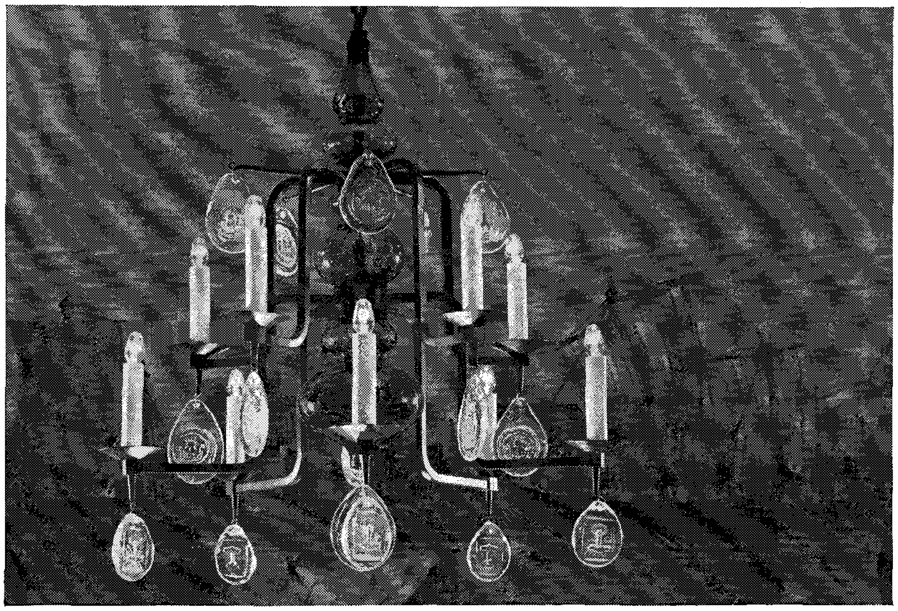

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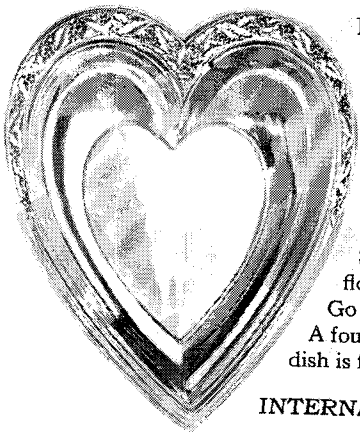
you. Men with nets and poles were fishing along the banks of the river, but not fishing for fish. Bobby said they were looking for the weapons. The knife. The gun.

"Nancy loved the river. Summer nights, we used to ride double on Nancy's horse, Babe—that old fat gray? Ride straight to the river and right into the water. Then Babe would wade along in the shallow part while we played our flutes and sang. Got cool. I keep wondering, Gosh, what will become of her? Babe. A lady from Garden City took Kenyon's dog. Took Teddy. He ran away—found his way back to Holcomb. But she came and got him again. And I have Nancy's cat—Evinrude. But Babe. I suppose they'll sell her. Wouldn't Nancy hate that? Wouldn't she be *furious*? Another day, the day before the funeral, Bobby and I were sitting by the railroad tracks. Watching the trains go by. Real stupid. Like sheep in a blizzard. When suddenly Bobby woke up and said, 'We ought to go see Nancy. We ought to be with her.' So we drove to Garden City—went to the Phillips Funeral Home, there on Main Street. I think Bobby's kid brother was with us. Yes, I'm sure he was. Because I remember we picked him up after school. And I remember he said how there wasn't going to be any school the next day, so all the Holcomb kids could go to the funeral. And he kept telling us what the kids thought. He said the kids were convinced it was the work of 'a hired killer.' I didn't want to hear about it. Just gossip and talk—everything Nancy despised. Anyway, I don't much care who did it. Somehow it seems beside the point. My friend is gone. Knowing who killed her isn't going to bring her back. What else matters? They wouldn't let us. At the funeral parlor, I mean. They said no one could 'view the family.' Except the relatives. But Bobby insisted, and finally the undertaker—he knew Bobby, and, I guess, felt sorry for him—he said all right, be quiet about it, but come on in. Now I wish we hadn't."

The four coffins, which quite filled the small, flower-crowded parlor, were to be sealed at the funeral services—very understandably, for despite the care taken with the appearance of the victims, the effect achieved was disquieting. Nancy wore a dress of cherry-red velvet, her brother a bright plaid shirt; the parents were more sedately attired, Mr. Clutter in navy-blue flannel, his wife in navy-blue crêpe; and—and it was this, especially, that lent the scene an awful aura—the head of each



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was completely encased in cotton, a swollen cocoon twice the size of an ordinary blown-up balloon, and the cotton, because it had been sprayed with a glossy substance, twinkled like Christmas-tree snow.

Susan at once retreated. "I went outside and waited in the car," she recalled. "Across the street, a man was raking leaves. I kept looking at him. Because I didn't want to close my eyes. I thought, If I do, I'll faint. So I watched him rake leaves and burn them. Watched, without really seeing him. Because all I could see was the dress. I knew it so well. I helped her pick the material. It was her own design, and she sewed it herself. I remember how excited she was the first time she wore it. At a party. All I could see was Nancy's red velvet. And Nancy in it. Dancing."

THE Kansas City *Star* printed a lengthy account of the Clutter funeral, but the edition containing the article was two days old before Perry, lying abed in a hotel room, got around to reading it. Even so, he merely skimmed through, skipped about among the paragraphs: "About 1,000 persons, the largest crowd in the 5-year history of the First Methodist church here, attended services for the four victims today. . . . Several classmates of Nancy's from the Holcomb high school wept as the Rev. Leonard Cowan said: 'God offers the courage, love and hope even though we walk through the shadows of the valley of death. I'm sure He was with them in their last hours. Jesus has never promised us we would not suffer pain or sorrow but He has always said He would be there to help us bear the sorrow and pain.' . . . On the unseasonably warm day about 600 persons went to the Valley View cemetery on the north edge of this city. There, at graveside services, they recited the Lord's prayer. Their voices, massed together in a low whisper, could be heard throughout the cemetery."

A thousand people! Perry was impressed. He wondered how much the funeral had cost. Money was greatly on his mind, though not as relentlessly as it had been earlier in the day—a day he'd begun "without the price of a cat's miaow." The situation had improved since then; thanks to Dick, he and Dick now possessed "a pretty fair stake"—enough to get them to Mexico.

Dick! Smooth. Smart. Yes, you had to hand it to him. Christ, it was incredible how he could "con a guy." Like the clerk in the Kansas City, Missouri, clothing store, the first of the places

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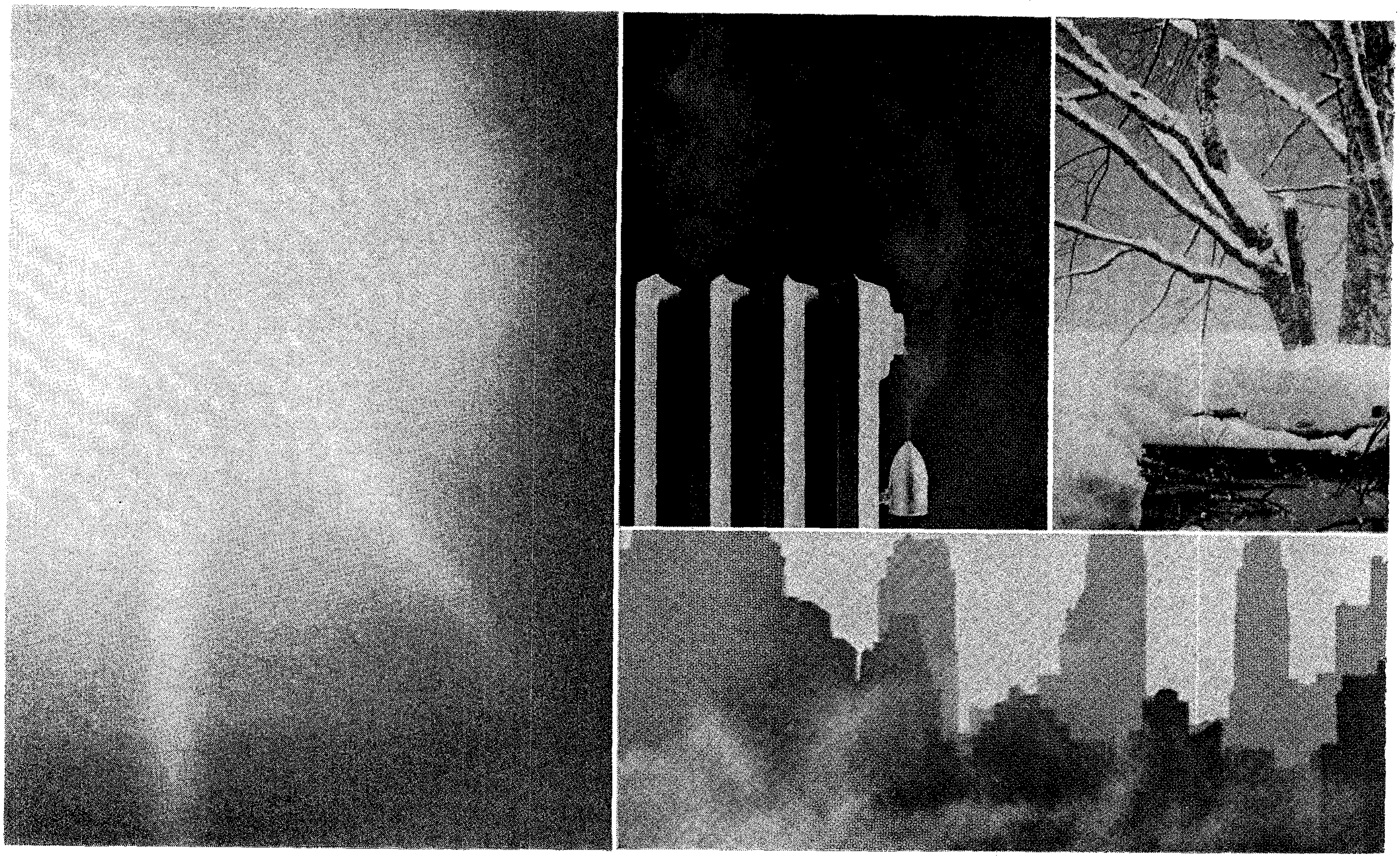

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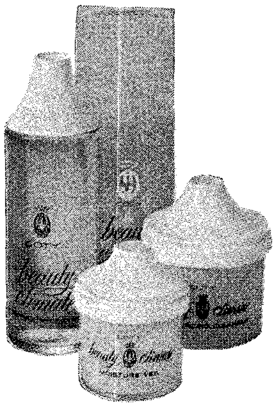

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Dick had decided to "hit." As for Perry, he'd never tried to "pass a check." He was nervous, but Dick told him, "All I want you to do is stand there. Don't laugh, and don't be surprised at anything I say. You got to play these things by ear." For the task proposed, it seemed, Dick had perfect pitch. He breezed in, breezily introduced Perry to the clerk as "a friend of mine about to get married," and went on, "I'm his best man. Helping him kind of shop around for the clothes he'll want. Ha-ha, what you might say his—ha-ha—trousseau." The salesman "ate it up," and soon Perry, stripped of his denim trousers, was trying on a gloomy suit that the clerk considered "ideal for an informal ceremony." After commenting on the customer's oddly proportioned figure—the oversized torso supported by the undersized legs—he added, "I'm afraid we haven't anything that would fit without alteration." Oh, said Dick, that was O.K., there was plenty of time—the wedding was "a week tomorrow." That settled, they then selected a gaudy array of jackets and slacks regarded as appropriate for what was to be, according to Dick, a Florida honeymoon. "You know the Eden Roc?" Dick said to the salesman. "In Miami Beach? They got reservations. A present from her folks—two weeks at forty bucks a day. How about that? An ugly runt like him, he's making it with a honey she's not only built but loaded. While guys like you and me, good-lookin' guys . . ." The clerk presented the bill. Dick reached in his hip pocket, frowned, snapped his fingers, and said, "Hot damn! I forgot my wallet." Which to his partner seemed a ploy so feeble that it couldn't possibly "fool a day-old nigger." The clerk, apparently, was not of that opinion, for he produced a blank check and, when Dick made it out for eighty dollars more than the bill totalled, instantly paid over the difference in cash.

Outside, Dick said, "So you're going to get married next week? Well, you'll need a ring." Moments later, riding in Dick's aged Chevrolet, they arrived at a store named Best Jewelry. From there, after purchasing by check a diamond engagement ring and a diamond wedding band, they drove to a pawnshop to dispose of these items. Perry was sorry to see them go. He'd begun to half credit the make-believe bride, though in his conception of her, as opposed to Dick's, she was not rich, not beautiful; rather, she was nicely groomed, gently spoken, was conceivably a college graduate, in any event "a very intellectual type"—the sort of

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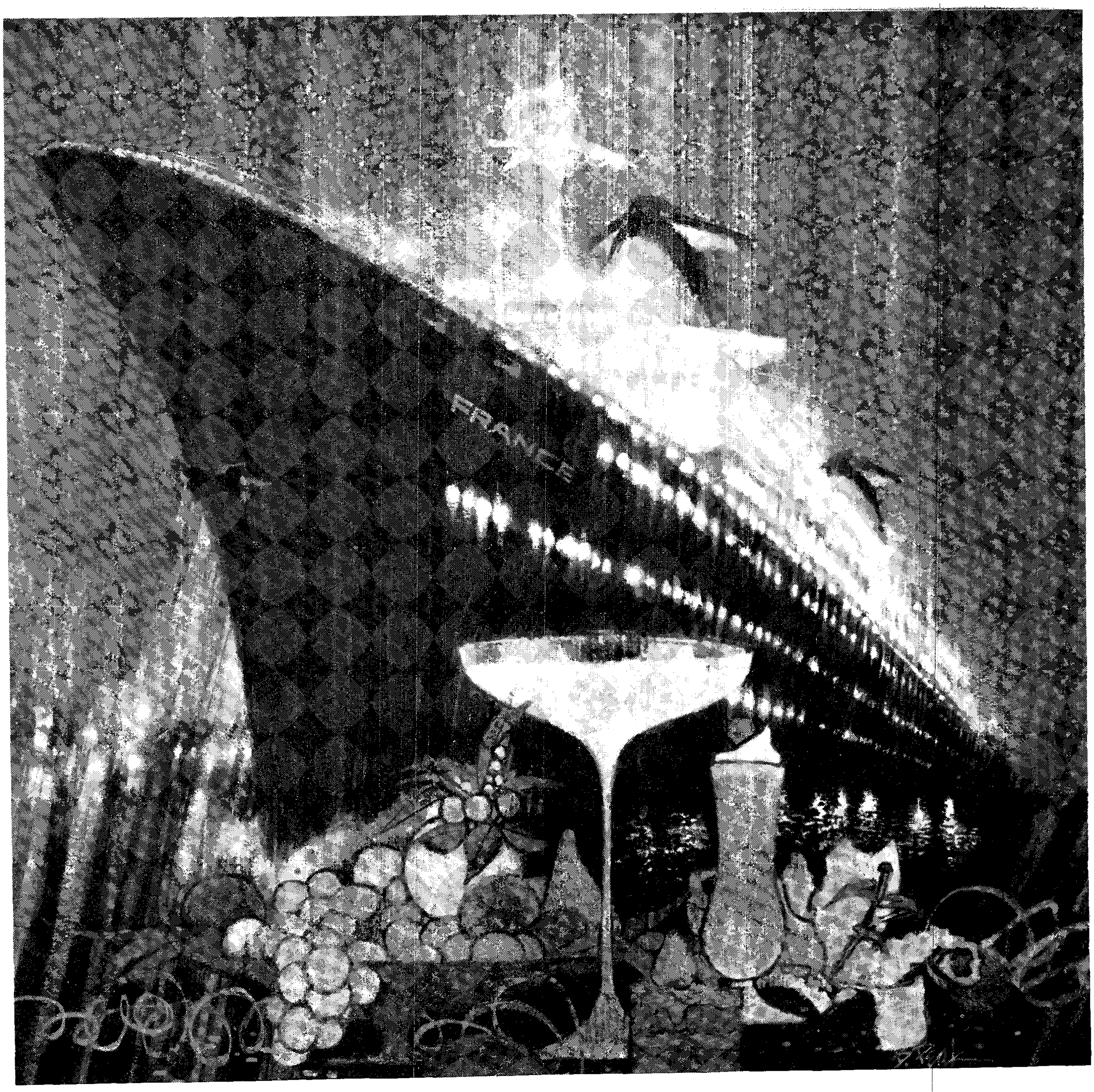

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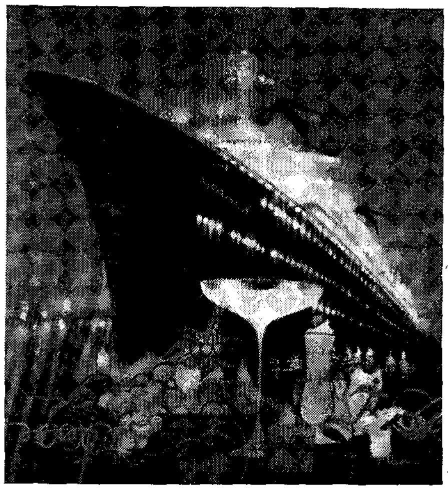

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girl he'd always wanted to meet but in fact never had.

Unless you counted Cookie, a nurse he'd known when, as a result of his motorcycle accident, he was hospitalized for six months. A swell kid, Cookie, and she had liked him, pitied him, babied him, inspired him to read "serious literature"—"Gone with the Wind," "This Is My Beloved." Sexual episodes of a strange and stealthy nature had occurred, and love had been mentioned, and marriage, too, but eventually, when his injuries had mended, he'd told her goodbye and given her, by way of explanation, a poem he pretended to have written:

There's a race of men that don't fit in,
  A race that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
  And they roam the world at will.
They range the field and they rove the flood,
  And they climb the mountain's crest;
Theirs is the curse of the gypsy blood,
  And they don't know how to rest.

If they just went straight they might go far;
  They are strong and brave and true;
But they're always tired of the things that are,
  And they want the strange and new.

He had not seen her again, or ever heard from or of her, yet several years later he'd had her name tattooed on his arm, and once, when Dick asked who "Cookie" was, he'd said, "Nobody. A girl I almost married." (That Dick had been married—married twice—and had fathered three sons was something he envied. A wife, children—those were experiences "a man ought to have," even if, as with Dick, they didn't "make him happy or do him any good.")

The rings were pawned for a hundred and fifty dollars. They visited another jewelry store, Goldman's, and sauntered out of there with a man's gold wristwatch. Next stop, an Elko Camera Store, where they "bought" an elaborate motion-picture camera. "Cameras are your best investment," Dick informed Perry. "Easiest thing to hock or sell. Cameras and TV sets." This being the case, they decided to obtain several of the latter, and, having completed the mission, went on to attack a few more clothing emporiums—Sheperd & Foster's, Rothschild's, Shopper's Paradise. By sundown, when the stores were closing, their pockets were filled with cash and the car was heaped with salable, pawnable wares. Surveying this harvest of shirts and cigarette lighters, expensive machinery and cheap cufflinks, Perry felt elatedly tall—now

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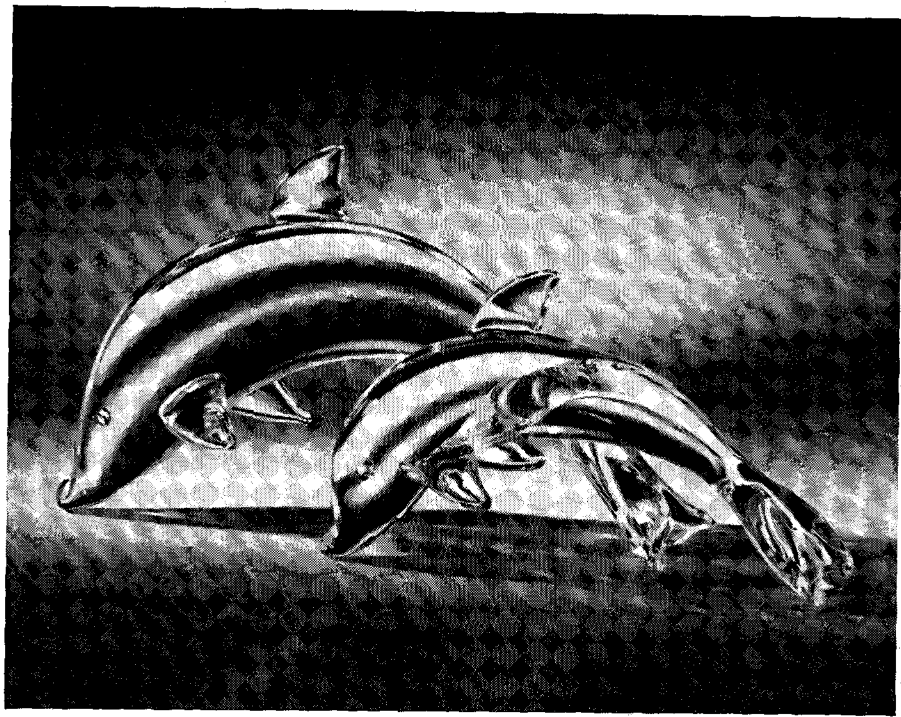

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Mexico, a new chance, a "really living" life. But Dick seemed depressed. He shrugged off Perry's praises ("I mean it, Dick. You were amazing. Half the time, I believed you myself"). And Perry was puzzled; he could not fathom why Dick, usually so full of himself, should suddenly, when he had good cause to gloat, be meek, look wilted and sad. Perry said, "I'll stand you a drink."

They stopped at a bar. Dick drank three Orange Blossoms. After the third, he abruptly asked, "What about Dad? I feel—oh, Jesus, he's such a good old guy. And my mother—well, you saw her. What about *them*? Me, I'll be off in Mexico. Or wherever. But they'll be right here when those checks start to bounce. I know Dad. He'll want to make them good. Like he tried to before. And he can't—he's old and he's sick, he ain't got anything."

"I sympathize with that," said Perry, truthfully. Without being kind, he was sentimental, and Dick's affection for his parents, his professed concern for them, did indeed touch him. "But, hell, Dick. It's very simple," Perry said. "*We* can pay off the checks. Once we're in Mexico, once we get started down there, we'll make money. Lots of it."

"How?"

"How?"—what could Dick mean? The question dazed Perry. After all, such a rich assortment of ventures had been discussed. Prospecting for gold, skin-diving for sunken treasure—these were but two of the projects Perry had ardently proposed. And there were others. The boat, for instance. They had often talked of a deep-sea-fishing boat, which they would buy, man themselves, and rent to vacationers—this though neither had ever skippered a canoe or hooked a guppy. Then, too, there was quick money to be made chauffeuring stolen cars across South American borders. ("You get paid five hundred bucks a trip," or so Perry had read somewhere.) But of the many replies he might have made, he chose to remind Dick of the fortune awaiting them on Cocos Island, a land speck off the coast of Costa Rica. "No fooling, Dick," Perry said. "This is authentic. I've got a map. I've got the whole history. It was buried there back in 1821—Peruvian bullion, jewelry. Sixty million dollars—that's what they say it's worth. Even if we didn't find all of it, even if we found only some of it— Are you with me, Dick?" Heretofore, Dick had always encouraged him, listened attentively to his talk of maps, tales of treasure, but now—and it had not occurred to him before—he wondered if

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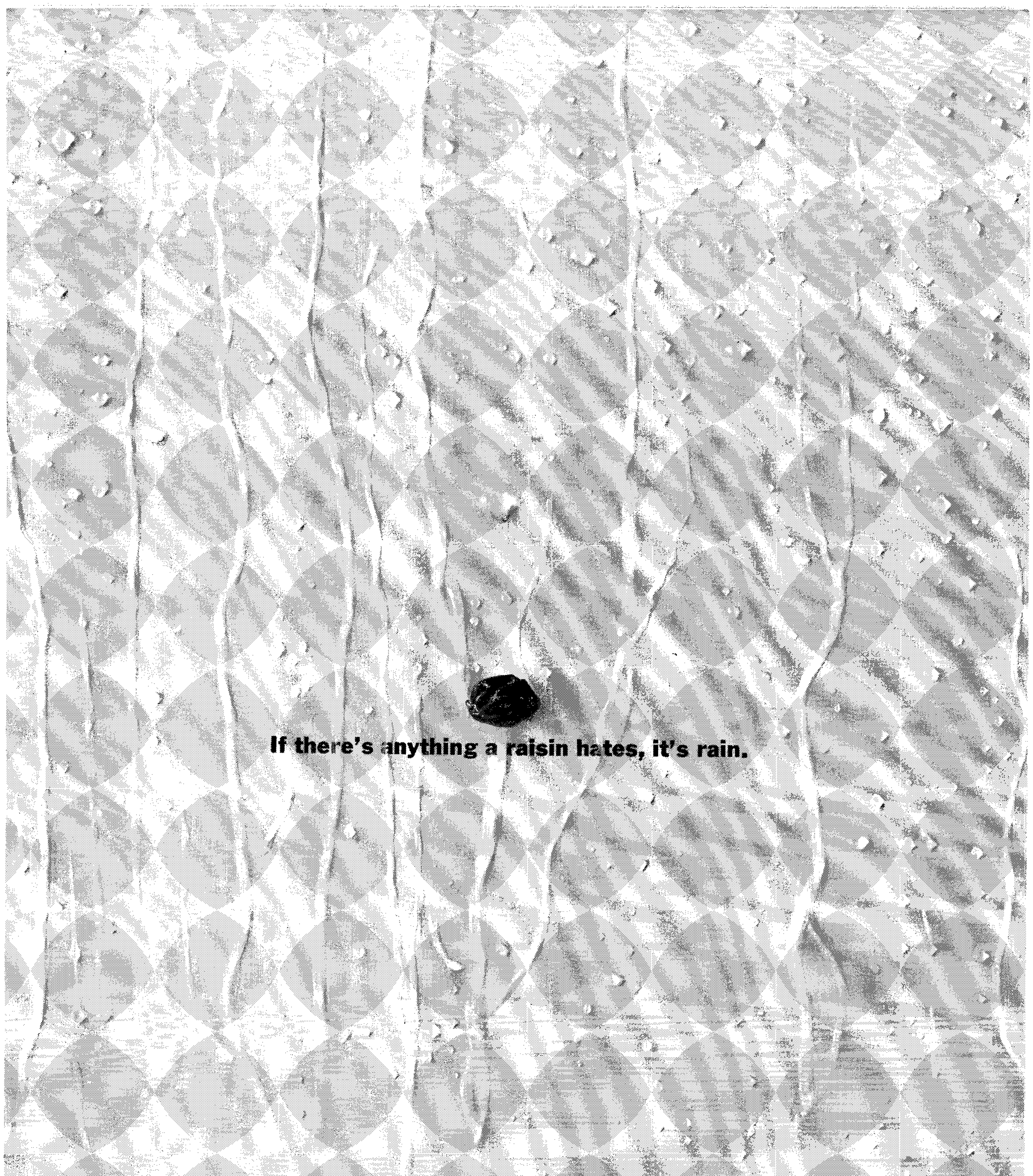
all along Dick had only been *pretending*, just kidding him.

The thought, acutely painful, passed, for Dick, with a wink and a playful jab, said, "Sure, honey. I'm with you. All the way."

IT was three in the morning, and the telephone rang again. Not that the hour mattered. Al Dewey was wide awake anyway, and so were Marie and their sons, nine-year-old Paul and twelve-year-old Alvin Adams Dewey, Jr. For who could sleep in a house—a modest one-story frame house—where all night the telephone had been sounding every few minutes? As he got out of bed, Dewey promised his wife, "This time, I'll leave it off the hook." But it was not a promise he dared keep. True, many of the calls came from news-hunting journalists, or would-be humorists, or theorists ("Al? Listen, fella, I've got this deal figured. It's suicide and murder. I happen to *know* Herb was in a bad way financially. He was spread pretty thin. So what does he do? He takes out this big insurance policy, shoots Bonnie and the kids, and kills himself with a bomb. A hand grenade stuffed with buckshot"), or anonymous persons with poison-pen minds ("Know them Ls? Foreigners? Don't work? Give parties? Serve *cock*tails? Where's the money come from? Wouldn't surprise me a darn if they ain't at the roots of this Clutter trouble"), or nervous ladies alarmed by the gossip going around, rumors that knew neither ceiling nor cellar ("Alvin, now, I've known you since you were a boy. And I want you to tell me straight out whether it's so. I loved and respected Mr. Clutter, and I *refuse* to believe that that man, that Christian—I refuse to believe he was chasing after women. . . .").

But most of those who telephoned were responsible citizens wanting to be helpful ("I wonder if you've interviewed Nancy's friend Sue Kidwell? I was talking to the child, and she said something that struck me. She said the last time she ever spoke to Nancy, Nancy told her Mr. Clutter was in a real bad mood. Had been the past three weeks. That she thought he was very worried about something, so worried he'd taken to smoking cigarettes. . . ."). Either that or the callers were people officially concerned—law officers and sheriffs from other parts of the state ("This may be something, may not, but a bartender here says he overheard two fellows discussing the case in terms made it sound like they had a lot to do with it. . . ."). And while none of these con-



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versations had as yet done more than make extra work for the investigators, it was always possible that the next one might be, as Dewey put it, "the break that brings down the curtain."

On answering the present call, Dewey immediately heard, "I want to confess."

He said, "To whom am I speaking, please?"

The caller, a man, repeated his original assertion, and added, "I did it. I killed them all."

"Yes," said Dewey. "Now, if I could have your name and address . . ."

"Oh, no, you don't," said the man, his voice thick with inebriated indignation. "I'm not going to tell you anything. Not till I get the reward. You send the reward, then I'll tell you who I am. That's final."

Dewey went back to bed. "No, honey," he said. "Nothing important. Just another drunk."

"What did he want?"

"Wanted to confess. Provided we sent the reward first." (A Kansas paper, the Hutchinson *News*, had offered a thousand dollars for information leading to the solution of the crime.)

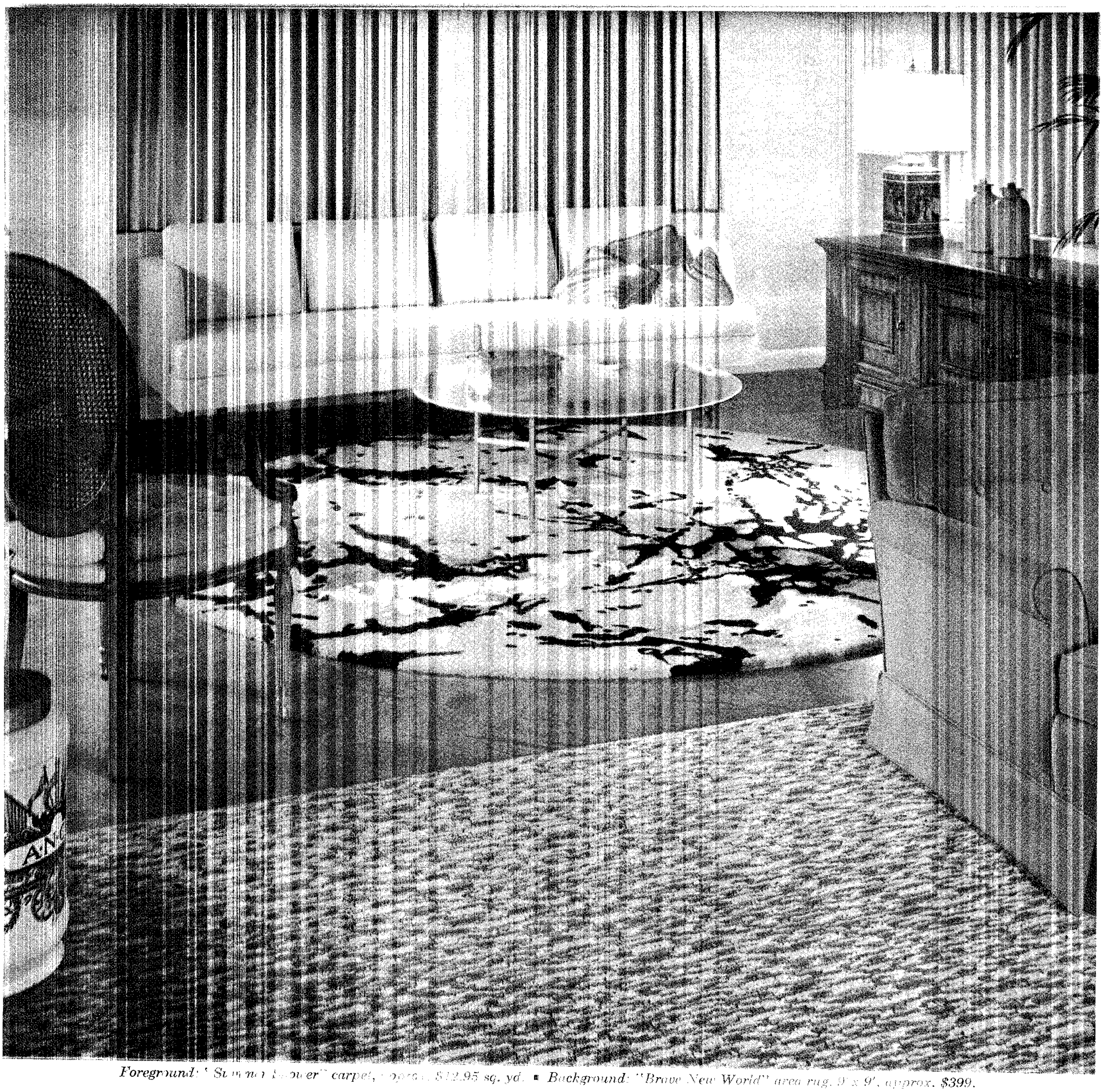
"Alvin, are you lighting another cigarette? Honestly, Alvin, can't you at least *try* to sleep?"

He was too tense to sleep, even if the telephone could be silenced—too fretful and frustrated. None of his "leads" had led anywhere, except, perhaps, down a blind alley toward the blankest of walls. Bobby Rupp? The polygraph machine had eliminated Bobby. And Mr. Smith, the farmer who tied rope knots identical with those used by the murderer—he, too, was a discarded suspect, having established that on the night of the crime he'd been "off in Oklahoma." Which left the Johns, father and son, but they had also submitted provable alibis. "So," to quote Harold Nye, "it all adds up to a nice round number. Zero." Even the hunt for the grave of Nancy's cat had come to nothing.

Nevertheless, there had been one or two meaningful developments. First, while sorting Nancy's clothes, Mrs. Elaine Selsor, her aunt, had found tucked in the toe of a shoe a gold wristwatch. Second, accompanied by a K.B.I. agent, the housekeeper, Mrs. Helm, had explored every room at River Valley Farm, toured the house in the expectation that she might notice something awry or absent, and she had. It happened in Kenyon's room. Mrs. Helm looked and looked, paced round and round the room with pursed lips, touching this and that—Kenyon's old baseball mitt, Kenyon's mud-spattered work boots, his pathetic abandoned spectacles. All the while, she kept whispering, "Something here is wrong, I feel it, I know it, but I don't know what it is." And then she did know. "It's the *radio!* Where is Kenyon's little radio?"

Taken together, these discoveries forced Dewey to consider again the possibility of "plain robbery" as a motive. Surely that watch had not tumbled into Nancy's shoe by accident? She must, lying there in the dark, have heard sounds—footfalls, perhaps voices—that led her to suppose thieves were in the house, and, so believing, must have hurriedly hidden the watch, a gift from her father that she treasured. As for the radio, a gray portable made by Zenith—no doubt about it, the radio was gone. All the same, Dewey could not accept the theory that the family had been slaughtered for paltry profit—"a few dollars and a radio." To accept it would obliterate his image of the killer—or, rather, killers. He and his associates had definitely decided to pluralize the term. The expert execution of the crimes was proof enough that at least one of the pair commanded an immoderate amount of coolheaded slyness, and was—*must* be—a person too clever to have done such a deed without calculated motive. Then, too, Dewey had become aware of several particulars that reinforced his conviction that at least one of the murderers was emotionally involved with the victims, and felt for them, even as he destroyed them, a certain twisted tenderness. How else explain the mattress box?

The business of the mattress box was one of the things that most tantalized Dewey. Why had the murderers taken the trouble to move the box from the far end of the basement room and lay it on the floor in front of the furnace, unless the intention had been to make Mr. Clutter more comfortable—to provide him, while he contemplated the approaching knife, with a couch less rigid than cold cement? And in studying the death-scene photographs Dewey had distinguished other details that seemed to support his notion of a murderer now and again moved by considerate impulses. "Or"—he could never quite find the word he wanted—"something fussy. And soft. Those bedcovers. Now, what kind of person would do that—tie up two women, the way



Foreground: "Summer Shower" carpet, approx. $12.95 sq. yd. ■ Background: "Brave New World" area rug, 9' x 9', approx. $399.

The decorator of this room looks up from the floor.

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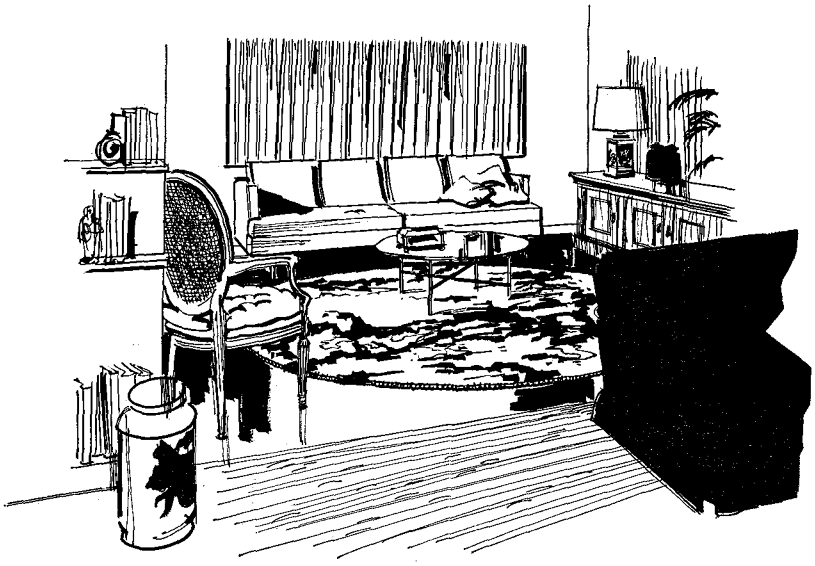

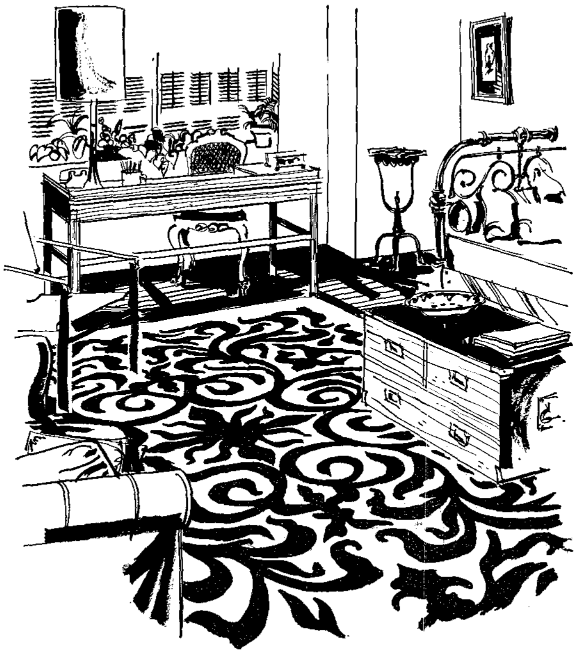

Here, in the den-guestroom, that accent blue from the living room takes the floor, combining with peppercorn brown in one of Cabin Crafts more dramatic area rugs. The sleep sofa recalls the prominent orangey gold of the rugs in the living room.

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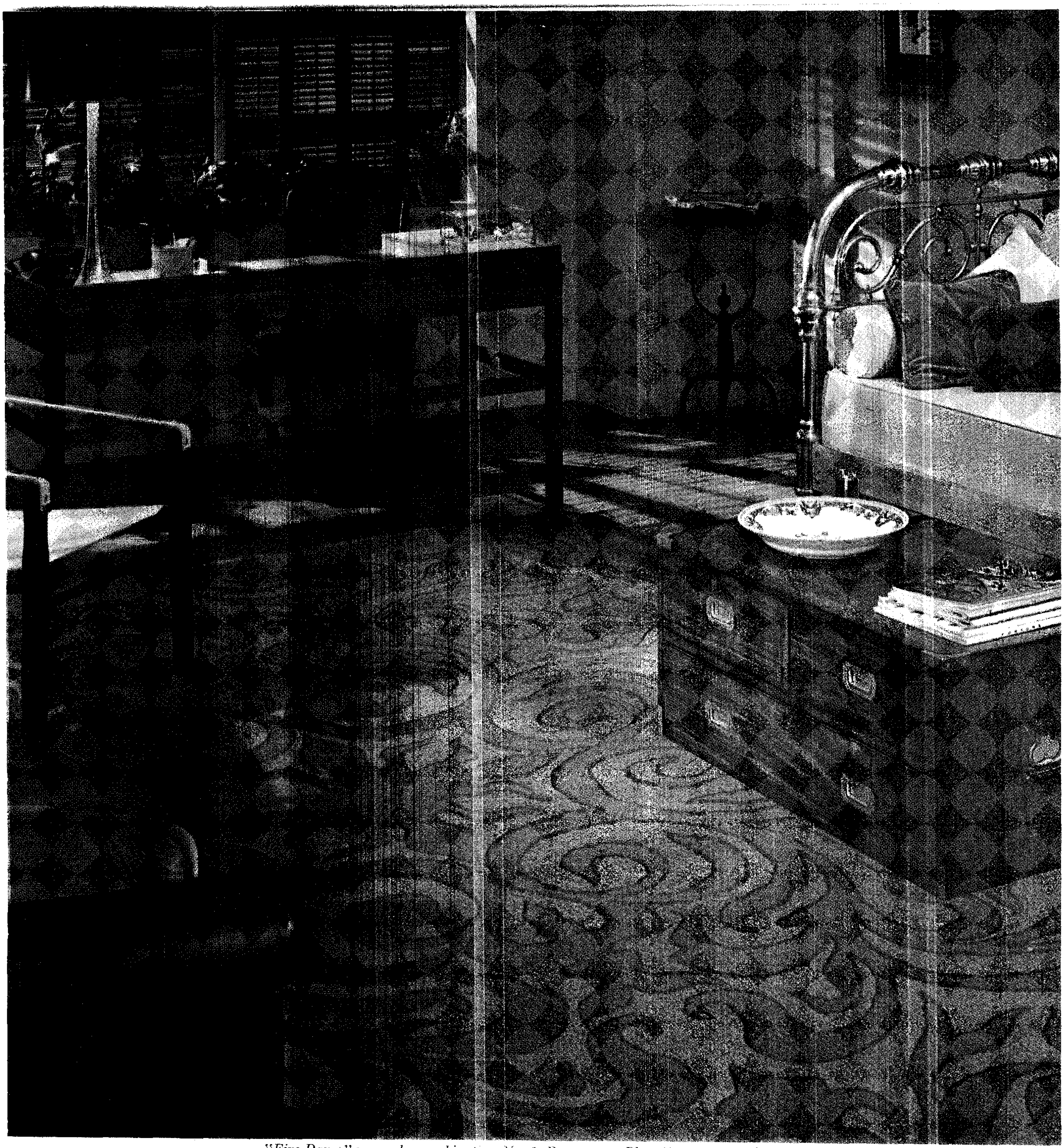
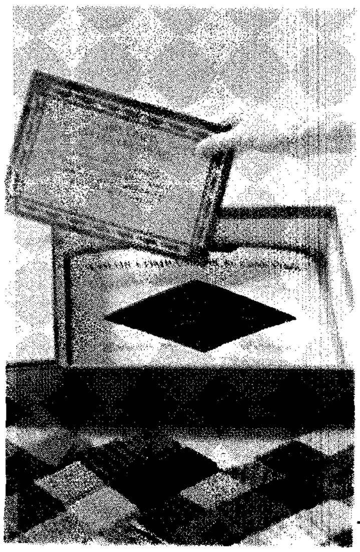


"Fire Dance" rug, color combination No. 1, Peppercorn-Blue, 9′ x 12′, approximate retail $575.00.



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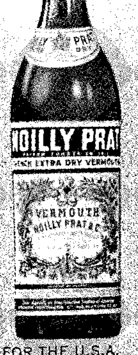
NOILLY PRAT
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VERMOUTH
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Bonnie and the girl were tied, and then draw up the bedcovers, *tuck* them in, like sweet dreams and good night? Or the pillows under Kenyon's head. At first, I thought maybe the pillows were put there to make his head a simpler target. Now I think, No, it was done for the same reason the mattress box was spread on the floor—to make the victim more comfortable."

But speculations such as these, though they absorbed Dewey, did not gratify him or give him a sense of "getting somewhere." A case was seldom solved by "fancy theories;" he put his faith in facts—"sweated for and sworn to." The quantity of facts to be sought and sifted, and the agenda planned to obtain them, promised perspiration aplenty, entailing, as it did, the tracking down, the "checking out," of hundreds of people, among them all former River Valley Farm employees, friends and family, anyone with whom Mr. Clutter had done business, much or little—a tortoise crawl into the past. For as Dewey had told his team, "We have to keep going till we know the Clutters better than they ever knew themselves. Until we see the connection between what we found last Sunday morning and something that happened maybe five years ago. The link. Got to be one. Got to."

Dewey's wife dozed, but she awakened when she felt him leave their bed, heard him once more answering the telephone, and heard, from the nearby room where her sons slept, sobs, a small boy crying. "Paul?" Ordinarily, Paul was neither troubled nor troublesome—not a whiner, ever. He was too busy digging tunnels in the back yard or practicing to be "the fastest runner in Finney County." But at breakfast that morning he'd burst into tears. His mother had not needed to ask him why; she knew that although he understood only hazily the reasons for the uproar round him, he felt endangered by it—by the harassing telephone, and the strangers at the door, and his father's worry-wearied eyes. She went to comfort Paul. His brother helped. "Paul," he said, "you take it easy now, and tomorrow I'll teach you to play poker."

Dewey was in the kitchen; Marie, searching for him, found him there, waiting for a pot of coffee to percolate, and with the murder-scene photographs spread before him on the kitchen table—bleak stains, spoiling the table's pretty fruit-patterned oilcloth. (Once, he had offered to let her look at the pictures. She had declined. She had said, "I want to remember Bonnie the way Bonnie was—and all of them.") He said, "Maybe the boys ought to stay with

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Mother." His mother, a widow, lived not far off, in a house she thought too spacious and silent; the grandchildren were always welcome. "For just a few days. Until—well, until."

"Alvin, do you think we'll ever get back to normal living?" Mrs. Dewey asked.

Their normal life was like this: Both worked, Mrs. Dewey as an office secretary, and they divided between them the household chores, taking turns at the stove and the sink. ("When Alvin was sheriff, I know some of the boys teased him. Used to say, 'Looka-yonder! Here comes Sheriff Dewey! Tough guy! Totes a six-shooter! But once he gets home, off comes the gun and on goes the apron!' ") At that time, they were saving to build a house on a farm that Dewey had bought in 1951—two hundred and forty acres several miles north of Garden City. If the weather was fine, and especially when the days were hot and the wheat was high and ripe, he liked to drive out there and practice his draw—shoot crows, tin cans—or, in his imagination, roam through the house he hoped to have, and through the garden he meant to plant, and under trees yet to be seeded. He was very certain that someday his own oasis of oaks and elms would stand upon those shadeless plains: "*Some*day. God willing."

A belief in God and the rituals surrounding that belief—church every Sunday, grace before meals, prayers before bed—were an important part of the Deweys' existence. "I don't see how anyone can sit down to table without wanting to bless it," Mrs. Dewey once said. "Sometimes, when I come home from work—well, I'm tired. But there's always coffee on the stove, and sometimes a steak in the icebox. The boys make a fire to cook the steak, and we talk, and tell each other our day, and by the time supper's ready I know we have good cause to be happy and grateful. So I say, 'Thank you, Lord.' Not just because I should—because I want to."

Now Mrs. Dewey said, "Alvin, answer me. Do you think we'll ever have a normal life again?"

He started to reply, but the telephone stopped him.

THE old Chevrolet left Kansas City November 21st, Saturday night. Luggage was lashed to the fenders and roped to the roof; the trunk was so stuffed it could not be shut; inside, on the back seat, two television sets stood, one atop the other. It was a tight fit for the passengers: Dick, who

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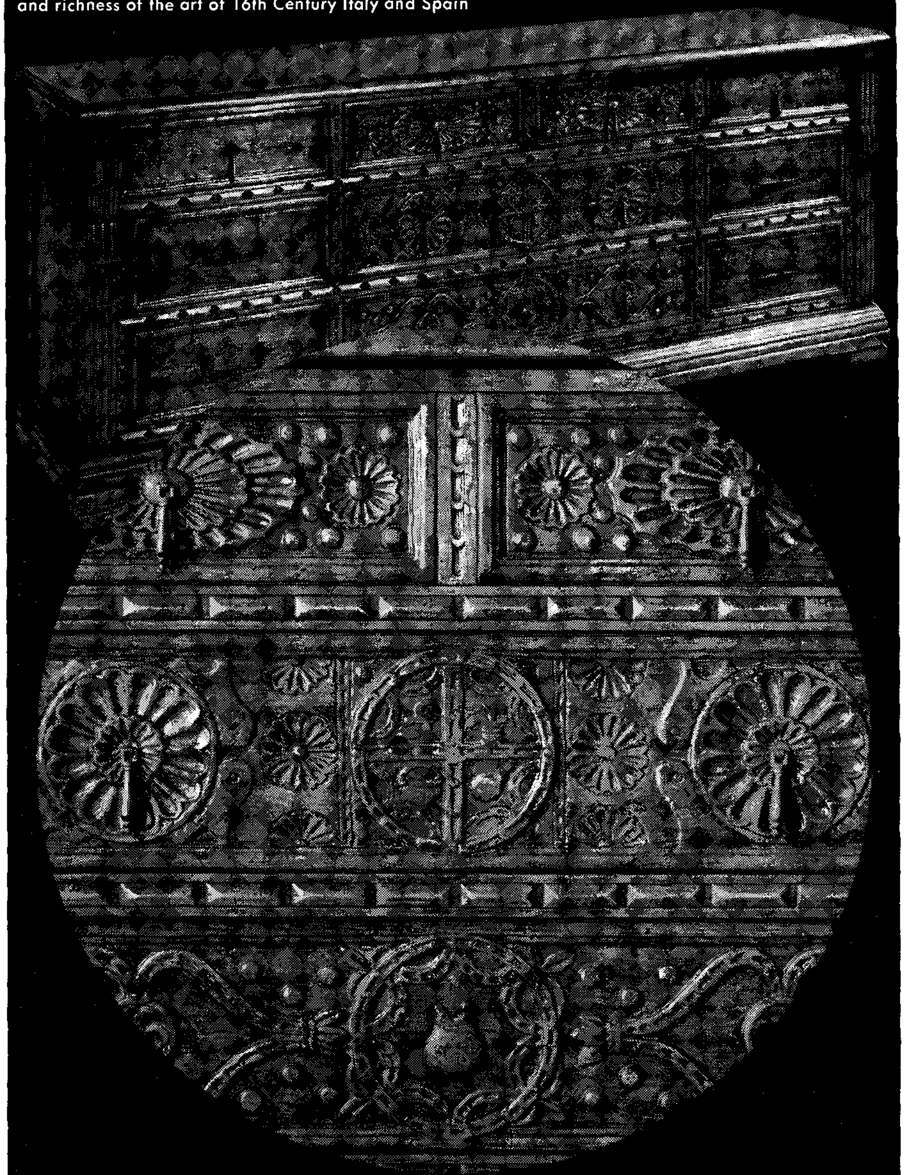

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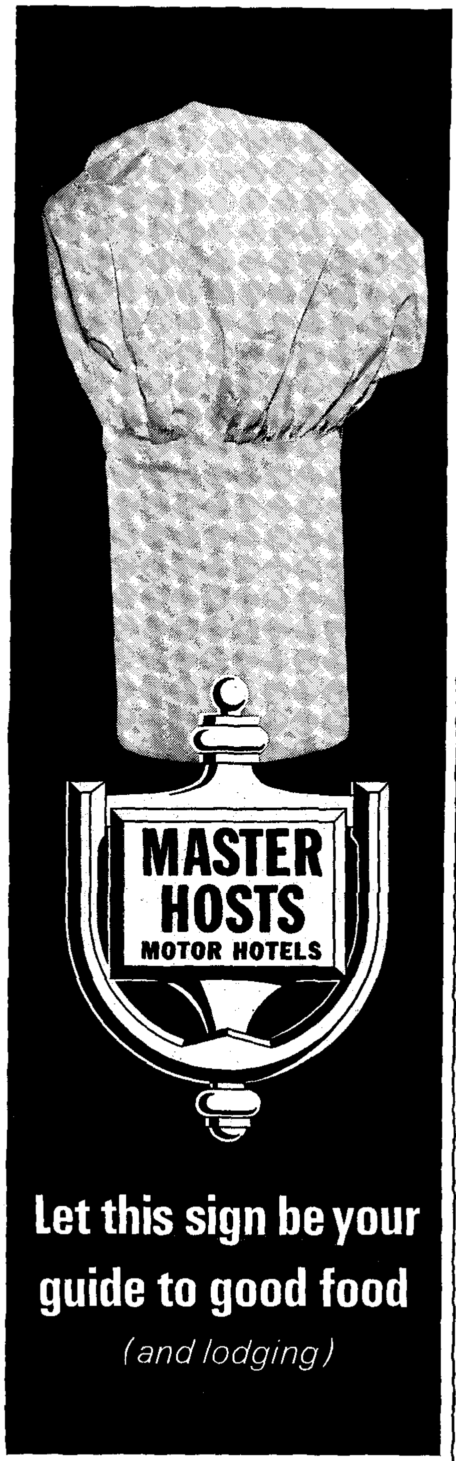

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was driving, and Perry, who sat clutching an old Gibson guitar, his most beloved possession. As for Perry's other belongings—a cardboard suitcase, a gray Zenith portable radio, a gallon jug of root-beer syrup (he feared that his favorite beverage might not be available in Mexico), and two big boxes containing books, manuscripts, cherished memorabilia (and hadn't Dick raised hell! Cursed, kicked the boxes, called them "five hundred pounds of pig slop!")—these, too, were part of the car's untidy interior.

Around midnight, they crossed the border into Oklahoma. Perry, glad to be out of Kansas, at last relaxed. Now it was true—they were on their way. On their way, and never coming back—without regret, as far as he was concerned, for he was leaving nothing behind, and no one who might deeply wonder into what thin air he'd spiralled. The same could not be said of Dick. There were those Dick claimed to love: three sons, a mother, a father, a brother—persons he hadn't dared confide his plans to, or bid goodbye, though he never expected to see them again—not in this life.

"CLUTTER-ENGLISH VOWS GIVEN IN SATURDAY CEREMONY": that headline, appearing on the social page of the Garden City *Telegram* for Monday, November 23rd, surprised many of its readers. It seemed that Beverly, the second of Mr. Clutter's surviving daughters, had married Mr. Vere Edward English, the young biology student to whom she had long been engaged. Miss Clutter had worn white, and the wedding, a full-scale affair ("Mrs. Leonard Cowan was soloist, and Mrs. Howard Blanchard organist"), had been "solemnized at the First Methodist Church"—the church in which, three days earlier, the bride had formally mourned her parents, her brother, and her younger sister. However, according to the *Telegram's* account, "Vere and Beverly had planned to be married at Christmas time. The invitations were printed and her father had reserved the church for that date. Due to the unexpected tragedy and because of the many relatives being here from distant places, the young couple decided to have their wedding Saturday."

The wedding over, the Clutter kinfolk dispersed. On that same Monday—the day the last of them left Garden City—the *Telegram* featured on its front page a letter written by Mr. Howard Fox, of Oregon, Illinois, a brother of Bonnie Clutter. The letter,

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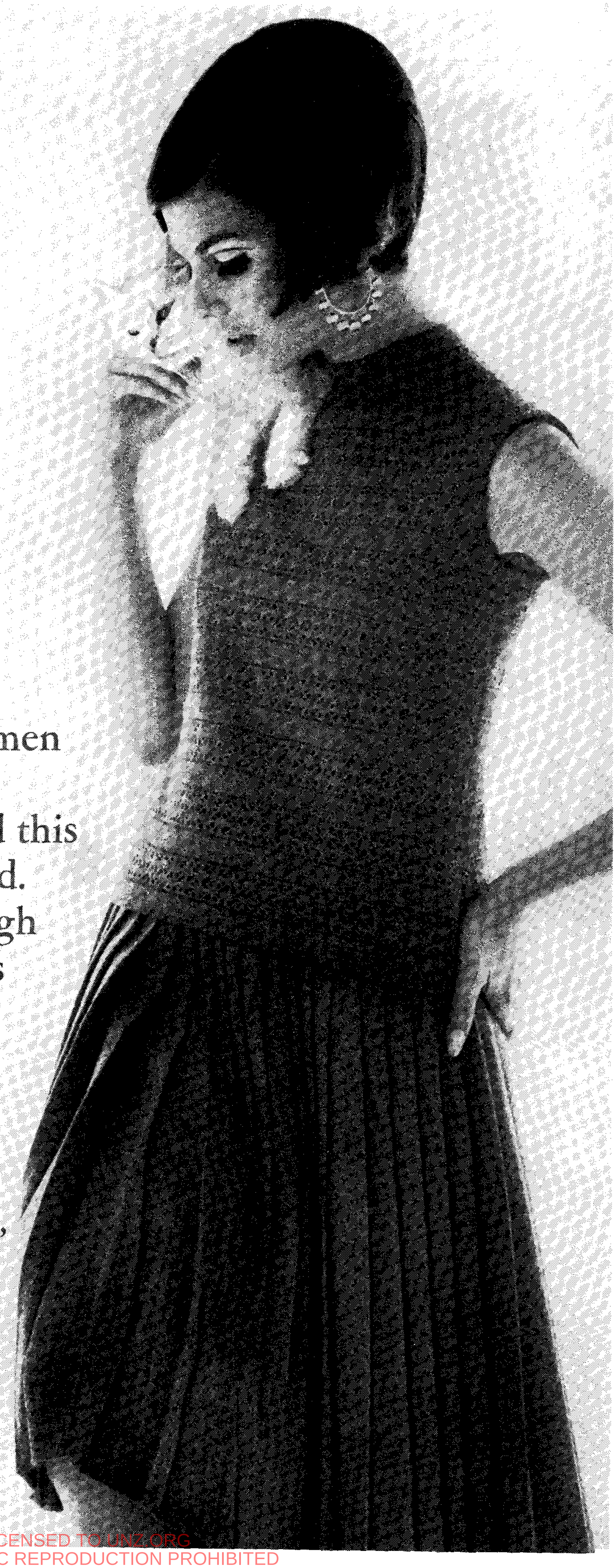

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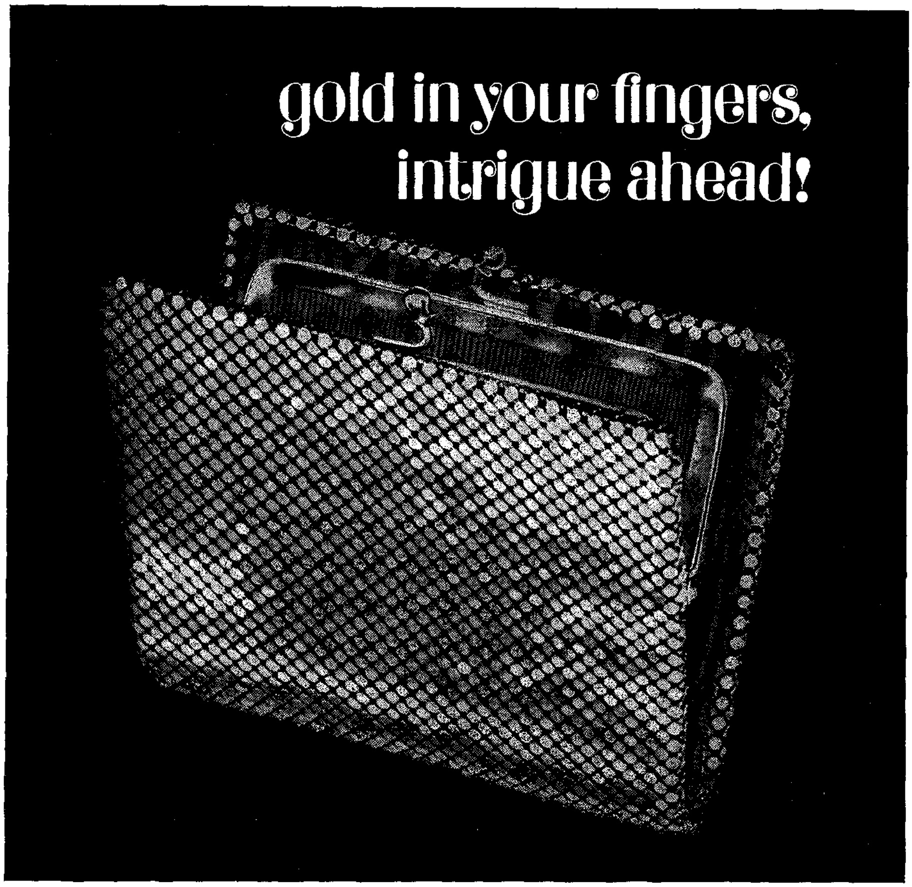

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after expressing gratitude to the townspeople for having opened their "homes and hearts" to the bereaved family, turned into a plea. "There is much resentment in this community [that is, Garden City]," wrote Mr. Fox. "I have even heard on more than one occasion that the man, when found, should be hanged from the nearest tree. Let us not feel this way. The deed is done and taking another life cannot change it. Instead, let us forgive as God would have us do. It is not right that we should hold a grudge in our hearts. The doer of this act is going to find it very difficult indeed to live with himself. His only peace of mind will be when he goes to God for forgiveness. Let us not stand in the way but instead give prayers that he may find his peace."

THE car was parked on a promontory where Perry and Dick had stopped to eat. It was noon. Dick scanned the view through a pair of binoculars. Mountains. Hawks wheeling in a white sky. A dusty road winding into and out of a white and dusty village. Today was his second day in Mexico, and so far he liked it fine—even the food. (At this very moment, he was eating a cold, oily *tortilla.*) They had crossed the border at Laredo, Texas, the morning of November 23rd, and spent the first night in a San Luis Potosí brothel. They were now two hundred miles north of their next destination, Mexico City.

"Know what I think?" said Perry. "I think there must be something wrong with us. To do what we did."

"Did what?"

"Out there."

Dick dropped the binoculars into a leather case, a luxurious receptacle initialled "H.W.C." He was annoyed. Annoyed as hell. Why the hell couldn't Perry shut up? Christ Jesus, what damn good did it do, always dragging the goddam thing up? It really was *annoying*. Especially since they'd agreed, sort of, not to talk about the goddam thing. Just forget it.

"There's got to be something wrong with somebody who'd do a thing like that," Perry said.

"Deal me out, baby," Dick said. "I'm a normal." And Dick meant what he said. He thought himself as balanced, as sane as anyone—maybe a bit smarter than the average fellow, that's all. But Perry—there *was*, in Dick's opinion, "something wrong" with Little Perry. To say the least. Last spring, when they had celled together at Kansas State Penitentiary, he'd learned most of

Perry's lesser peculiarities: Perry could be "such a kid," always wetting his bed and crying in his sleep ("Dad, I been looking everywhere, where you been, Dad?"), and often Dick had seen him "sit for hours just sucking his thumb and poring over them phony damn treasure guides." Which was one side; there were others. In some ways, old Perry was "spooky as hell." Take, for instance, that temper of his. He could slide into a fury "quicker than ten drunk Indians." And yet you wouldn't know it. "He might be ready to kill you, but you'd never know it, not to look at or listen to," Dick once said. For, however extreme the inward rage, outwardly Perry remained a cool young tough, with eyes serene and slightly sleepy, and a soft, unemphatic voice. The time had been when Dick had thought he could control, could regulate the temperature of these sudden cold fevers that burned and chilled his friend. He had been mistaken, and, in the aftermath of that discovery, had grown very unsure of Perry, not at all certain what to think—except that he felt he ought to be afraid of him, and wondered really why he wasn't.

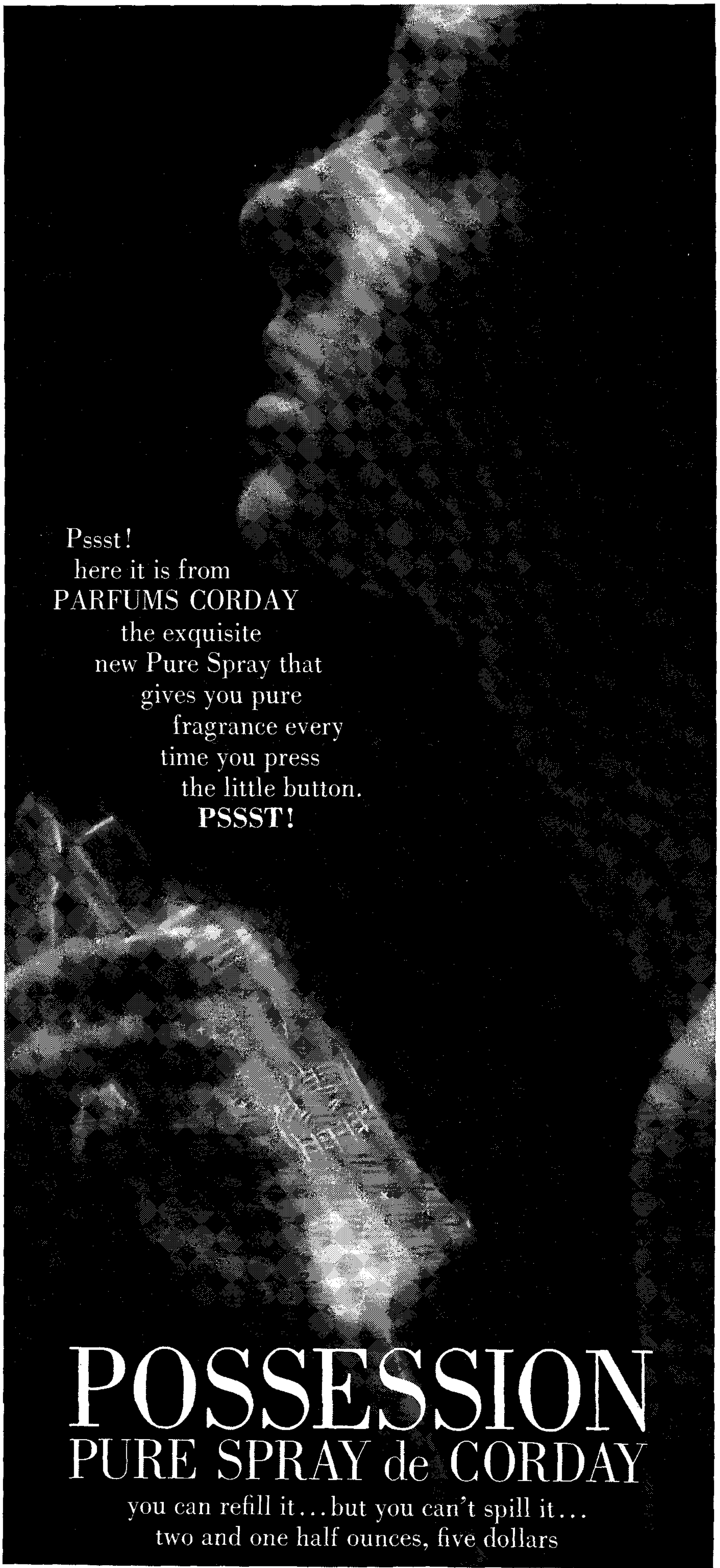
"Deep down," Perry continued, "way, way rock-bottom, I never thought I could do it. A thing like that."

"How about the nigger?" Dick said. Silence. Dick realized that Perry was staring at him. A week ago, in Kansas City, Perry had bought a pair of dark glasses—fancy ones with silver-lacquered rims and mirrored lenses. Dick disliked them; he'd told Perry he was ashamed to be seen with "anyone who'd wear that kind of flit stuff." Actually, what irked him was the mirrored lenses; it was unpleasant having Perry's eyes hidden behind the privacy of those tinted, reflecting surfaces.

"But a nigger," said Perry. "That's different."

The comment, the reluctance with which it was pronounced, made Dick ask, "Or did you? Kill him like you said?" It was a significant question, for his original interest in Perry, his assessment of Perry's character and potentialities, was founded on a story Perry had told him—the tale of how he'd once, merely because he "felt like it," beaten a colored man to death.

"Sure I did. Only—a nigger. It's not the same." Then Perry said, "Know what it is that really bugs me? About that other thing? It's just I don't believe it—that anyone can get away with a thing like that. Because I don't see how it's possible. To do what we did. And just one hundred per cent get



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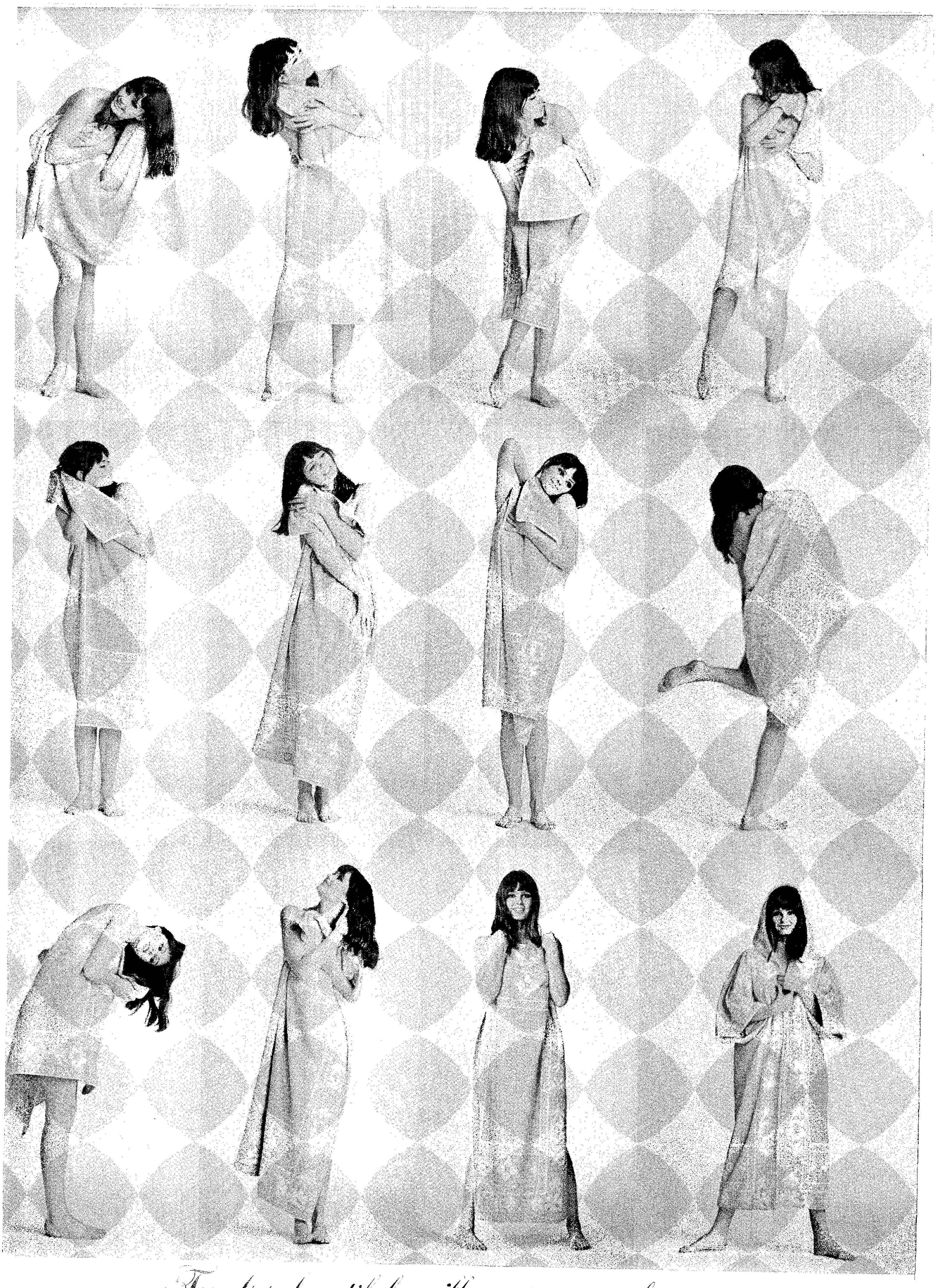
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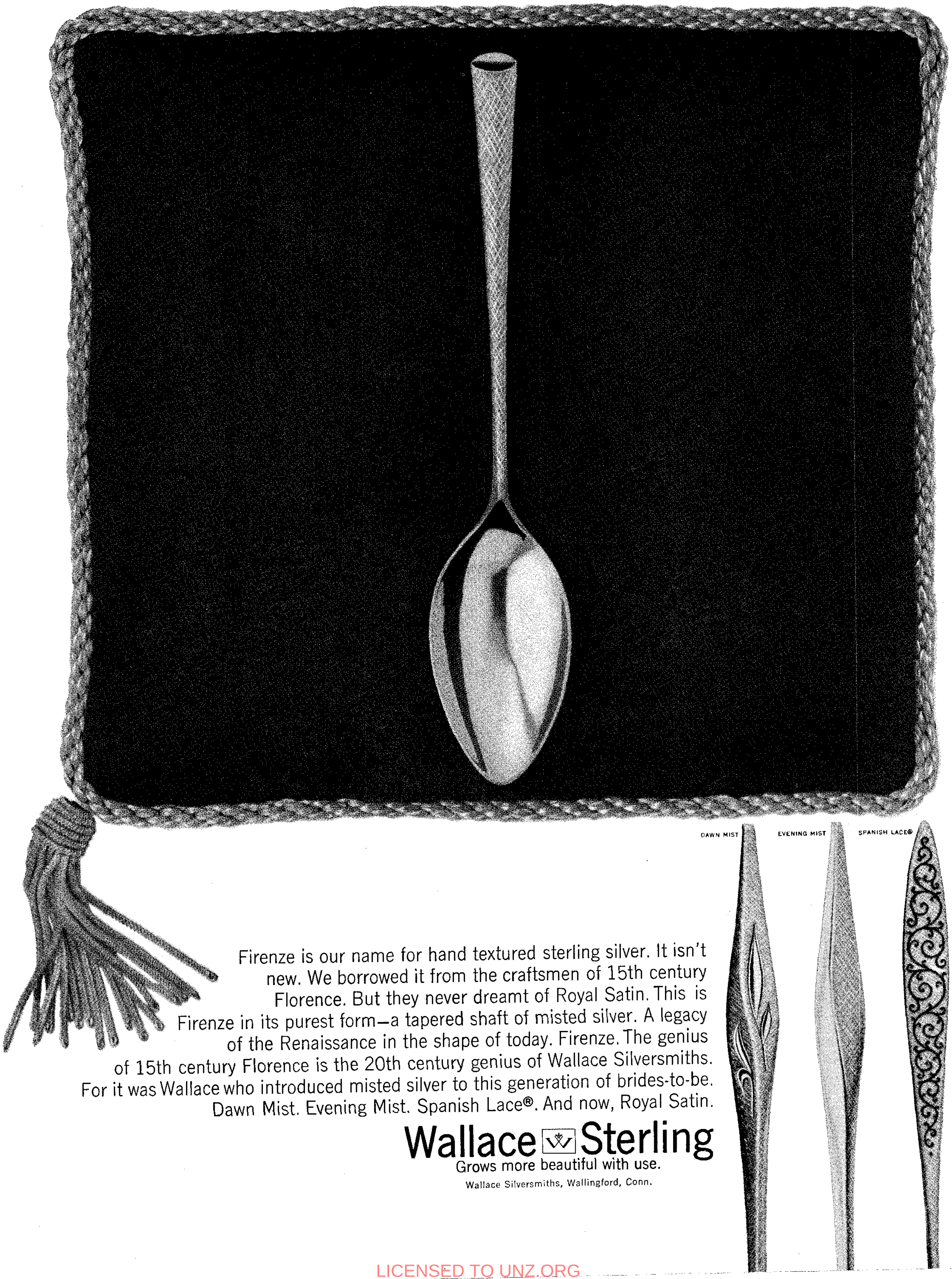

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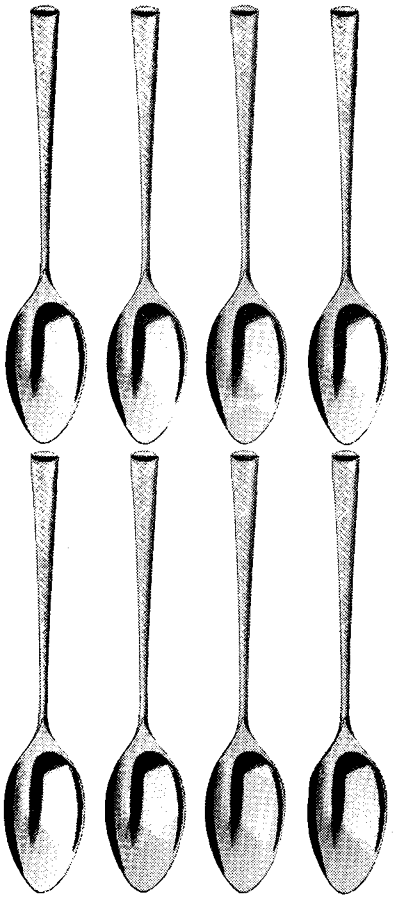

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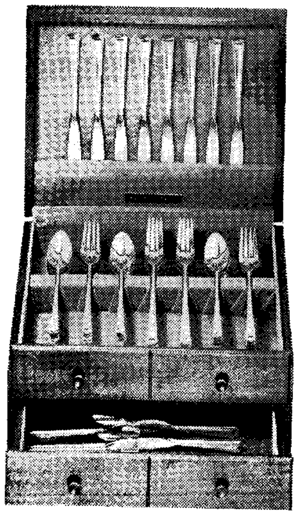

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away with it. I mean, that's what bugs me—I can't get it out of my head that something's got to happen."

Though as a child he had attended church, Dick had never "come near" a belief in God. Nor was he troubled by superstitions. Unlike Perry, he was not convinced that a broken mirror meant seven years' misfortune, or that a young moon, if glimpsed through glass, portended evil. But Perry, with his sharp and scratchy intuitions, had hit upon Dick's one abiding doubt. Dick, too, suffered moments when that question circled inside his head: Was it possible—were the two of them going to "just one hundred per cent get away with it"? Suddenly he said to Perry, "Now, just shut up!" Then he gunned the motor and backed the car off the promontory. Ahead of him, on the dusty road, he saw a dog trotting along in the warm sunshine.

THE car parked on the promontory. Mountains. Hawks wheeling in the white sky.

When Perry asked Dick the question "Know what I think?" he knew he was beginning a conversation that would displease Dick, and one that, for that matter, he himself would quite as soon avoid. He agreed with Dick: Why go on talking about it? But he could not always stop himself. Spells of helplessness occurred, moments when he "remembered things"—blue light exploding in a black room, the glass eyes of a big toy bear—and when voices, a particular few words, started nagging his mind: "Oh, no! Oh, please! No! No! No! No! Don't! Oh, please don't! Please!" And certain sounds returned—a silver dollar rolling across a floor, bootsteps on hardwood stairs, and the sounds of breathing, the gasps, the hysterical inhalations of a man with a severed windpipe.

When Perry said, "I think there must be something wrong with us," he was making an admission he "hated to make." After all, it was "painful" to imagine that one might be "not just right"—particularly if whatever was wrong was not your own fault but "maybe a thing you were born with." Look at his family! Look at what had happened there! His mother, an alcoholic, had strangled to death on her own vomit. Of her children, two sons and two daughters, only the younger girl, Barbara, had entered ordinary life, married, begun raising a family. Fern, the other daughter, jumped out of a window of a San Francisco hotel. (Perry had ever since "tried to believe she slipped," for he'd loved Fern. She was "such a sweet person," so "artistic," a

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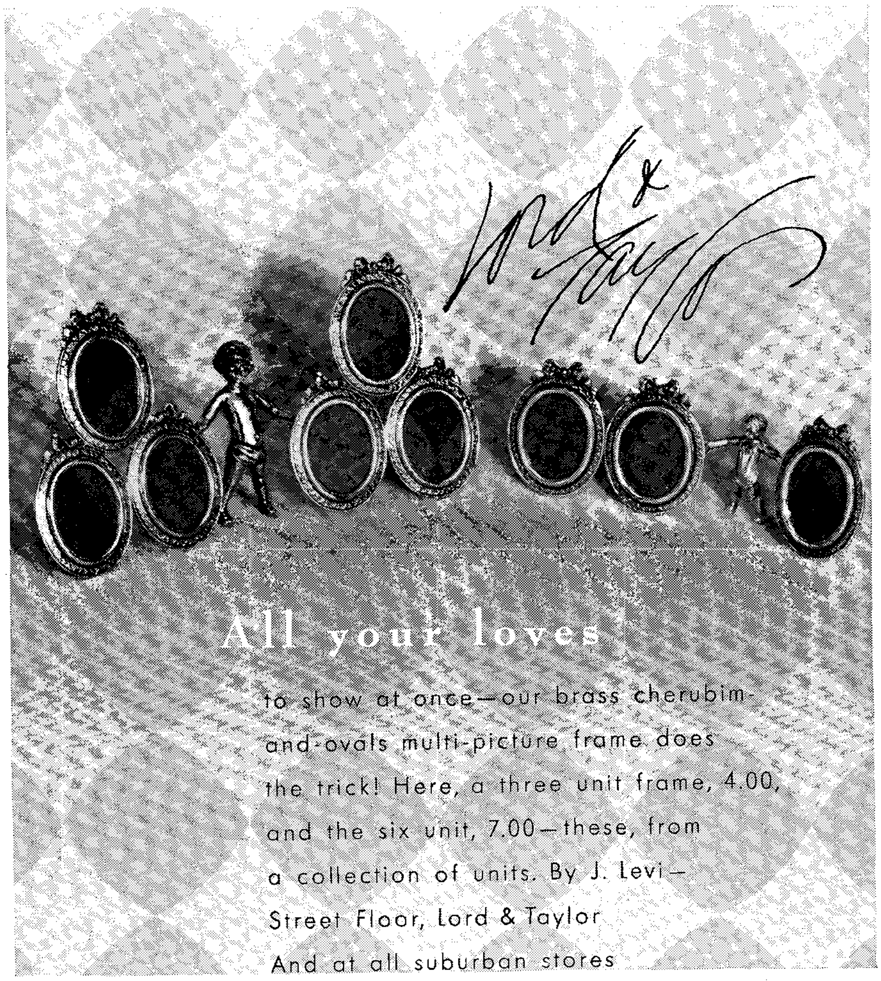

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"terrific" dancer, and she could sing, too. "If she'd ever had any luck at all, with her looks and all she could have got somewhere, been somebody." It was sad to think of her climbing over a window sill and falling fifteen floors.) And there was Jimmy, the older boy—Jimmy, who had killed his wife one day and himself the next.

Then he heard Dick say, "Deal me out, baby. I'm a normal." Wasn't that a horse's laugh? But never mind, let it pass. "Deep down," Perry continued, "way, way rock-bottom, I never thought I could do it. A thing like that." And at once he recognized his error: Dick would, of course, answer by asking, "How about the nigger?" When he'd told Dick that story, it was because he'd wanted Dick's friendship, wanted Dick to "respect" him, think him "hard," as much "the masculine type" as he had considered Dick to be. And so, one day, after they had both read and were discussing a *Reader's Digest* article entitled "How Good a Character Detective Are You?" ("As you wait in a dentist's office or a railway station, try studying the giveaway signs in people around you. Watch the way they walk, for example. A stiff-legged gait can reveal a rigid, unbending personality; a shambling walk a lack of determination"), Perry had said, "I've always been an outstanding character detective, otherwise I'd be dead today. Like if I couldn't judge when to trust somebody. You never can much. But I've come to trust you, Dick. You'll see I do, because I'm going to put myself in your power. I'm going to tell you something I never told anybody. Not even Willie-Jay. About the time I fixed a guy." And Perry saw, as he went on, that Dick was interested; he was really listening. "It was a couple of summers ago. Out in Vegas. I was living in this old boarding house—it used to be a fancy cat house. But all the fancy was gone. It was a place they should have torn down ten years back; anyway, it was sort of coming down by itself. The cheapest rooms were in the attic, and I lived up there. So did this nigger. His name was King; he was a transient. We were the only two up there—us and a million *cucarachas*. King, he wasn't too young, but he'd done roadwork and other outdoor stuff—he had a good build. He wore glasses, and he read a lot. He never shut his door. Every time I passed by, he was always lying there buck-naked. He was out of work, and said he'd saved a few dollars from his last job, said he wanted to stay in bed awhile, read and fan himself and drink beer. The stuff he read, it was just junk—

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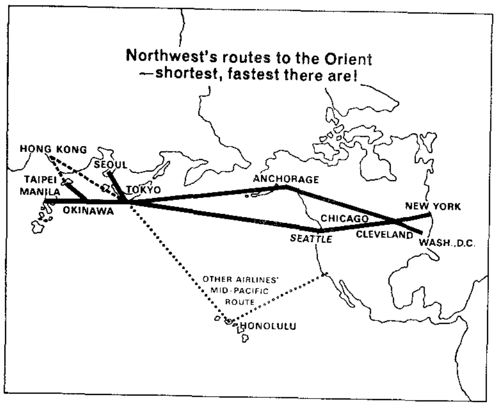
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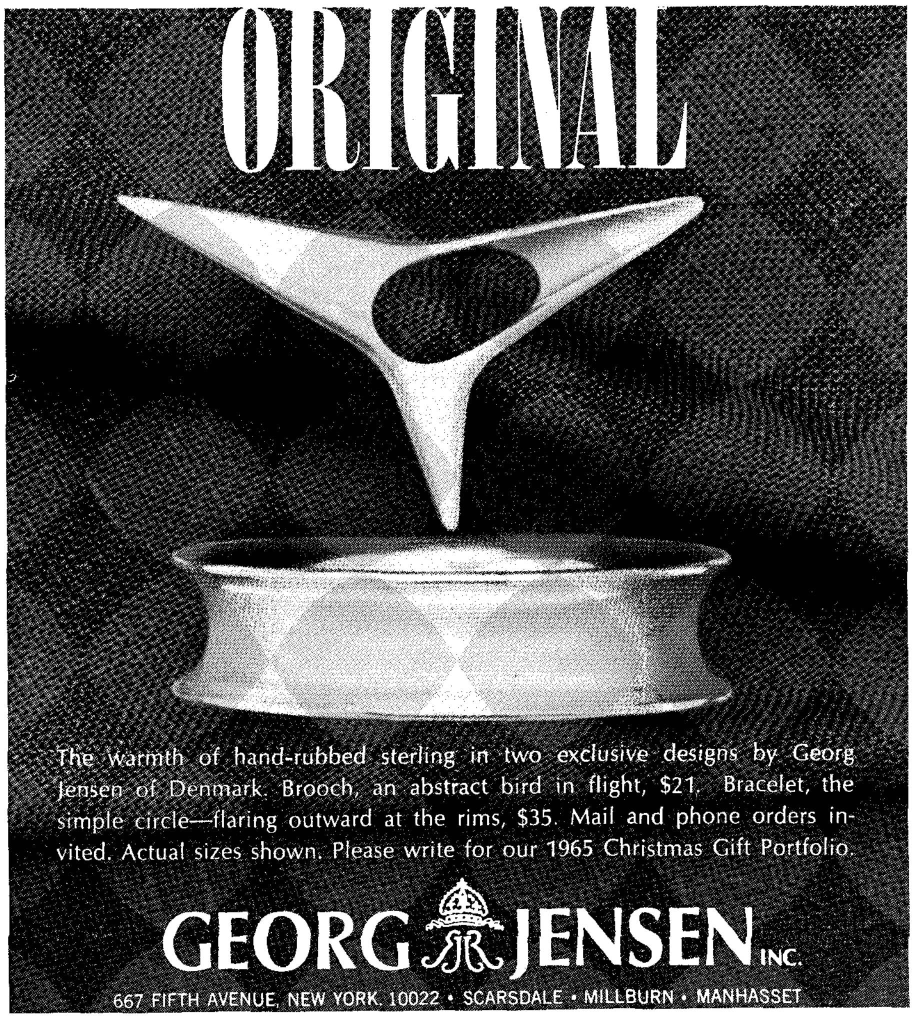
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comic books and cowboy junk. He was O.K. Sometimes we'd have a beer together, and once he lent me ten dollars. I had no cause to hurt him. But one night we were sitting in the attic, it was so hot you couldn't sleep, so I said, 'Come on, King, let's go for a drive.' I had an old car I'd stripped and souped and painted silver—the Silver Ghost, I called it. We went for a long drive. Drove way out in the desert. Out there it was cool. We parked and drank a few more beers. King got out of the car, and I followed after him. He didn't see I'd picked up this chain. A bicycle chain I kept under the seat. Actually, I had no real idea to do it till I did it. I hit him across the face. Broke his glasses. I kept right on. Afterward, I didn't feel a thing. I left him there, and never heard a word about it. Maybe nobody ever found him. Just buzzards."

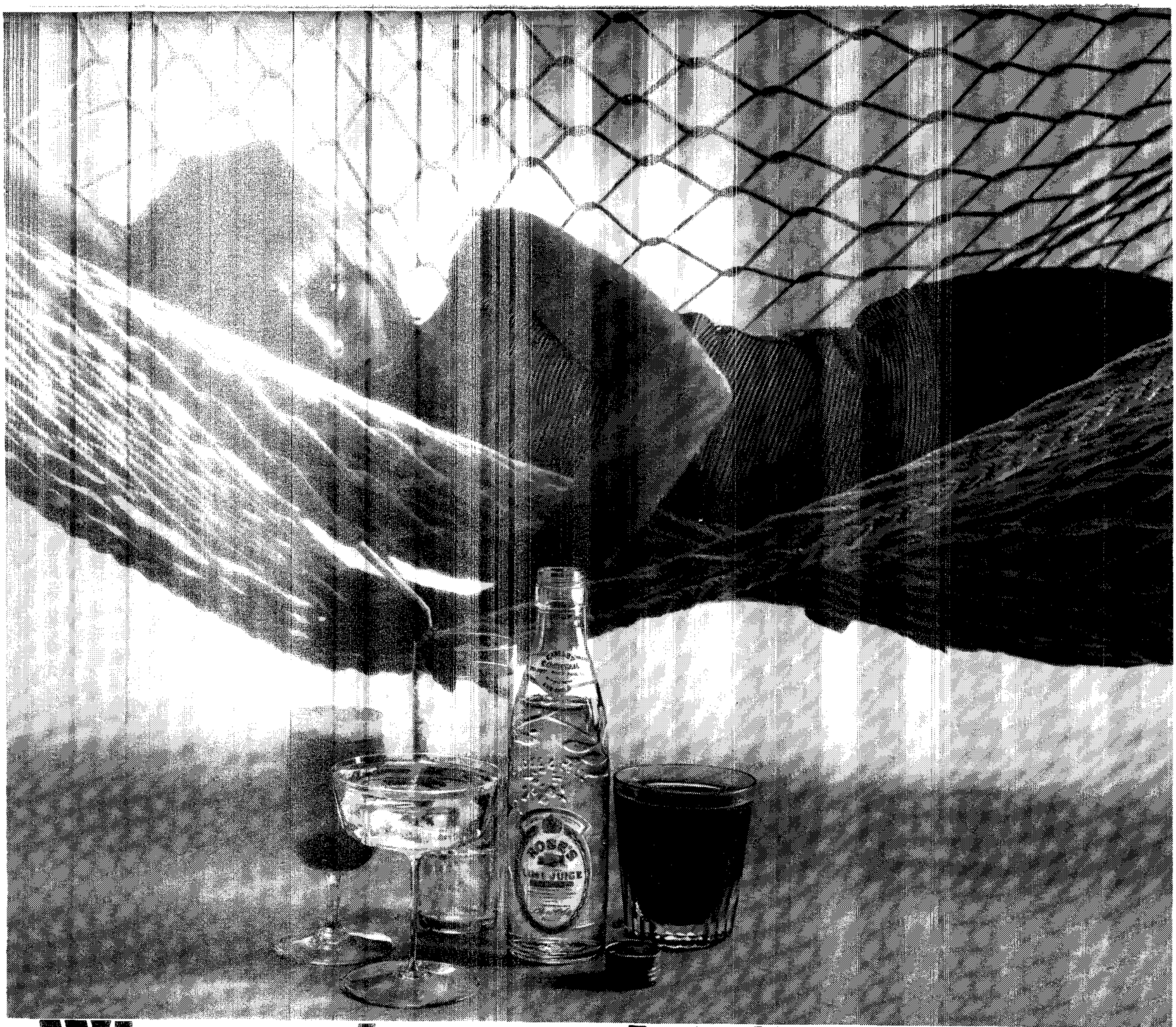
There was some truth in the story. Perry had known, under the circumstances stated, a Negro named King. But if the man was dead today it was none of Perry's doing; he'd never raised a hand against him. For all he knew, King might still be lying abed somewhere, fanning himself and sipping beer.

"Or *did* you? Kill *him* like you said?" Dick asked.

Perry was not a gifted liar, or a prolific one; however, once he had told a fiction he usually stuck by it. "Sure I did. Only—a nigger. It's not the same." Presently, he said, "Know what it is that really bugs me? About that other thing? It's just I don't believe it—that anyone can get away with a thing like that." And he suspected that Dick didn't, either. For Dick was at least partly inhabited by Perry's mystical-moral apprehensions. Thus: "Now, just shut up!"

The car was moving. A hundred feet ahead, a dog trotted along the side of the road. Dick swerved toward it. It was an old, starved, half-dead mongrel, brittle-boned and mangy, and the impact, as it met the car, was little more than what a bird might make. But Dick was satisfied. "Boy!" he said—and it was what he always said after running down a dog, which was something he did whenever the opportunity arose. "Boy! We sure splattered him!"

THANKSGIVING passed, and the pheasant season came to a halt, but not the beautiful, long Indian summer, with its flow of clear, pure days. The last of the out-of-town newsmen, convinced that the case was never going to be solved, left Garden City. But the case was by no means closed for the people of Finney County, and least of all for those



What makes cocktails swing?

Calypso limes.

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Plenty more, too. Get yourself plenty of Rose's Lime Juice. And swing.

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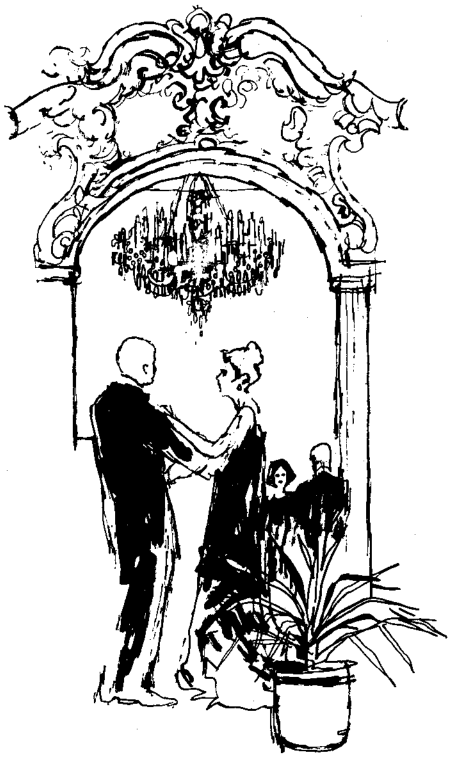

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THE VIENNA INTERCONTINENTAL

who patronized Holcomb's favorite meeting place, Hartman's Café.

"Since the trouble started, we've been doing all the business we can handle," Mrs. Bess Hartman said, gazing around her snug domain, every scrap of which was being sat or stood or leaned upon by tobacco-scented, coffee-drinking farmers, farm helpers, and ranch hands. "Just a bunch of old women," added Mrs. Hartman's cousin, Postmistress Clare, who happened to be on the premises. "If it was spring, and work to be done, they wouldn't be here. But wheat's in, winter's on the way, they got nothing to do but sit around and scare each other. You know Bill Brown, down to the *Telegram*? See the editorial he wrote? That one he called it 'Another Crime'? Said, 'It's time for everyone to stop wagging loose tongues.' Because that's a crime, too—telling plain-out lies. But what can you expect? Look around you. Rattlesnakes. Varmints. *Rumor*mongers. See anything else? Ha! Like dash you do."

One rumor originating in Hartman's Café involved Mr. Taylor Jones, a rancher whose property adjoins River Valley Farm. In the opinion of a good part of the café's clientele, Mr. Jones and his family, not the Clutters, were the murderer's intended victims. "It makes harder sense," argued one of those who held this view. "Taylor Jones, he's a richer man than Herb Clutter ever was. Now, pretend the fellow who done it wasn't anyone from hereabouts. Pretend he'd been maybe hired to kill, and all he had was instructions on how to get to the house. Well, it would be mighty easy to make a mistake—take the wrong turn—and end up at Herb's place 'stead of Taylor's." The "Jones Theory" was much repeated—especially to the Joneses, a dignified and sensible family, who refused to be flustered.

A lunch counter, a few tables, an alcove harboring a hot grill and an icebox and a radio—that's all there is to Hartman's Café. "But our customers like it," says the proprietress. "Got to. Nowhere else for them to go. 'Less they drive seven miles one direction or fifteen the other. Anyway, we run a friendly place, and the coffee's good since Mabel came to work," Mabel being Mrs. Helm, the Clutters' former housekeeper. "After the tragedy, I said, 'Mabel, now that you're out of a job, why don't you come give me a hand at the café. Cook a little. Wait counter.' How it turned out—the only bad feature is, everybody comes in here, they pester her with questions. About the tragedy. But Mabel's not like Cousin

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Frankfurt INTERCONTINENTAL

Myrt. Or me. She's shy. Besides, she doesn't know anything special. No more than anybody else." But by and large the Hartman congregation continued to suspect that Mabel Helm knew a thing or two that she was holding back. And, of course, she did. Dewey had had several conversations with her and had requested that everything they said be kept secret. Particularly, she was not to mention the missing radio or the watch found in Nancy's shoe. Which is why she said to Mrs. Archibald William Warren-Browne, "Anybody reads the papers knows as much as I do. More. Because I don't read them."

Square, squat, in the earlier forties, an Englishwoman fitted out with an accent almost incoherently upper-class, Mrs. Archibald William Warren-Browne did not at all resemble the café's other frequenters, and seemed, within that setting, like a peacock trapped in a turkey pen. Once, explaining to an acquaintance why she and her husband had abandoned "family estates in the North of England," exchanging the hereditary home—"the jolliest, oh, the prettiest old priory"—for an old and highly unjolly farmhouse on the plains of western Kansas, Mrs. Warren-Browne said, "Taxes, my dear. Death duties. E*nor*mous, *crim*inal death duties. That's what drove us out of England. Yes, we left a year ago. Without regrets. None. We love it here. *Just* adore it. Though, of course, it's very *dif*ferent from our other life. The life we've always known. Paris and Rome. Monte. London. I do—oc*ca*sionally—think of London. Oh, I don't *really* miss it—the frenzy, and never a cab, and always worrying how one looks. Positively not. We love it here. I suppose some people—those aware of our past, the life we've led—wonder aren't we the tiniest bit *lone*ly, out here in the wheat fields. Out West is where we meant to settle. Wyoming or Nevada—*la vraie chose*. We hoped when we got there some oil might stick to us. But on our way we stopped to visit friends in Garden City—friends *of* friends, *ac*tually. But they couldn't have been kinder. In*sist*ed we linger on. And we thought, Well, why not? Why not hire a bit of land and start ranching? Or farming. Which is a decision we still haven't come to—whether to ranch or farm. Dr. Austin asked if we didn't find it perhaps too quiet. *Ac*tually, no. *Ac*tually, I've never known such bedlam. It's noisier than a bomb raid. *Train* whistles. *Co*yotes. Monsters *howl*ing the bloody night long. A horrid racket. And since the murders it seems to bother me more. So many things do. Our house—what

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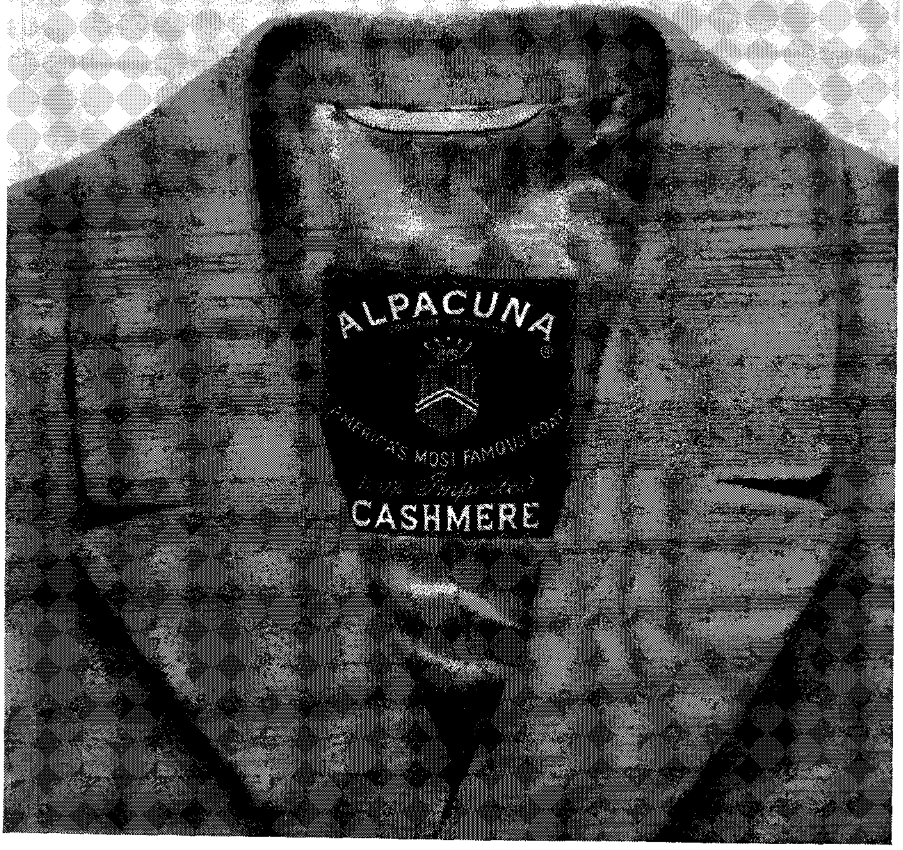

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an old creaker it is! Mark you, I'm not complaining. Really, it's quite a serviceable house—has all the mod. cons.—but, oh, how it coughs and grunts! And after dark, when the wind commences, that *hate*ful prairie wind, one hears the most *appall*ing moans. I mean, if one's a bit nervy, one can't help imagining—silly things. Dear God! That poor family! No, we never met them. I *saw* Mr. Clutter once. In the Federal Building."

Early in December, in the course of a single afternoon, two of the café's steadiest customers announced plans to pack up and leave not merely Finney County but the state. The first was a tenant farmer who worked for Mr. Lester McCoy, a well-known western-Kansas landowner and businessman. He said, "I had myself a talk with Mr. McCoy. Tried to let him know what's going on out here in Holcomb and hereabouts. How a body can't sleep. My wife can't sleep, and she won't allow me. So I told Mr. McCoy I like his place fine but he better hunt up another man. 'Count of we're movin' on. Down to east Colorado. Maybe then I'll get some rest."

The second announcement was made by Mrs. Hideo Ashida, a farmer's wife, who stopped by the café with three of her four red-cheeked Japanese-American children. She lined them up at the counter and told Mrs. Hartman, "Give Bruce a box of Cracker Jack. Bobby wants a Coke. Bonnie Jean? We know how you feel, Bonnie Jean, but come on, have a treat." Bonnie Jean shook her head, and Mrs. Ashida said, "Bonnie Jean's sort of blue. She don't want to leave here. The school here. And all her friends."

"Why, say," said Mrs. Hartman, smiling at Bonnie Jean. "That's nothing to be sad over. Transferring from Holcomb to Garden City High. Lots more boys—"

Bonnie Jean said, "You don't understand. Daddy's taking us away. To Nebraska."

Bess Hartman looked at the mother, as if expecting her to deny the daughter's allegation.

"It's true, Bess," Mrs. Ashida said.

"I don't know what to say," said Mrs. Hartman, her voice indignantly astonished, and also despairing. The Ashidas were a part of the Holcomb community everyone appreciated—a family likably high-spirited, yet hard-working, and neighborly and generous, though they didn't have much to be generous with.

Mrs. Ashida said, "We've been talking on it a long time. Hideo, he thinks we can do better somewhere else."

"When you plan to go?"

"Soon as we sell up. But anyway not before Christmas. On account of a deal we've worked out with the dentist. About Hideo's Christmas present. Me and the kids, we're giving him three gold teeth. For Christmas."

Mrs. Hartman sighed. "I don't know what to say. Except I wish you wouldn't. Just up and leave us." She sighed again. "Seems like we're losing everybody. One way and another."

"Gosh, you think I want to leave?" Mrs. Ashida said. "Far as people go, this is the nicest place we ever lived. But Hideo, he's the man, and he says we can get a better farm in Nebraska. And I'll tell you something, Bess." Mrs. Ashida attempted a frown, but her plump, round, smooth face could not quite manage it. "We used to argue about it. Then, one night, I said, 'O.K., you're the boss, let's go.' After what happened to Herb and his family, I felt something around here had come to an end. I mean personally. For me. And so I quit arguing. I said O.K." She dipped a hand into Bruce's box of Cracker Jack. "Gosh, I can't get over it. I can't get it off my mind. I *liked* Herb. Did you know I was one of the last to see him alive? Uh-huh. Me and the kids. We been to the 4-H meeting in Garden City and he gave us a ride home. The last thing I said to Herb, I told him how I couldn't imagine his ever being afraid. That no matter what the situation was, he could talk his way out of it." Thoughtfully she nibbled a kernel of Cracker Jack, took a swig of Bobby's Coke, then said, "Funny, but, you know, Bess, I'll bet he *wasn't* afraid. I mean, however it happened, I'll bet right up to the last he didn't believe it would. Because it couldn't. Not to him."

THE sun was blazing. A small boat was riding at anchor in a mild sea: the *Estrellita*, with four persons aboard—Dick, Perry, a young Mexican, and Otto, a rich middle-aged German.

"Please. Again," said Otto, and Perry, strumming his guitar, sang in a husky-sweet voice a Smoky Mountains song:

"In this world today while we're living
Some folks say the worst of us they can,
But when we're dead and in our caskets,
They always slip some lilies in our hand.
Won't you give me flowers while I'm living. . . ."

A week in Mexico City, and then he and Dick had driven south—Cuerna-

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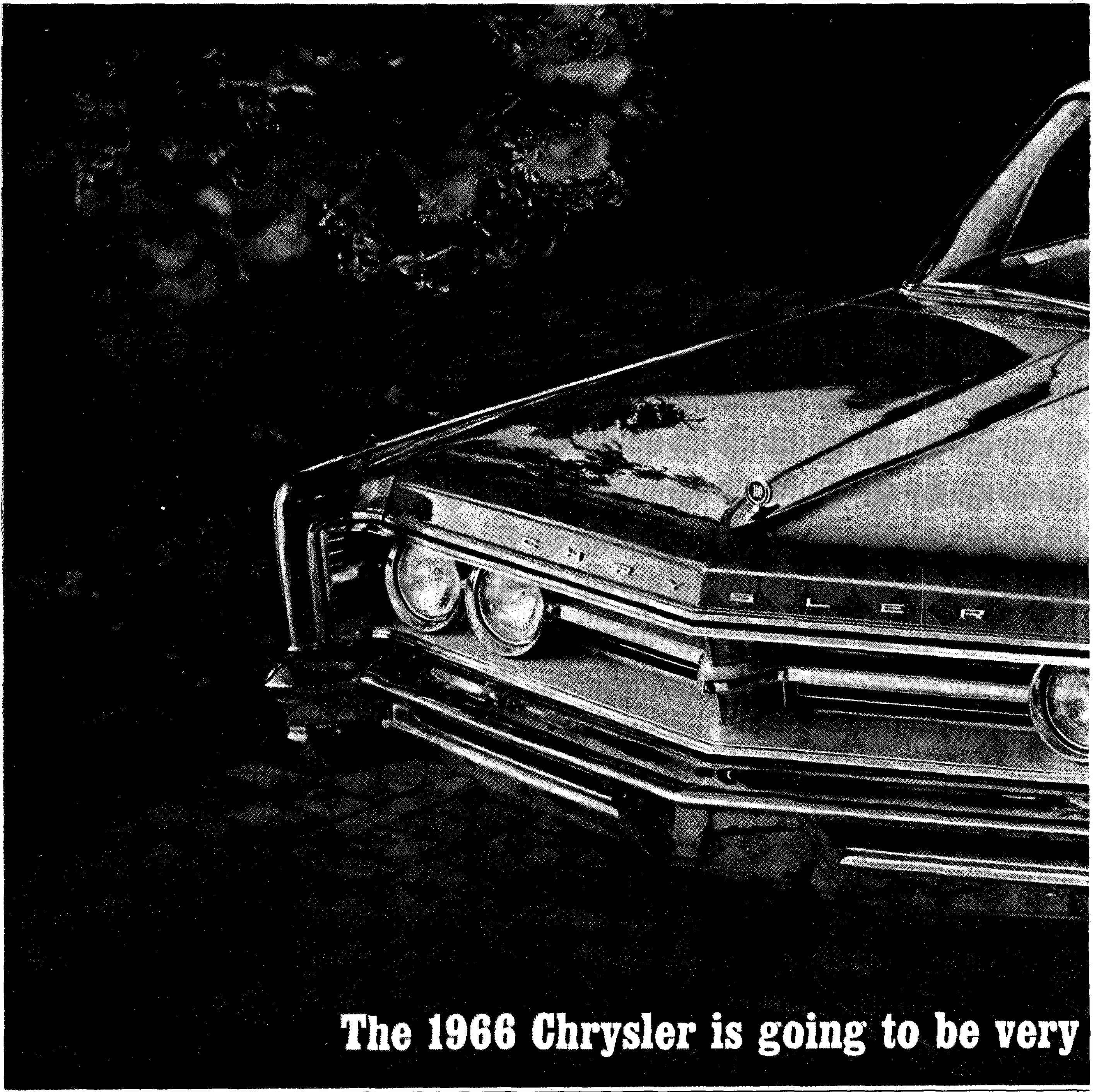

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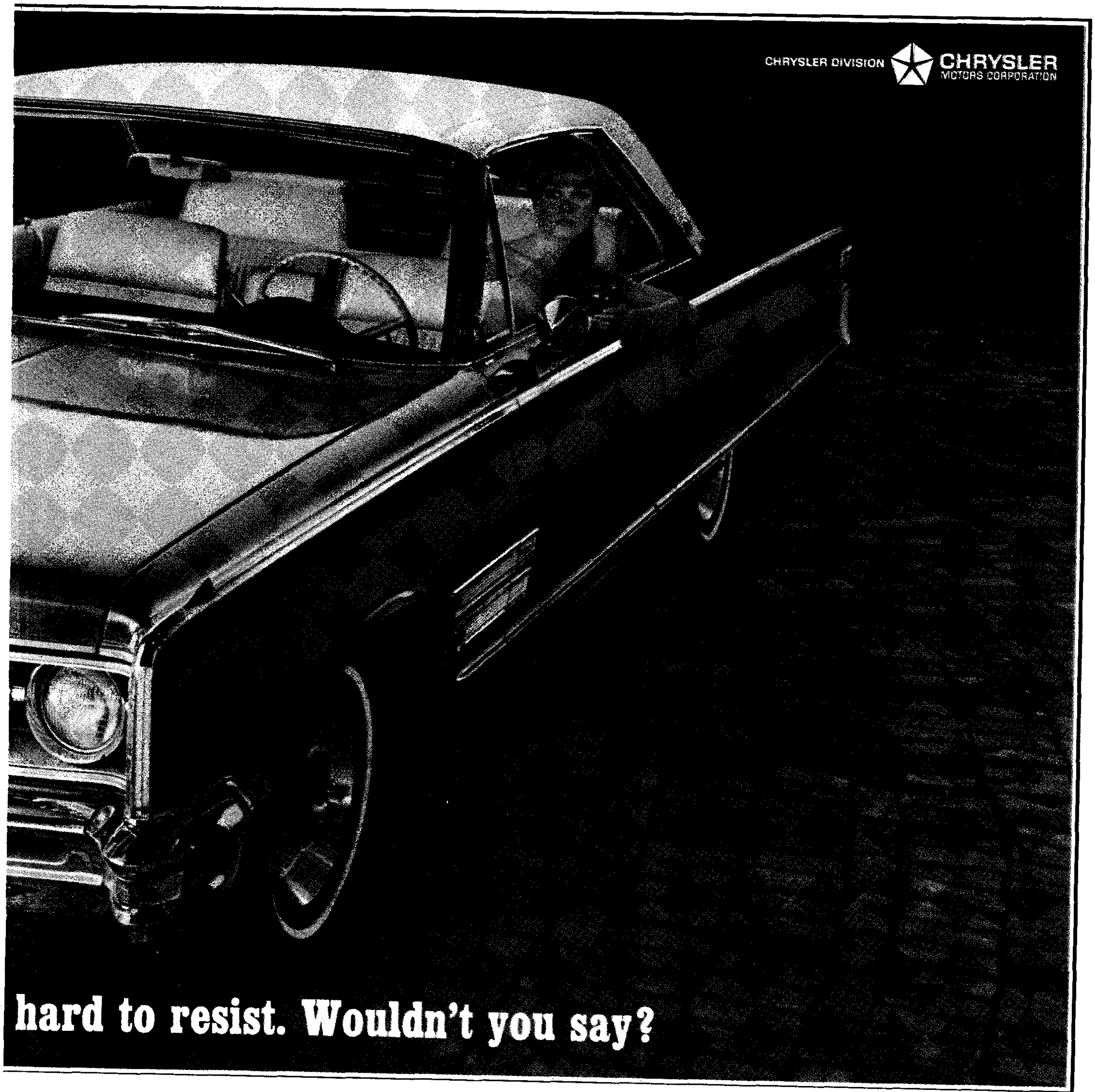
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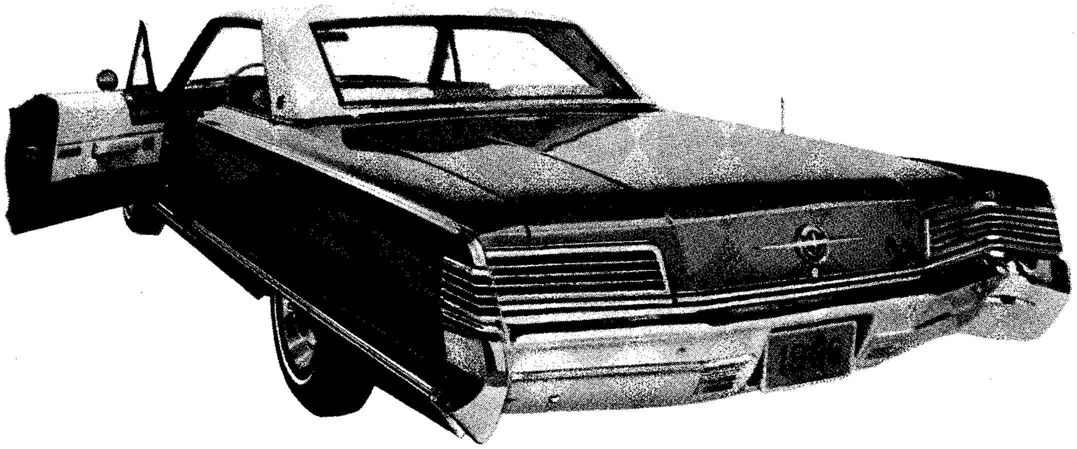

Illustrated above, the 300 2-Door Hardtop. Tune in Bob Hope and The Chrysler Theatre, NBC-TV, Wednesdays.

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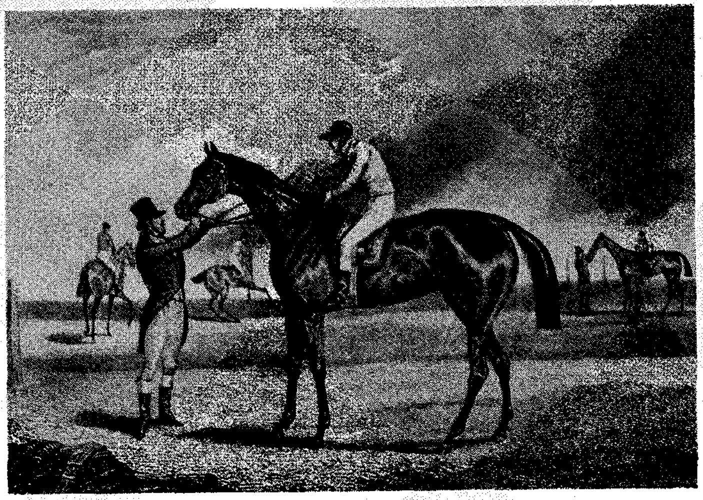
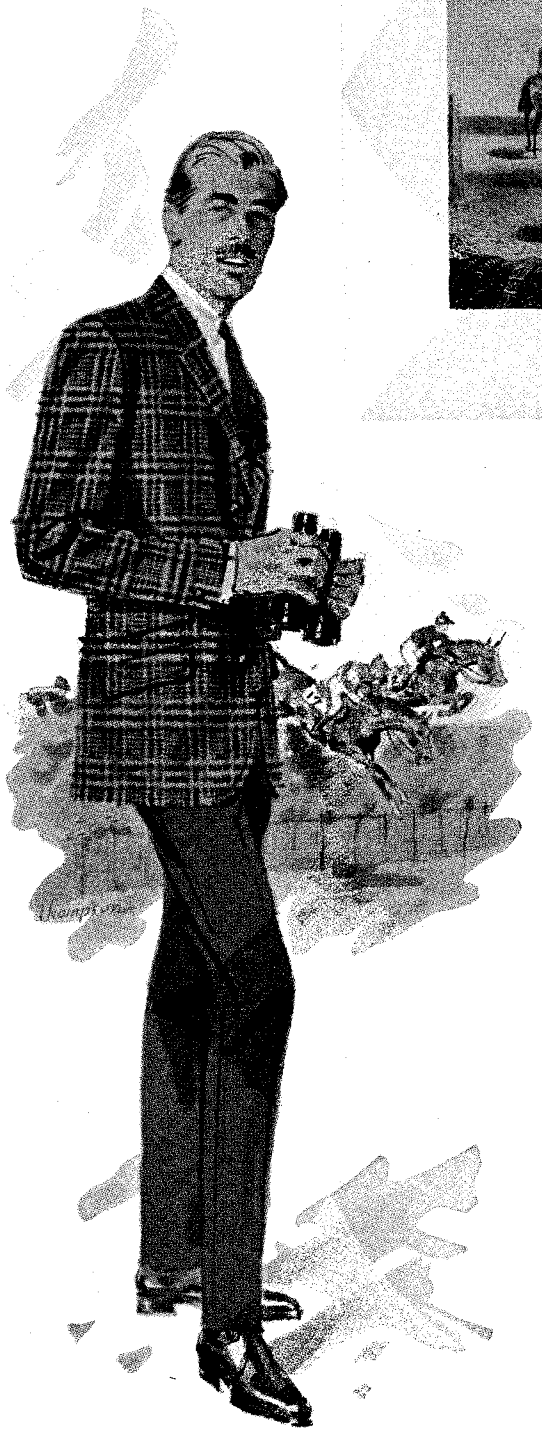


GHUZNEE.
WINNER OF THE OAKS STAKES AT EPSOM, 1841.



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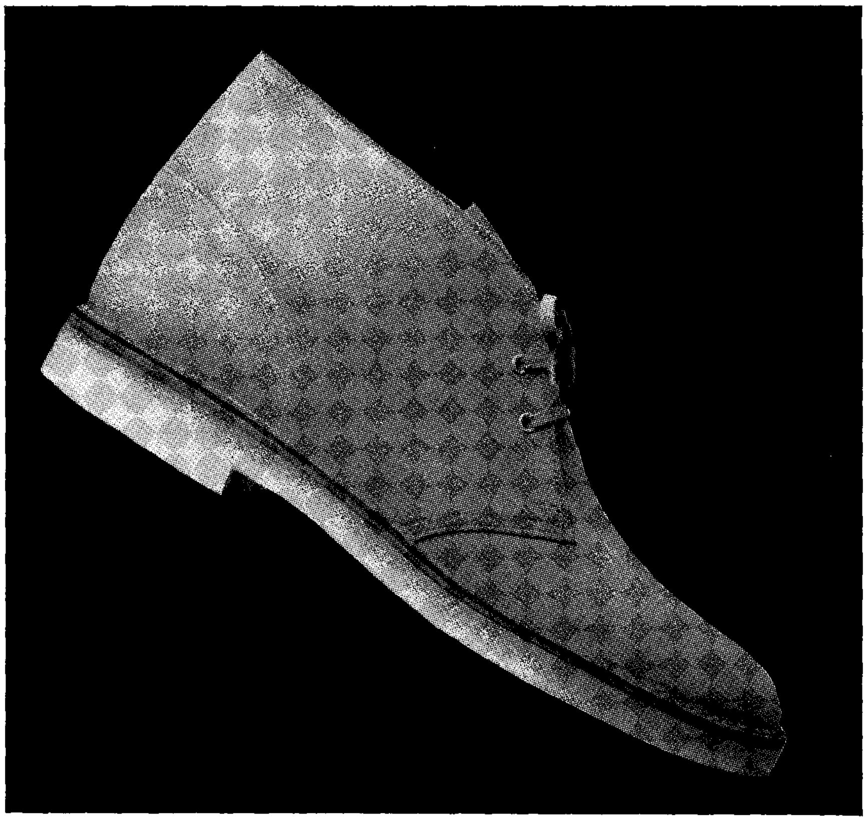
vaca, Taxco, Acapulco. And it was in Acapulco, in a "jukebox honky-tonk," that they had met the hairy-legged and hearty Otto. Dick had "picked him up." But the gentleman, a vacationing Hamburg lawyer, "already had a friend"—a young native Acapulcan who called himself the Cowboy. "He proved to be a trustworthy person," Perry once said of the Cowboy. "Mean as Judas, some ways, but, oh, man, a funny boy, a real fast jockey. Dick liked him, too. We got on great."

The Cowboy found for the tattooed drifters a room in the house of an uncle, undertook to improve Perry's Spanish, and shared the benefits of his liaison with the holidaymaker from Hamburg, in whose company and at whose expense they drank and ate and bought women. The host seemed to think his pesos well spent, if only because he relished Dick's jokes. Each day, Otto hired the Estrellita, a deep-sea-fishing craft, and the four friends went trawling along the coast. The Cowboy skippered the boat; Otto sketched and fished; Perry baited hooks, daydreamed, sang, and sometimes fished; Dick did nothing—only moaned, complained of the motion, lay about sun-drugged and listless, like a lizard at siesta. But Perry said, "This is finally it. The way it ought to be." Still, he knew that it couldn't continue—that it was, in fact, destined to stop that very day. The next day, Otto was returning to Germany, and Perry and Dick were driving back to Mexico City—at Dick's insistence. "Sure, baby," he'd said when they were debating the matter. "It's nice and all. With the sun on your back. But the dough's going-going-gone. And after we've sold the car, what have we got left?" The answer was that they had very little, for they had by now mostly disposed of the stuff acquired the day of the Kansas City check-passing spree—the camera, the cufflinks, the television sets. Also, they had sold, to a Mexico City policeman with whom Dick had got acquainted, a pair of binoculars and a gray Zenith portable radio. "What we'll do is, we'll go back to Mex, sell the car, and maybe I can get a garage job. Anyway, it's a better deal up there. Better opportunities. Christ, I sure could use some more of that Inez." Inez was a prostitute who had accosted Dick on the steps of the Palace of Fine Arts in Mexico City (the visit was part of a sightseeing tour taken to please Perry). She was eighteen, and Dick had promised to marry her. But he had also promised to marry Maria, a woman of fifty, who was the widow of a "very prominent Mexican banker." They had met in a bar,



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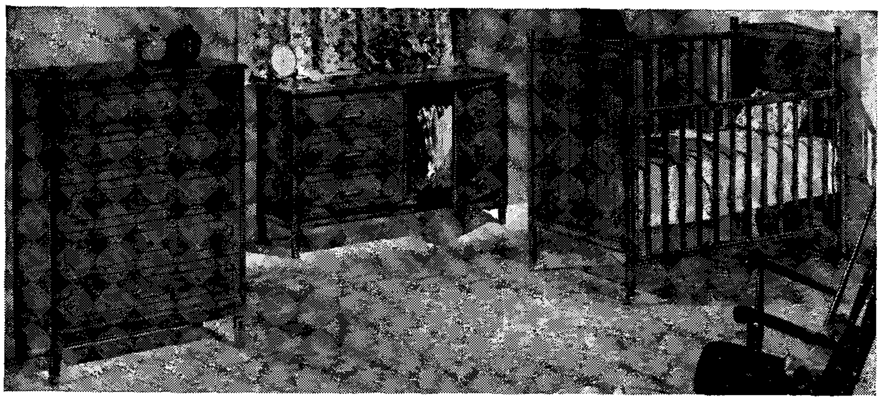

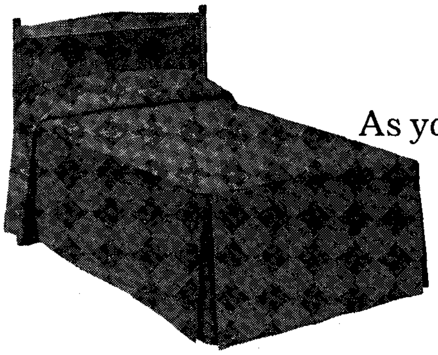

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and the next morning she had paid him the equivalent of seven dollars. "So how about it?" Dick said to Perry. "We'll sell the wagon. Find a job. Save our dough. And see what happens." As though Perry couldn't predict precisely what would happen. Suppose they got two or three hundred for the old Chevrolet. Dick, if he knew Dick, and he did—*now* he did—would spend it right away on vodka and women.

While Perry sang, Otto sketched him in a sketchbook. It was a passable likeness, and the artist perceived one not very obvious aspect of the sitter's countenance—its mischief, an amused, babyish malice that suggested some unkind cupid aiming envenomed arrows. He was naked to the waist. (Perry was "ashamed" to take off his trousers, "ashamed" to wear swimming trunks, for he was afraid that the sight of his injured legs would "disgust people," and so, despite his underwater reveries, all the talk about skin diving, he hadn't once gone into the water.) Otto reproduced a number of the tattoos ornamenting the subject's overmuscled chest, his arms (a snake, a snarling tiger), and his small and calloused but girlish hands. The sketchbook, which Otto gave Perry as a parting gift, contained several drawings of Dick—"nude studies."

Otto shut his sketchbook, Perry put down his guitar, and the Cowboy raised anchor, started the engine. It was time to go. They were ten miles out, and the water was darkening.

Perry urged Dick to fish. "We may never have another chance," he said.

"Chance?"

"To catch a big one."

"Jesus, I've got the bastard kind," Dick said. "I'm sick." Dick often had headaches of migraine intensity—"the bastard kind." He thought they were the result of his 1950 automobile accident, the collision that had unbalanced the proportions of his face and left his eyes unmatching, one aslant, misshapen. "Please, baby. Let's be very, very quiet."

Moments later, Dick had forgotten his pain. He was on his feet, shouting with excitement. Otto and the Cowboy were shouting, too. Perry had hooked "a big one." Ten feet of soaring, plunging sailfish, it leaped, arched like a rainbow, dived, sank deep, tugged the line taut, rose, flew, fell, rose. An hour passed, and part of another, before the sweat-soaked sportsman reeled it in.

There is an old man with an ancient wooden box camera who hangs around the harbor in Acapulco, and when the Estrellita docked, Otto commissioned

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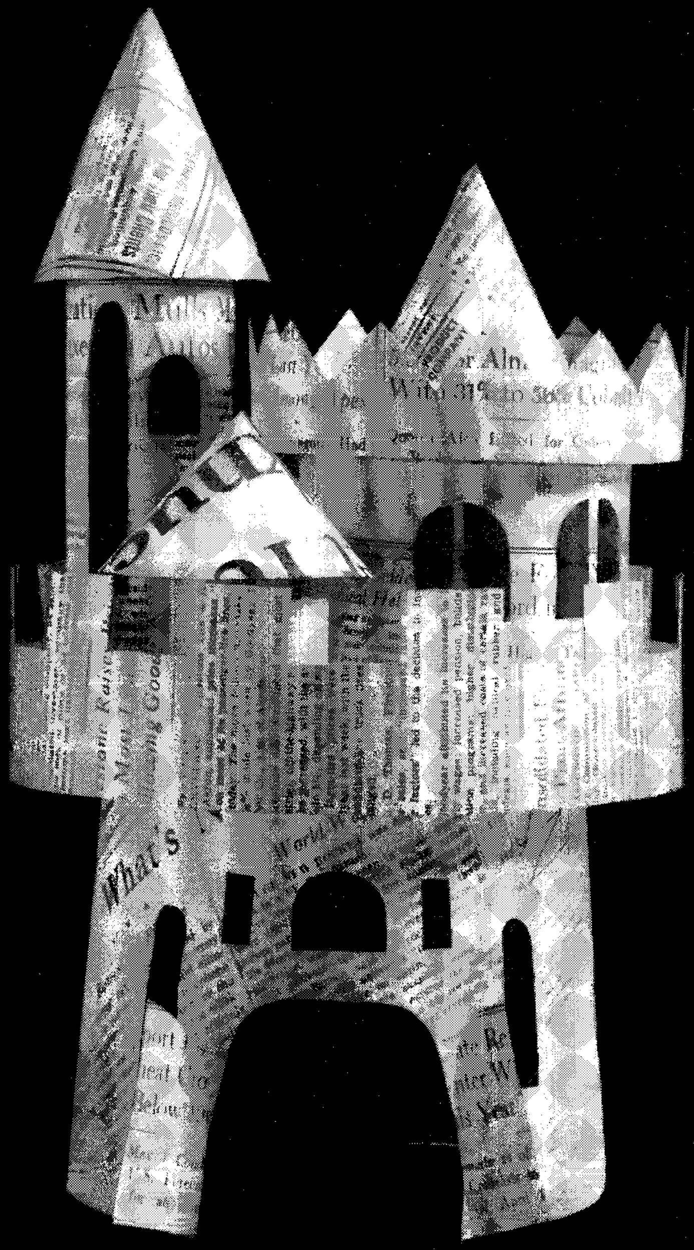

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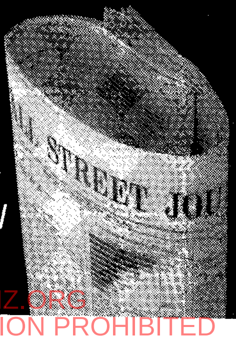
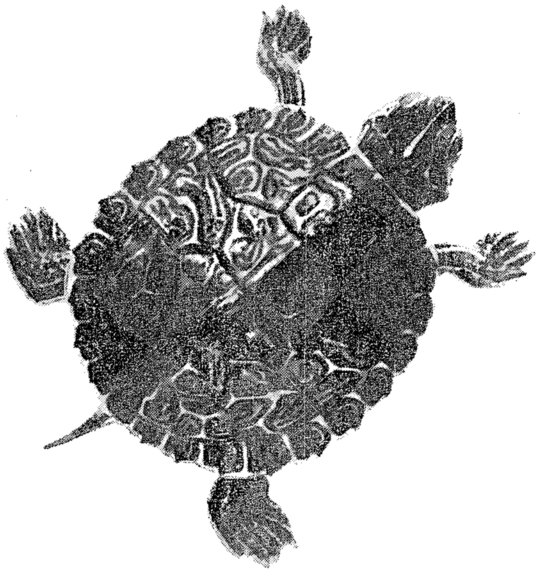


him to do six portraits of Perry posed beside his catch. Technically, the old man's work turned out badly—brown and streaked. Still, they were remarkable photographs, and what made them so was Perry's expression, his look of unflawed fulfillment, of beatitude, as though at last, and as in one of his dreams, the tall yellow bird had hauled him to Heaven.

ONE December afternoon, Paul Helm, husband of Mabel and himself a long-time employee of River Valley Farm, was pruning the patch of floral odds and ends that had entitled Bonnie Clutter to membership in the Garden City Garden Club. It was a melancholy task, for he was reminded of another afternoon when he'd done the same chore. Kenyon had helped him that day, and it was the last time he'd seen Kenyon alive, or Nancy, or any of them. The weeks between had been hard on Mr. Helm. He was "*in poor health*" (*poorer than he* knew; he had less than four months to live), and he was worried about a lot of things. His job, for one. He doubted he would have it much longer. Nobody seemed really to know, but he understood that "the girls," Beverly and Eveanna, intended to sell the property—though, as he'd heard one of the boys at the café remark, "ain't nobody gonna buy that spread, long as the mystery lasts." It "didn't do" to think about—strangers here, harvesting "our" land. Mr. Helm minded—he minded for Herb's sake. This was a place, he said, that "ought to be kept in a man's family." Once, Herb had said to him, "I hope there'll always be a Clutter here, and a Helm, too." It was only a year ago Herb had said that. Lord, what was he to do if the farm got sold? He felt "too old to fit in somewhere different." Still, he must work, and he wanted to. He wasn't, he said, the kind to kick off his shoes and sit by the stove. And yet it was true that the farm nowadays made him uneasy: the locked house, Nancy's horse forlornly waiting in a field, the odor of windfall apples rotting under the apple trees, and the absence of voices—Kenyon calling Nancy to the telephone, Herb whistling, his glad "*Good* morning, Paul." He and Herb had "got along grand"—never a cross word between them. Why, then, did the men from the sheriff's office continue to question him? Unless they thought he had "something to hide"? Maybe he ought never to have mentioned the Mexicans. He had informed Al Dewey that at approximately four o'clock on Saturday, No-



You can learn a lot from a turtle. The shell, for example, protects the product inside perfectly. And if you're a Mead Structural Engineer, you learn to apply this principle to Mead corrugated containers. Perfectly. Not all good ideas come from Mead. But you'd be amazed how many do.

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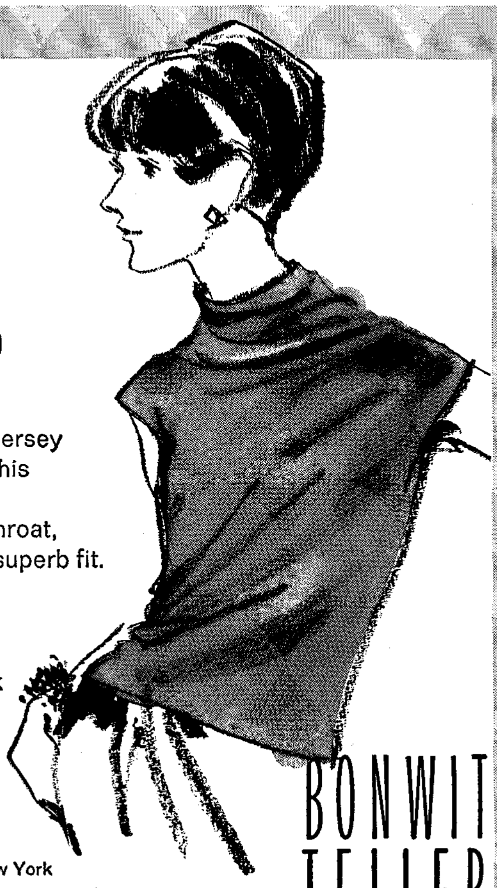

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MASTERSTROKE IN
MATTE JERSEY

Soft, mellifluous matte jersey flows over the body in this lovely little shell, gently cowled about a pretty throat, beautifully seamed for superb fit. By Joan Parris of rayon matte jersey in black, white, chamois, cyclamen pink or silvery gray, 8 to 16 sizes, 14.00 Mail and phone orders filled.

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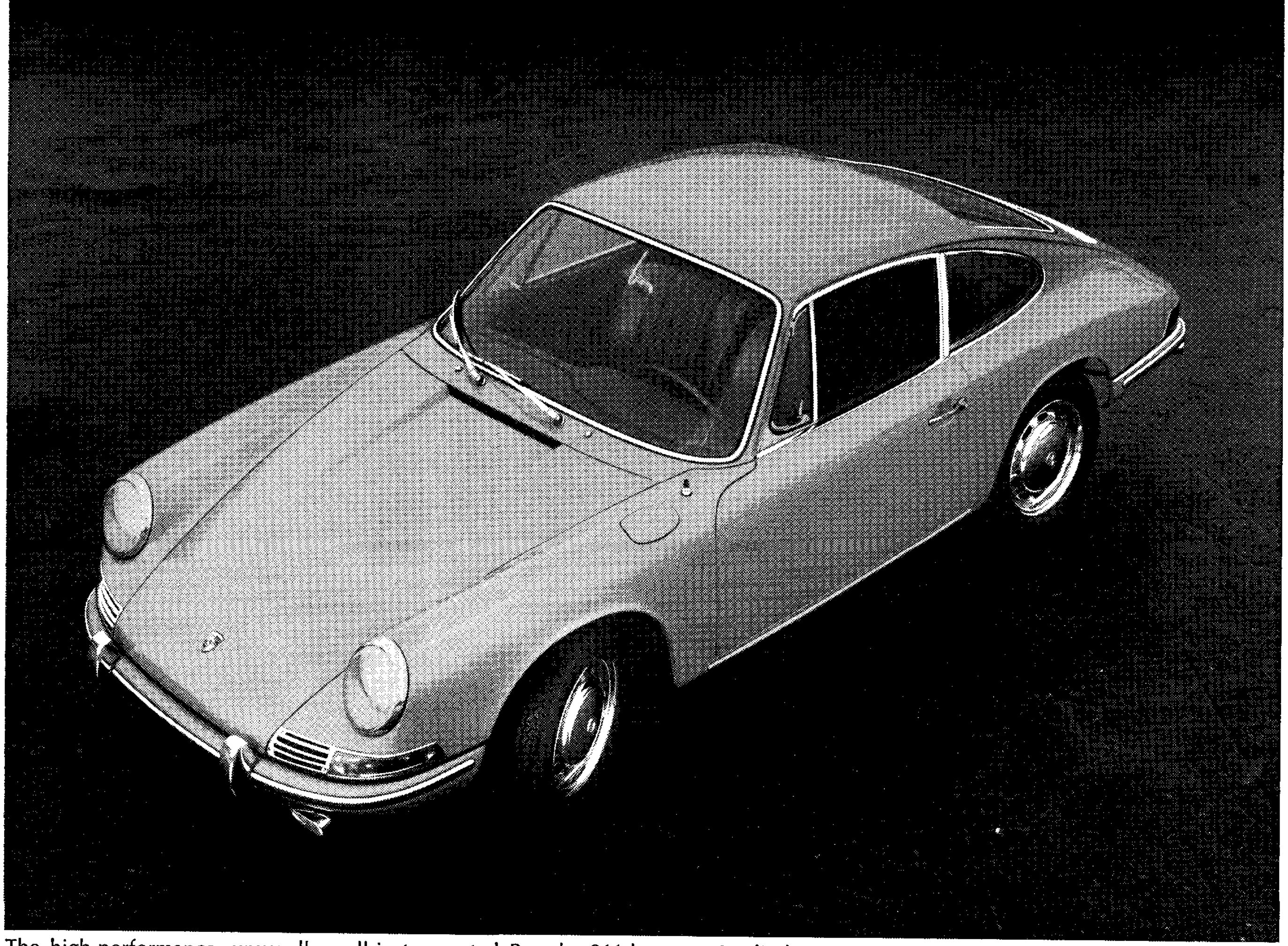

The high-performance, unusually well-instrumented Porsche 911 has new 6-cylinder, air-cooled, 148-hp rear engine, new 5-speed gearbox. Top speed 130 mph. The lower-priced Porsche 912, sister to the 911, has famous SC, 4-cylinder engine, new 4 or 5-speed gearbox. Top speed 115 mph. New Porsche fastback design offers 75% more field of vision, even better suspension, far more elbow room and under-the-hood luggage space. Superb 4-wheel disc brakes, precise handling, welded body make Porsche one of world's safest cars. Complete interior safety package is standard. For domestic or overseas delivery, see dealer or write Porsche of America Corp., 107 Tryon Avenue West, Teaneck, New Jersey 07666.

PORSCHE
STUTTGART

vember 14th, the day of the murders, a pair of Mexicans, one mustachioed and the other pock-marked, appeared at River Valley Farm. Mr. Helm had seen them knock on the door of "the office," seen Herb step outside and talk to them on the lawn, and, possibly ten minutes later, watched the strangers walk away, "looking sulky." Mr. Helm figured that they had come asking for work and had been told there was none. Unfortunately, though he'd been called upon to recount his version of that day's events many times, he had not spoken of the incident until two weeks after the crime, because, as he explained to Dewey, "I just suddenly recalled it." But Dewey, and some of the other investigators, seemed not to credit his story, and behaved as though it were a tale he'd invented to mislead them. They preferred to believe Bob Johnson, the insurance salesman, who had spent all of Saturday afternoon conferring with Mr. Clutter in the latter's office, and who was "absolutely positive" that, from two to ten past six, he had been Herb's sole visitor. Mr. Helm was equally definite: Mexicans, a mustache, pockmarks, four o'clock. Herb would have told them that he was speaking the truth, convinced them that he, Paul Helm, was a man who "said his prayers and earned his bread." But Herb was gone.

Gone. And Bonnie, too. Her bedroom window overlooked the garden, and now and then, usually when she was "having a bad spell," Mr. Helm had seen her stand long hours gazing into the garden, as though what she saw bewitched her. ("When I was a girl," she had once told a friend, "I was terribly sure trees and flowers were the same as birds or people. That they thought things, and talked among themselves. And we could hear them if we really tried. It was just a matter of emptying your head of all other sounds. Being very quiet and listening very hard. Sometimes I still believe that. But one can never get quiet enough. . . .")

Remembering Bonnie at the window, Mr. Helm looked up, as though he expected to see her, a ghost behind the glass. If he had, it could not have amazed him more than what he did in fact discern—a hand holding back a curtain, and eyes. "But," as he subsequently described it, "the sun was hitting that side of the house"—it made the window glass waver, shimmeringly twisted what hung beyond it—and, by the time Mr. Helm had shielded his eyes, then looked again, the curtains had swung closed, the window was vacant. "My eyes aren't too good, and

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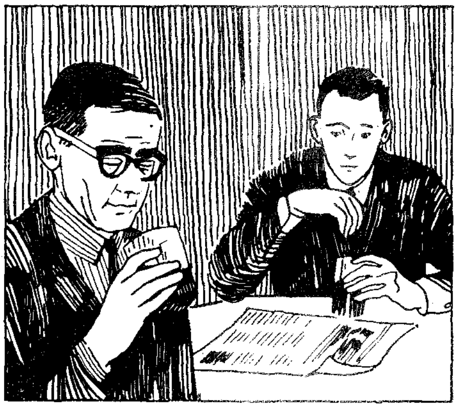
(Advertisement)

DINK STOVER AND HIS TRIUMPH IN MARKET RESEARCH

OR, "BARKING UP THE RIGHT TREE!"

In which our hero, having performed some ingeniously basic market analysis, proceeds to overwhelm his client through shrewd play of his trump card in the dog-eat-dog advertising game.

As our tale unfolds, we discover Dink in the conference room of the agency. He is armed with his Boston newspapers for a special meeting with the president, who seems most distraught, having already requested once that Dink stop rattling those crisp, new pages of The Boston Globe and concentrate on the business at hand.



THE PRESIDENT looked deeply into the chocolate milk Dink had handed him, and took a long pull on the blue and white straws. "Dink," he said, swallowing with a grim-visaged intensity, "the agency is in desperate straits. That new line of puppyfood you've been researching — the dogfood people are most unhappy with our progress. I needn't tell you what a devastating blow it would be to lose their account. They must be *soundly* impressed. But Dink, we have driven ourselves from pillar to post, and have yet to emerge with a media program worthy of our fine agency."

"Great Heavens!" reflected Dink, and he put down the paper airplane he had cleverly fashioned from the front page of one of the other Boston newspapers. (Dink preferred the small, compact size when it came to making paper airplanes.)

The president continued gravely. "A gentleman representing the dogfood people is now surveying our progress, and shall arrive here at any moment. Dink, you've been researching the market for this new puppyfood, and I want you to accompany me as I show this gentleman around."

"I, sir?" exclaimed Dink, astounded.

"Yes, Dink, *you*," replied the president in sonorous affirmation. "We've got a real problem here, boy, and I want you to jump right in and tackle it around the knees!"

"By gum, I will, sir!" cried Dink, who understood the metaphor.

At that very moment, the door to the conference room flew open, and in stormed a short, stocky, and gruff-looking man with long ears, large jowls, and sad, droopy eyes.

Dink sensed intuitively that it was the fellow from the dogfood company. "Hello there!" he called cheerfully.

The president managed to smile. "This is Dink Stover," he said to his client. "He's been doing market research on your new puppyfood."

The client's eyes did not droop so much once they had encountered the bright and handsome visage of young Dink. "Sir," Dink confided strategically, "I have never seen anything come along so splendidly as that new puppyfood of yours."

"Hrmphh!" barked the man curtly, although he was not looking nearly so gruff as before. "'Bout time I saw some optimism around here! Might as well see what *you've* come up with."

The three enjoyed a short, but pleasant walk to Dink's office. As they walked in, a furry little puppy bounded toward Dink across the rug (which was, in fact, covered in its entirety with the morning editions of two Boston newspapers). Yelping with glee, tail quivering with joy, the pup leaped into Dink's arms and licked his face.

"Animals just love Dink," said the president, noting his client to be seized with emotion over the rapport between Dink and the puppy (whose name was Towser).

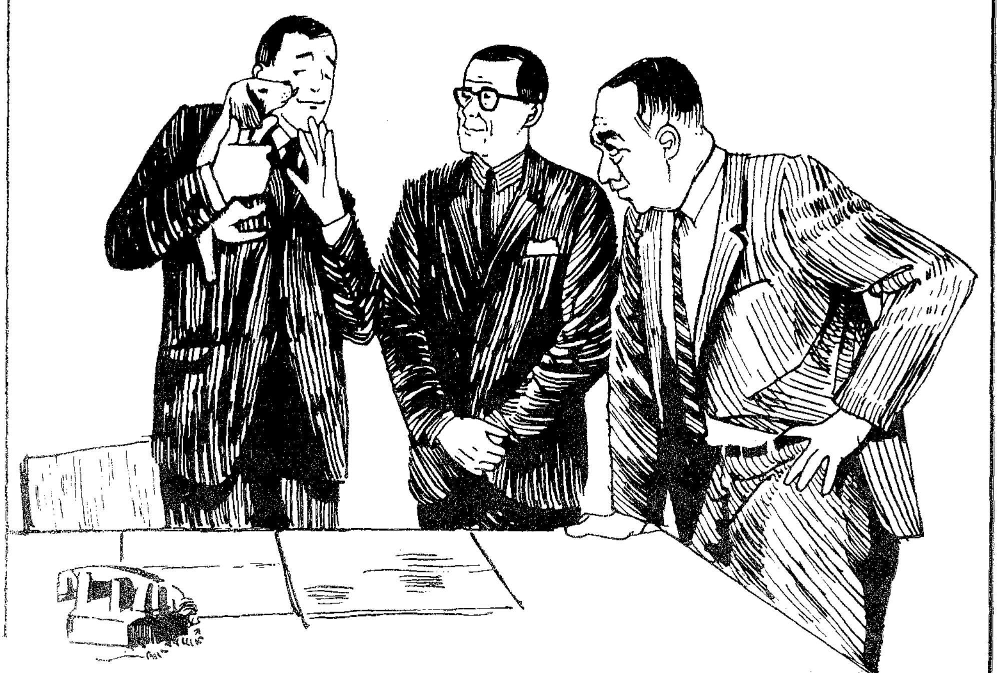
Dink, never at a loss for things to say at times like this, snatched from his desk the morning edition of the Boston Globe (for he had not yet had the opportunity to purchase the evening edition) and said engagingly, "Do you know, sir, that The Boston Globe, by far New England's largest newspaper, reaches homes where there reside a total of . . . (and here he paused for emphasis) *two hundred and twelve thousand dogs?*"

"You don't *say* so," gasped the client, visibly moved.

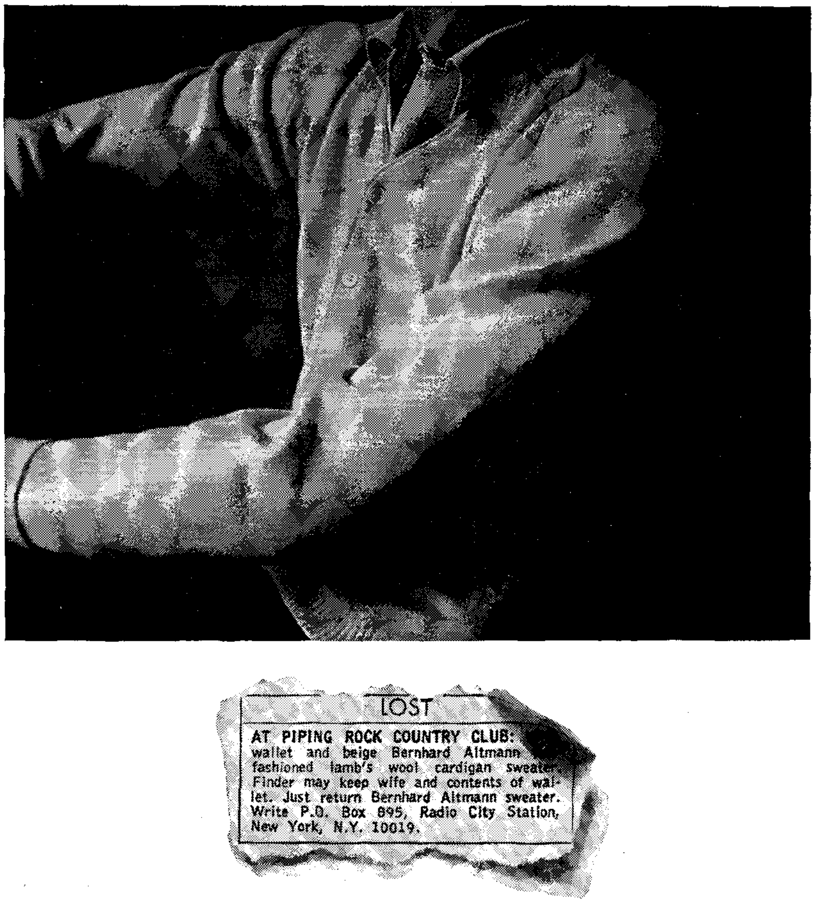
Dink smiled craftily. "Care to join me in a drink as we discuss the business, sir?"

"Dink, I'd be delighted," the fellow sighed happily. Dink reached in his drawer, took out a fresh jar of chocolate, and gave the gentleman two extra-large spoonfuls.

". . . that The Boston Globe, by far New England's largest newspaper, reaches homes where there reside a total of . . . (and here he paused for emphasis) two hundred and twelve thousand dogs?"

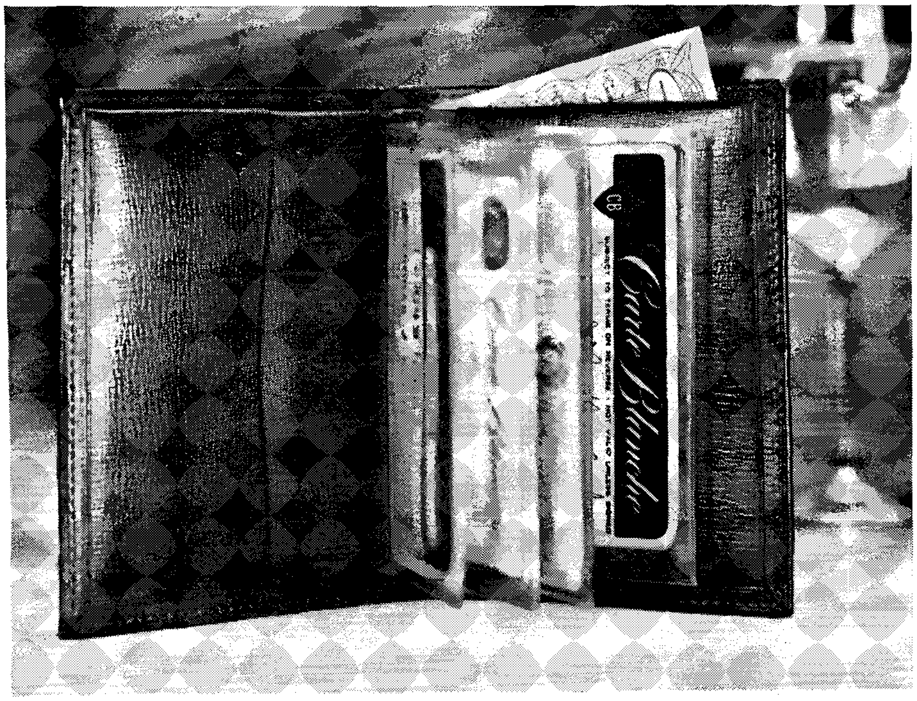


ATTENTION STAUNCH ADMIRERS OF DINK STOVER! Follow the stirring adventures of our hero faithfully — as recorded in this journal by the number one newspaper in Boston — The Globe (which has more readers and carries more advertising than any other Boston newspaper). The Boston Globe. Morning, Evening, Sunday. A Million Market Newspaper. New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco.


LOST

AT PIPING ROCK COUNTRY CLUB: wallet and beige Bernhard Altmann fashioned lamb's wool cardigan sweater. Finder may keep wife and contents of wallet. Just return Bernhard Altmann sweater. Write P.O. Box 895, Radio City Station, New York, N.Y. 10019.

BERNHARD ALTMANN/A DIVISION OF McGREGOR-DONIGER, INC., N.Y., N.Y. 10019



Rolfs gets carried away—always.

This time with the man on the go. That's why ROLFS created the 'Envoy' for cash *and* charge customers. Whip cash out of the deep bill pocket. Or flip to your credit cards in the eight pocket credit card case. Extra thin for coat or hip pocket. Italian Edge design in Brown or Olive Firenze Cowhide. $5.00 Also available in Canada.

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I wondered if they had played me a trick," he recalled. "But I was pretty darn certain that they hadn't. And I was pretty darn certain it wasn't any spook. Because I don't believe in spooks. So who could it be? Sneaking around in there. Where nobody's got a right to go, except the law. And how did they get in? With everything locked up like the radio was advertising tornadoes. That's what I wondered. But I wasn't expecting to find out—not by myself. I dropped what I was doing, and cut across the fields to Holcomb. Soon as I got there, I phoned Sheriff Robinson. Explained that there was somebody prowling around inside the Clutter house. Well, they came raring right on out. State troopers. The sheriff and his bunch. The K.B.I. fellows. Al Dewey. Just as they were stringing themselves around the place, sort of getting ready for action, the front door opened." Out walked a person no one present had ever seen before—a man in his middle thirties, dull-eyed, wild-haired, and wearing a hip holster stocked with a .38-calibre pistol. "I guess all of us there had the identical idea—this was him, the one who came and killed them," Mr. Helm continued. "He didn't make a move. Stood quiet. Kind of blinking. They took the gun away, and started asking questions." The man's name was Adrian—Jonathan Daniel Adrian. He was on his way to New Mexico, and at present had no fixed address. For what purpose had he broken into the Clutter house, and how, incidentally, had he managed it? He showed them how. (He had lifted a lid off a water well and crawled through a pipe tunnel that led into the basement.) As for why, he had read about the case and was curious, just wanted to see what the place looked like. "And then," according to Mr. Helm's memory of the episode, "somebody asked him was he a hitchhiker? Hitchhiking his way to New Mexico? No, he said, he was driving his own car. And it was parked down the lane a piece. So everybody went to look at the car. When they found what was inside it, one of the men—maybe it was Al Dewey—said to him, told this Jonathan Daniel Adrian, 'Well, Mister, seems like we've got something to discuss.' Because, inside the car, what they'd found was a 12-gauge shotgun. And a hunting knife."

A ROOM in a hotel in Mexico City. In the room was an ugly modern bureau with a lavender-tinted mirror, and tucked into a corner of the

We thought we hadn't missed a spot. Then we spotted Ipanema.

We had been to Acapulco before the Jet Set found it. We had been to St. Tropez and St. Thomas. What we needed was a new playground.

Happily for us, a playboy acquaintance put his finger right on it. "Ipanema," he said, with the accent on the *Ip.*

"It's the latest find in smart resorts—and not many people have found it."

That did it. Not long afterward, we were on a Pan Am Jet headed for Brazil—and Ipanema.

Ipanema is a strip of land that looks on the Atlantic from the southern edge of Rio. It's a little bit of the Riviera with a dash of Jamaica thrown in. There are several miles of white sand, with dozens of choice restaurants, cafés and a race track nearby.

Best of all, Ipanema is right in Rio, probably the world's most beautiful city from the air. The perfect harbor is surrounded by purple mountains and street after street of white-and-pastel houses marching from the water's edge straight up the mountainsides.

When you come down to earth, there are miles of mosaic walks, fabulous restaurants, night clubs that go till dawn, shops that give Fifth Avenue a run for its money, plus music everywhere.

You really ought to fly down there and see it all. South America is a giant among continents, yet so easy to get around.

Fly Pan Am to Rio, for instance, and take advantage of no-extra-fare stopovers in oil-rich Caracas, Belém (on the Amazon), and Brasilia, the world's newest city. From Rio, you can fly Pan Am south to Buenos Aires. And, from there, fly Panagra west to Santiago, then north to Lima, the "City of Kings," then on to unspoiled Ecuador.

From there, Panagra will take you to a tame place called home.

A word from two airlines: Nobody knows South America like Pan Am-Panagra. This is the only airline system that can fly you completely 'round the continent. Fast Jets, frequent flights, a wealth of experience, plus the utmost in passenger comfort. You can see both coasts for the price of one on a round-trip ticket to Buenos Aires. See the East Coast with Pan Am, the West Coast with Panagra. Go one way, return the other. You can do it for less than you've ever dreamed. For instance, the new 30-day Jet economy excursion fare 'round the continent is just $550 from New York, $520 from Miami, $674 from Los Angeles.

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mirror was a printed warning from the management:

SU DÍA TERMINA A LAS 2 P.M.
YOUR DAY ENDS AT 2 P.M.

Guests, in other words, must vacate the room by the stated hour or expect to be charged another day's rent—a luxury that the present occupants were not contemplating. They wondered only whether they could settle the sum already owed. For everything had evolved as Perry had prophesied: Dick had sold the car, and three days later the money, slightly less than two hundred dollars, had largely vanished. On the fourth day, Dick had gone out hunting honest work, and that night he had announced to Perry, "Nuts! You know what they pay? What the *wages* are? For an *expert* mechanic? Two bucks a day. Mexico! Honey, I've had it. We got to make it out of here. Back to the States. No, now, I'm *not* going to listen. Diamonds. *Buried* treasure. Wake up, little boy. There ain't no caskets of gold. No sunken ship. And even if there was—hell, you can't even *swim*." And the next day, having borrowed money from the richer of his two fiancées, the banker's widow, Dick bought bus tickets that would take them, via San Diego, as far as Barstow, California. "After that," he said, "we walk."

Of course, Perry could have struck out on his own, stayed in Mexico, let Dick go where he damn well wanted. Why not? Hadn't he always been "a loner," and without any "real friends" (except the gray-haired, gray-eyed, and "brilliant" Willie-Jay)? But he was afraid to leave Dick; merely to consider it made him feel "sort of sick," as though he were trying to make up his mind to "jump off a train going ninety-nine miles an hour." The basis of his fear, or so he himself seemed to believe, was a newly grown superstitious certainty that "whatever has to happen won't happen" as long as he and Dick "stick together." Then, too, the severity of Dick's "wake-up" speech, the belligerence with which he'd proclaimed his theretofore concealed opinion of Perry's dreams and hopes—all this, perversity being what it is, appealed to Perry, hurt and shocked him but charmed him, almost revived his former faith in the tough, the "totally masculine," the pragmatic, the decisive Dick he'd once allowed to boss him. And so, since a sunrise hour on a chilly Mexico City morning in early December, Perry had been prowling about the unheated hotel room assembling and packing his possessions—stealthily, lest he waken the two sleeping shapes lying on one of the

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Flying carpets? Hardly. Our portly friend there, with the tall turban and tangled feet, does very little wand-waving. Then why the winning grin, you ask?

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If you'd like to be magically "transported" by wonderful carpet, try it our way. Whisk right over to your nearby Masland dealer.*

**Where? Write us for his address.*

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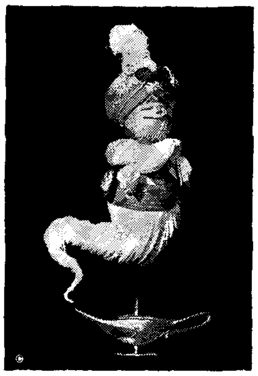

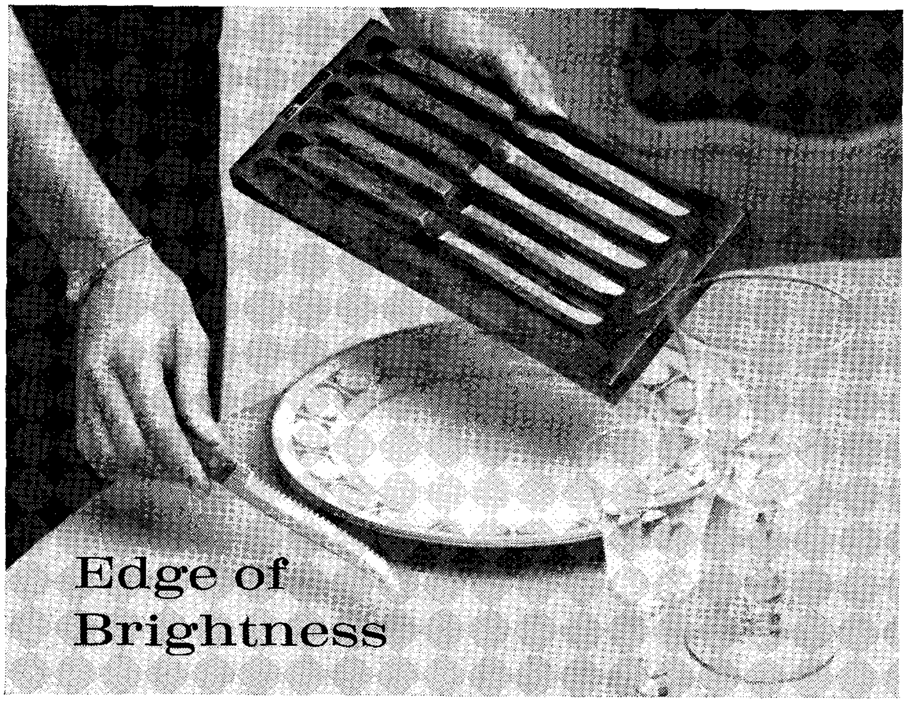

Steak knives of special cutlery grade stainless steel take a sharp, clean-cutting edge . . . hold it . . . and stay bright always. Will not stain, even from fruit juices. Birch grain riveted handles are burn-, stain-, and melt-proof. Safe in dishwasher. Six knives are packaged in handsome wooden holder/protector.

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BY REPUBLIC STEEL CORPORATION

Sales Offices and Representatives in Principal Cities

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Whitey Ford takes a Barcalounger-Break in the Players' Lounge at Yankee Stadium. Now you sit down in a Barcalounger-Rocker. Watch TV, rock or settle back. The rest is easy!

Whitey Ford's Barcalounger is the flare-arm "Clinton" Barcalounger-Rocker. About $195.00 at fine stores.

BARCALOUNGER®

The best known and most respected name in reclining chairs

room's twin beds: Dick, and the younger of his betrotheds, Inez.

There was one belonging of his that need no longer concern him. On their last night in Acapulco, a thief had stolen the Gibson guitar—absconded with it from a waterfront café where he, Otto, Dick, and the Cowboy had been bidding one another a highly alcoholic goodbye. And Perry was bitter about it. He felt, he later said, "real mean and low," explaining, "You have a guitar long enough, like I had that one, wax and shine it, fit your voice to it, treat it like it was a girl you really had some use for—well, it gets to be kind of holy." But while the purloined guitar presented no ownership problem, his remaining property did. As he and Dick would soon be travelling by foot or thumb, they clearly could not carry with them more than a few shirts and socks. The rest of their clothing would have to be shipped, and, indeed, Perry had already filled a cardboard carton (putting into it—along with some bits of unlaundered laundry—two pairs of boots, one pair with soles that left a Cat's Paw print, the other pair with diamond-patterned soles) and addressed it to himself, care of General Delivery, Las Vegas, Nevada.

But the big question, and source of heartache, was what to do with his much loved memorabilia—the two huge boxes heavy with books and maps, yellowing letters, song lyrics, poems, and unusual souvenirs (suspenders and a belt fabricated from the skins of Nevada rattlers he himself had slain; an erotic *netsuke* bought in Kyoto; a petrified dwarf tree, also from Japan; the foot of an Alaskan bear). Probably the best solution—at least, the best Perry could devise—was to leave the stuff with "Jesus." The "Jesus" he had in mind tended bar in a café across the street from the hotel, and was, Perry thought, *muy simpático*, definitely someone he could trust to return the boxes on demand. (He intended to send for them as soon as he had a "fixed address.")

Still, there were some things too precious to chance losing, so while the lovers drowsed and time dawdled on toward 2 P.M., Perry looked through old letters, photographs, clippings, and selected from them those mementos he meant to take with him. Among them was a badly typed composition entitled "A History of My Boy's Life." The author of this manuscript was Perry's father, who, in an effort to help his son obtain a parole from Kansas State Penitentiary, had written it the previous December and mailed it to the Kansas State Parole Board. It was a document that Perry

Are you putting me on...

again? What a day. It's hard work being a five-way light.

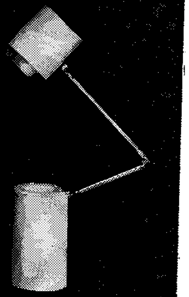
One minute I'm a desk lamp, the next minute I'm hanging on a wall. Then I'm in the attic like a flashlight, then like a floodlight.

Now I'm baby-sitting all night.

I wish there was one more Lloyd-Lamp around here. For another $12.95 I could be twins.

LLOYD-LAMP

Lloyd's Electronics, 30 West 23rd St., N.Y.C. A new world of personal electronics



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TWELVE 12 YEARS OLD
FINEST BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
George Ballantine & Son Limited
Dumbarton & Elgin, Scotland

Could you charge less than $9 a bottle?

Believe us, the expenses come high. You just can't cut corners on a Scotch like Ballantine's 12-year-old. *Every drop is gentled in wood—the Ballantine's way—for 12 costly years.* Frankly, the price tag of roughly $9 a fifth may be a little rich for some Scotch drinkers. But no matter. We think Ballantine's 12 has a flavor worth all the pains we take. And well worth the price.

Ballantine's 12, the most expensive-tasting Scotch.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC., N. Y. C.

THERE ISN'T ANOTHER SUIT LIKE THIS IN THE ENTIRE WORLD

THERE COULDN'T BE BECAUSE THERE ISN'T ANOTHER MAN EXACTLY LIKE YOU IN THE WORLD. A FENN-FEINSTEIN CUSTOM-MADE SUIT IS YOURS *PERSONALLY.* It's shaped, seamed and tailored on your body by tailors with the hands of sculptors. Styled just the way you want it in your choice of extraordinary fabric. Hand-personalized down to the smallest, seemingly insignificant detail. Every detail in our custom-made suits is significant—especially the ones you can't see. For each one plays its part in creating the totally individual look. If you have never enjoyed the experience of wearing a completely custom-made suit, we suggest you come to Fenn-Feinstein at Frank Brothers. You may as well start with the best.

FRANK BROTHERS
FENN-FEINSTEIN
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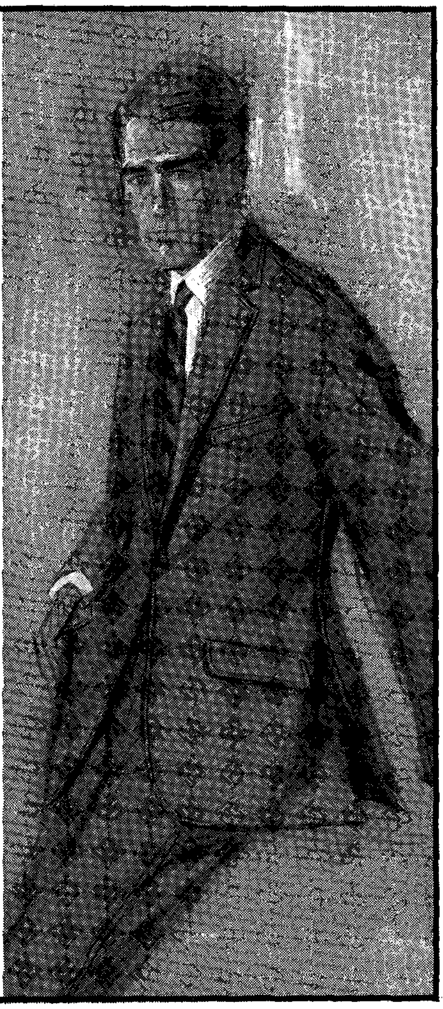
Chicago ☐ New Haven ☐ Palm Beach



had read at least a hundred times, never with indifference:

"CHILDHOOD—Be glad to tell you, as I see it, both bad and good. Yes, Perry birth was *normal.* Healthy—yes. Yes, I was able to care for him properly until my wife turned out to be a disgraceful drunkard when my children were at school age. Happy disposition—*yes* and *no*, very serious if mistreated he never forgets. I also keep my promises and make him do so. My wife was different. We lived in the country. We are all truly outdoor people. I taught my children the Golden Rule. Live & let live and in many cases my children would tell on each other when doing wrong and the guilty one would always admit, and come forward, willing for a spanking. And promise to be good, and always done their work quickly and willing so they could be free to play. Always wash themselves first thing in the morning, dress in clean clothes. I was very strict about that, and wrong doings to others, and if wrong was done to them by other kids I made them quit playing with them. Our children were no trouble to us while we were together. It all started when my wife wanted to go to the City and live a wild life, and ran away to do so. I let her go and said goodby as she took the car and left me behind (this was during depression). My children all cryed at the top of their voices. She only cussed them saying they would run away to come to me later. She got mad and then said she would turn the children to hate me, which she did, all but *Perry*. For the love of my children after several months I went to find them, located them in San Francisco, my wife not knowing. I tryed to see them in school. My wife had given orders to the teacher not to let me see them. However, I managed to see them while playing in the school yard and was surprised when they told me, 'Mama told us not to talk to you.' All but *Perry*. He was different. He put his arms around me and wanted to run away with me rite then. I told him *No*. But rite after school was out, he ran away to my lawyers office Mr. *Rinso Turco*. I took my boy back to his mother and left the City. Perry later told me, his mother told him to find a new home. While my children were with her they run around as they pleased, I understand Perry got into trouble. I wanted *her* to ask for divorce, which she did after about a year or so. Her drinkin and stepin out, living with a young man. I contested the divorce and was granted full custody of the children. I took Perry to my home to live with me. The other

The writer of this ad rented an Avis car recently. Here's what I found:

Cigarette butts. A whole ashtray full.

I write Avis ads for a living. But that doesn't make me a paid liar.

When I promise that the least you'll get from Avis is a clean Plymouth with everything in perfect order, I expect Avis to back me up.

I don't expect full ashtrays; it's not like them.

I know for a fact that everybody in that company, from the president down, tries harder.

"We try harder" was their idea; not mine.

And now they're stuck with it; not me.

So if I'm going to continue writing these ads, Avis had better live up to them. Or they can get themselves a new boy.

They'll probably never run this ad.

© AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC.

children were put in homes as I could not manage to take them all in my home and them being part indian blood and welfare took care of them as I requested.

"This was during depression time. I was working on W.P.A. very small wages. I owned some property and small home at the time. Perry and I lived together peacefully. My heart was hurt, as I still loved my other children also. So I took to roaming to forget it all. I made a livin for us both. I sold my property and we lived in a 'house Car.' Perry went to school often as possible. He didn't like school very well. He learns quick and never got into trouble with other kids. Only when the *Bully Kid* picked on him. He was short and stocky a new kid in school they tried to mistreat him. They found him willing to fight for his rights. That was the way I raised my kids. I always told them dont start a fight, if you do, I'll give you a beaten when I find out. But if the other kids start a fight, do your best. One time a kid twice his age at school, run up and hit him, to his surprise Perry got him down and give him a good beating. I had given him some advice in wrestling. As I once used to Box & Wrestle. The lady principal of the school and all the kids watched this fight. The lady principal loved the big kid. To see him get whipped by my little boy Perry was more than she could take. After that Perry was King of the Kids at school. If any big kid tried to mistreat a small one, Perry would settle that rite now. Even the Big Bully was afraid of Perry now, and had to be good. But that hurt the lady principal so she came to me complaining about Perry fighting in school. I told her I knew all about it and that I didnt intend to let my boy get beat up by kids twice his size. I also asked her why she let that Bully Kid beat up on other kids. I told her that Perry had a rite to defend himself. Perry never started the trouble and that I would take a hand in this affair myself. I told her my son was well liked by all the neighbors, and their kids. I also told her I was going to take Perry out of her school real soon, move away to another state. Which I did. Perry is no Angel he has done wrong many times same as so many other kids. Rite is Rite and wrong is wrong. I dont stick up for his wrong doings. He must pay the *Hardway* when he does wrong, law is Boss he knows that by now.

"YOUTH—Perry joined the merchant Marines in second war. I went to Alaska, he came later and joined me there. I trapped furs and Perry worked

HN22, circa 1750, H31" W35" D20"

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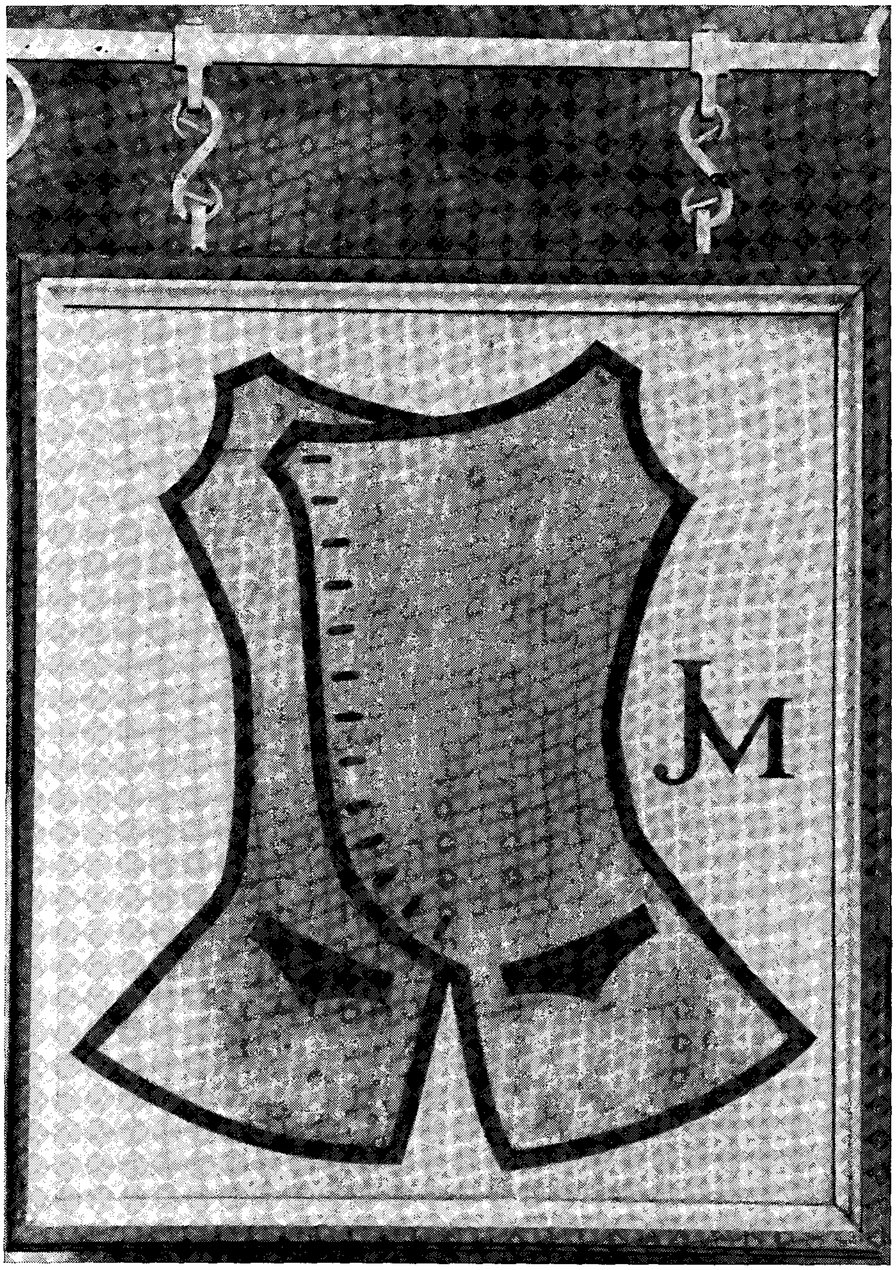
with the Alaska Road Commission the first winter then he got work on the railroad for a short while. He couldn't get the work he liked to do. Yes—he give me $ now and then when he had it. He also sent me $30.00 a month while in Korea war while he was there from beginning until the end and was dischard in Seattle, Wash. Honorable as far as I know. He is mechanically inclined. Bulldozers, draglines, shovels, heavy duty trucks of all type is his desire. For the experience he has had he is real good. Somewhat reckless and speed crazy with motorcycles and light cars. But since he has had a good taste of what speed will do, and his both legs Broke & hip injury he now has slowed down on that I'm sure.

"RECREATION—INTERESTS. Yes he had several girl friends, soon as he found a girl to mistreat him or trifle, he would quit her. He never was married as far as I know. My troubles with his mother made him afraid of marriage somewhat. Im a *Sober man* and as far as I know Perry is also a person that dont like drunks. Perry is like myself a great deal. He likes Company of decent type—outdoors people, he like myself, likes to be by himself also he likes best to work for himself. As I do. I'm a jack of all trades, so to speak, master of few and so is Perry. I showed him how to make a living working for himself as a fur trapper, prospector, carpenter, woodsman, horses, etc. I know how to cook and so does he, not a professional cook just plane cooking for himself. Bake bread etc. hunt, and fish, trap, do most anything else. As I said before, Perry likes to be his own Boss & if he is given a chance to work at a job he likes, tell him how you want it done, then leave him alone, he will take great pride in doing his work. If he sees the Boss appreciates his work he will go out of his way for him. But dont get *tuff with him.* Tell him in a pleasant way how you want to have it done. He is very *touchie*, his feeling is very easily hurt, and so are mine. I have quit several jobs & so has Perry on account of Bully Bosses. Perry does not have much schooling I don't either, I only had *second reader.* But dont let that make you think we are not *sharp.* Im a self taught man & so is Perry. A *White Colar* job is not for *Perry or me.* But outdoors jobs we can master & if we cant, show him or me how its done & in just a couple of days we can master a job or machine. Books are out. Actual experience we both catch on rite now, if we like to work at it. First of all we must like the job. But now hes a Cripple and almost middle-aged man. Perry knows



Vested interest.

The sign belonged to James Moir, a tailor of two centuries ago. The vested interest is yours . . . a rich, exciting heritage. Find them both in Colonial Williamsburg, the enchanting haven of another time where the eighteenth century lives on. Here, little everyday things add up to history that's real and meaningful . . . an experience you won't forget. When you come, enjoy the charm and comfort of Williamsburg Inn, The Lodge, or The Motor House. And pause to look for fascinating little things like the sign of the old tailor on the lovely streets of yesterday.

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COLONIAL
Williamsburg
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he is not wanted now by Contracters, cripples can't get jobs on heavy equiptment, unless you are well know to the Contracter. He is beginning to realize that, he is beginning to think of a more easier way of supporting himself in line with my life. Im sure Im *correct.* I also think speed is no longer his desire. I notice all that now in his letters to me. He says 'be careful Dad. Dont drive if you feel sleepy, better stop & rest by the road side.' These are the same words I used to tell him. Now he's telling me. He's learned a lesson.

"As I see it—Perry has learned a lesson he will never forget. Freedom means everything to him you will never get him behind bars again. Im quite sure Im rite. I notice a big change in the way he talks. He deeply regrets his mistake he told me. I also know he feels ashamed to meet people he knows he will not tell them he was behind bars. He asked me not to mention where he is to his friends. When he wrote & told me he was behind bars, I told him let that be a lesson—that I was glad that it happened that way where it could have been worse. Someone could have shot him. I also told him to take his term behind bars with a smile U done it yourself. U know better. I didn't raise you to steal from others, so dont complain to me how tuff it is in prison. Be a good boy in prison. & he promised that he would. I hope he is a good prisoner. Im sure no one will talk him into stealing anymore. The *law is boss*, he knows that. He loves his Freedom.

"How well I know that Perry is good-hearted if you treat him rite. Treat him mean & you got a buzz saw to fight. You can trust him with any amount of $ if your his friend. He will do as you say he wont steal a cent from a friend or anyone else. Before this happened. And I sincerely hope he will live the rest of his life a honest man. He did steal something in Company with others when he was a little kid. Just ask Perry if I was a good father to him ask him if his mother was good to him in Frisco. Perry knows whats good for him. U got him whipped forever. He knows when he's beat. He's not a dunce. He knows life is too short to sweet to spend behind bars ever again.

"RELATIVES. One sister *Bobo* married, and me his father is all that is living of Perry. Bobo & her husband are self-supporting. Own their own home & I'm able & active to take care of myself also. I sold my lodge in Alaska two years ago. I intend to have another small place of my own next year. I located several mineral claims & hope to get something out of them. Besides that I have not given up prospecting. I am also asked to write a book on artistic wood-carving, and the famous Trappers Den Lodge I build in Alaska once my homestead known by all tourists that travel by car to Anchorage and maybe I will. I'll share all I have with Perry. Anytime I eat he eats. As long as Im alive. & when I die Ive got life insurance that will be paid to him so he can start *LIFE Anew* when he gets free again. In case Im not alive then."

This biography always set racing a stable of emotions—self-pity in the lead, love and hate running evenly at first, the latter ultimately pulling ahead. And most of the memories it released were unwanted, though not all. In fact, the first part of his life that Perry could remember was treasurable—a fragment composed of applause, glamour. He was perhaps three, and he was seated with his sisters and his older brother in the grandstand at an open-air rodeo; in the ring, a lean Cherokee girl rode a wild horse, a "bucking bronc," and her loosened hair whipped back and forth, flew about like a flamenco dancer's. Her name was Flo Buckskin, and she was a professional rodeo performer, a "champion bronc-rider." So was her husband, Tex John Smith; it was while touring the Western rodeo circuit that the handsome Indian girl and the homely-handsome Irish cowboy had met, married, and had the four children sitting in the grandstand. (And Perry could remember many another rodeo spectacle—see again his father skipping about inside a circle of spinning lassos, or his mother, with silver and turquoise bangles jangling on her wrists, trick-riding at a desperado speed that thrilled her youngest child and caused crowds in towns from Texas to Oregon to "stand up and clap.") Until Perry was five, the team of "Tex & Flo" continued to work the rodeo circuit. As a way of life, it wasn't "any gallon of ice cream," Perry once recalled: "Six of us riding in an old truck, sleeping in it, too, sometimes, living off mush and Hershey Kisses and condensed milk. The condensed milk weakened my kidneys—the *sugar* content—which is why I was always wetting the bed." Yet it was not an unhappy existence, especially for a little boy proud of his parents, admiring of their showmanship and courage—a

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You can afford one.

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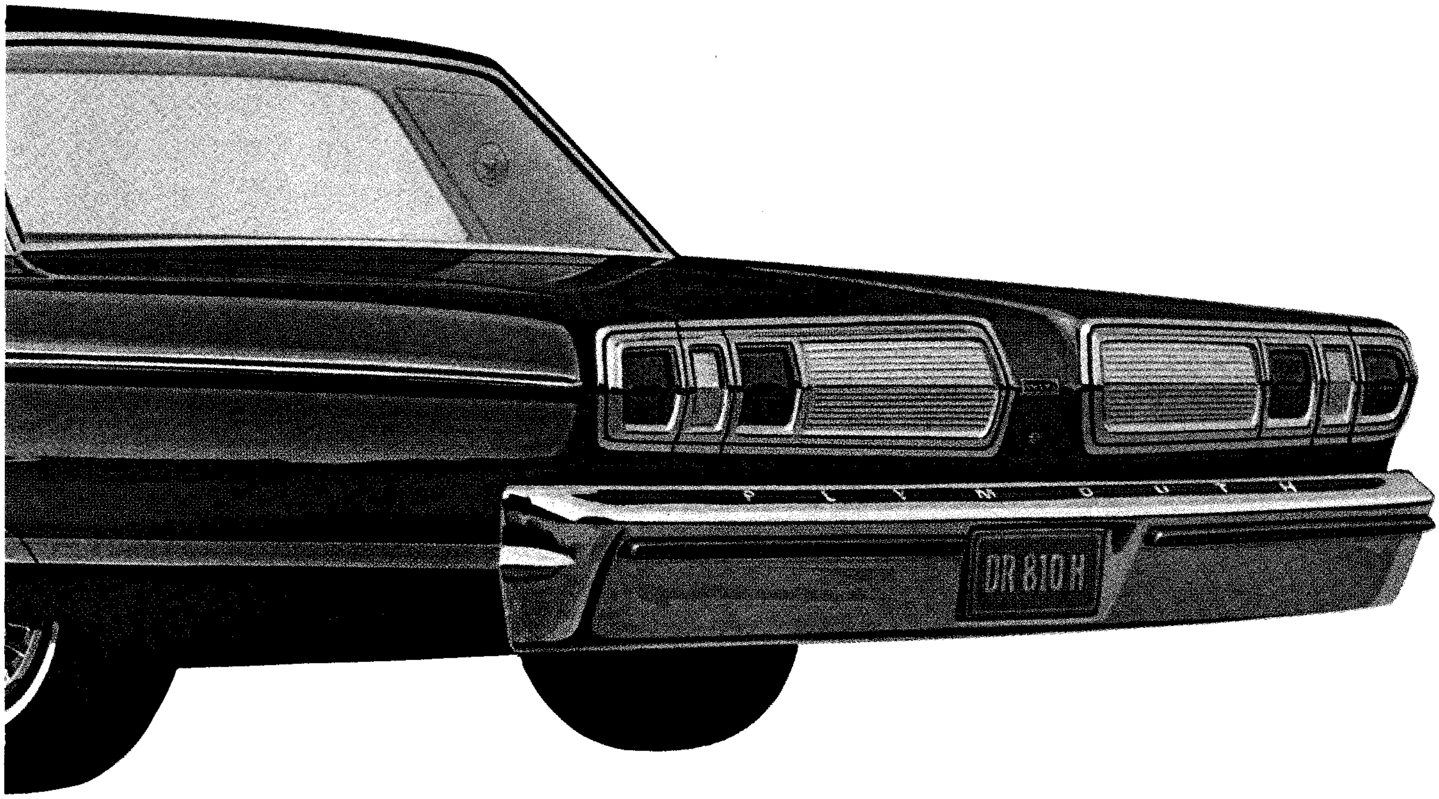
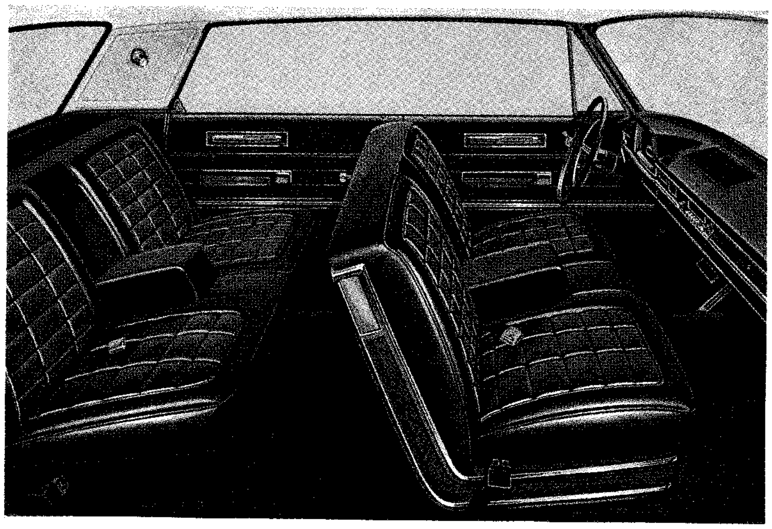


The elegant new Plymouth VIP offers luxury in the look of fine wood paneling, wall-to-wall carpeting, fine fabrics, curved side windows, fold-down center armrests, and a grained optional vinyl roof.

VIP goes in the limousine appearance class. The limousine ride class. The limousine power class. But in the Plymouth price class.

There's an experience in luxury waiting for you at your Plymouth Dealer's. Pay him a call. And see for yourself what a lot of people have already discovered: VIP is the finest Plymouth on this excellent earth.



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Let yourself go... Plymouth

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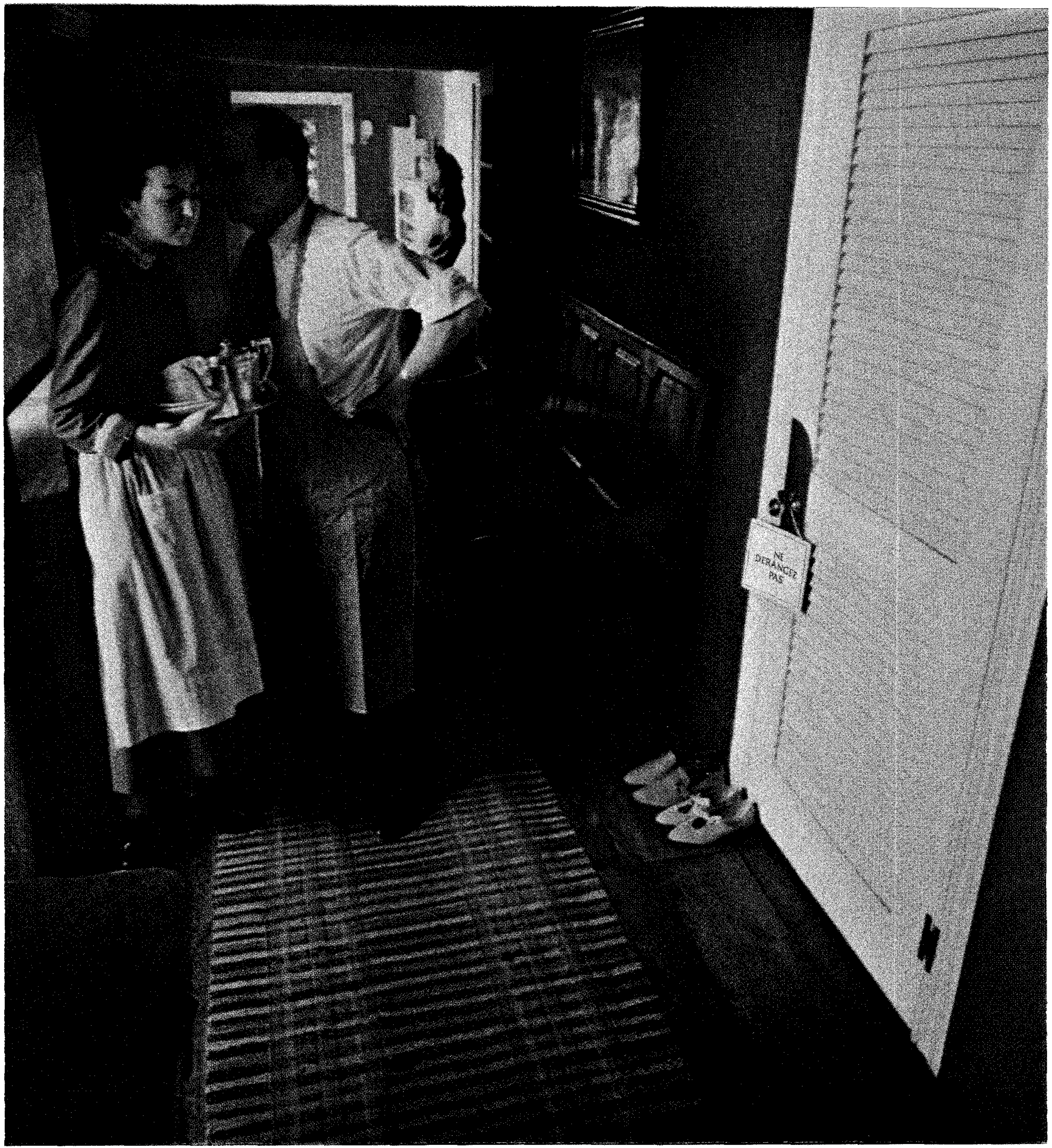
Even the next morning a little Taji still lingers



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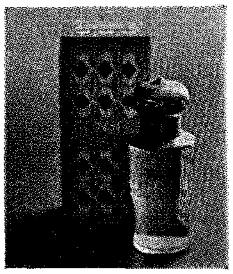
Taji is a hauntingly beautiful new fragrance in a totally new perfume form. All pure perfume oil, instead of the traditional blend of oil and volatile alcohol, a few drops of Taji touched to your skin will last throughout the day or night. Why, the Taji you wear when you go out in the evening will even still linger a little by morning. Taji in Perfume Oil 7.50, also in a Spray for bath and shower and a Soap.



TAJI

AT LAST A PERFUME THAT LASTS

happier life, certainly, than what replaced it. For Tex and Flo, both forced by ailments to retire from their occupation, settled near Reno, Nevada. They fought, and Flo "took to whiskey," and then, when Perry was six, she departed for San Francisco, taking the children with her. It was exactly as the old man had written: "I let her go and said goodby as she took the car and left me behind (this was during depression). My children all cryed at the top of their voices. She only cussed them saying they would run away to come to me later." And, indeed, over the course of the next three years Perry had on several occasions run off, set out to find his lost father, for he had lost his mother as well, learned to "despise" her; liquor had blurred the face, swollen the figure of the once sinewy, limber Cherokee girl, had "soured her soul," honed her tongue to the wickedest point, so dissolved her self-respect that generally she did not bother to ask the names of the stevedores and trolley-car conductors and such persons who accepted what she offered without charge (except that she insisted they drink with her first, and dance to the tunes of a wind-up Victrola). Consequently, as Perry recalled, "I was always thinking about Dad, hoping he would come take me away, and I remember, like a second ago, the time I saw him again. Standing in the schoolyard. It was like when the ball hits the bat really solid. DiMaggio. Only Dad wouldn't help me. Told me to be good and hugged me and went away. It was not long afterward my mother put me to stay in a Catholic orphanage. The one where the Black Widows were always at me. Hitting me. Because of wetting the bed. Which is one reason I have an aversion to nuns. *And* God. *And* religion. But later on I found there are people even more evil. Because, after a couple of months, they tossed me out of the orphanage, and she [his mother] put me someplace worse. A children's shelter operated by the Salvation Army. They hated me, too. For wetting the bed. And being half-Indian. There was this one . . . nurse, she used to call me 'nigger' and say there wasn't any difference between niggers and Indians. Oh, Jesus, was she an Evil Bastard! Incarnate. What she used to do, she'd fill a tub with ice-cold water, put me in it, and hold me under till I was blue. Nearly drowned. But she got found out, the bitch. Because I caught pneumonia. I almost conked. I was in the hospital two months. It was while I was so sick that Dad came back. When I got well, he took me away."

For almost a year, father and son

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Mason & Hamlin. The important piano. Destined for the privileged few to whom a piano's *tone* is important. Those who know that Mason & Hamlin has the exclusive *tension resonator*, the *duplex scale*. No other piano has features like these. The name alone is an endorsement of excellence. It speaks highly of the piano it identifies. And of its owner.

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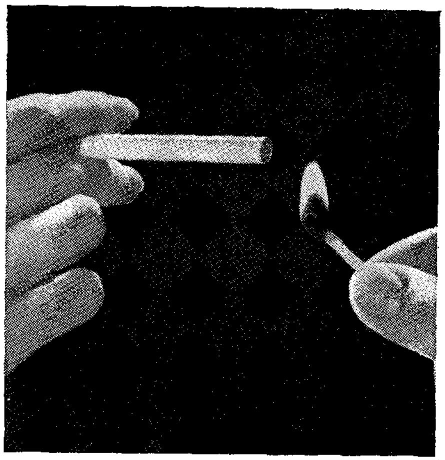
lived together in the house near Reno, and Perry went to school. "I finished the third grade," Perry recalled. "Which *was* the finish. I never went back. Because that summer Dad built a primitive sort of trailer, what he called a 'house car.' It had two bunks and a little cooking galley. The stove was good. You could cook anything on it. Baked our own bread. I used to put up preserves—pickled apples, crab-apple jelly. Anyway, for the next six years we shifted around the country. Never stayed nowhere too long. When we stayed someplace too long, people would begin to look at Dad, act like he was a character, and I hated that, it hurt me. Because I loved Dad then. Even though he could be rough on me. Bossy as hell. But I loved Dad then. So I was always glad when we moved on." Moved on—to Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon, eventually Alaska. In Alaska, Tex taught his son to dream of gold, to hunt for it in the sandy beds of snow-water streams, and there, too, Perry learned to use a gun, skin a bear, track wolves and deer.

"Christ, it was cold," Perry remembered. "Dad and I slept hugged together, rolled up in blankets and bearskins. Mornings, before daylight, I'd hustle our breakfast, biscuits and syrup, fried meat, and off we went to scratch a living. It would have been O.K. if only I hadn't grown up; the older I got, the less I was able to appreciate Dad. He knew everything, one way, but he didn't know anything, another way. Whole sections of me Dad was ignorant of. Didn't understand an iota of. Like I could play a harmonica first time I picked one up. Guitar, too. I had this great natural musical ability. Which Dad didn't recognize. Or care about. I liked to read, too. Improve my vocabulary. Make up songs. And I could draw. But I never got any encouragement—from him or anybody else. Nights I used to lie awake—trying to control my bladder, partly, and partly because I couldn't stop thinking. Always, when it was too cold hardly to breathe, I'd think about Hawaii. About a movie I'd seen. With Dorothy Lamour. I wanted to go there. Where the sun was. And all you wore was grass and flowers."

Wearing considerably more, Perry, one balmy evening in wartime 1945, found himself inside a Honolulu tattoo parlor having a snake-and-dagger design applied to his right forearm. He had got there by the following route: a row with his father, a hitchhike journey from Anchorage to Seattle, a visit to the recruiting offices of the Merchant Marine. "But I never would have joined if I'd



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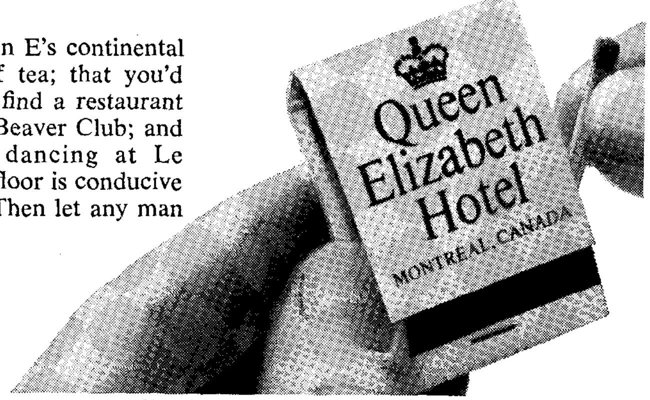

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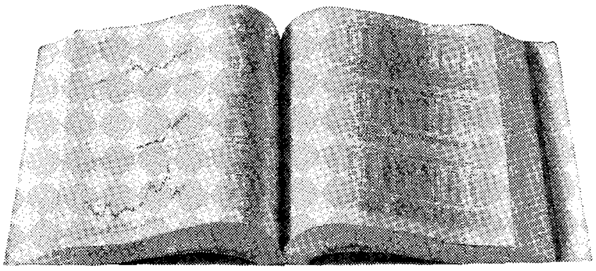

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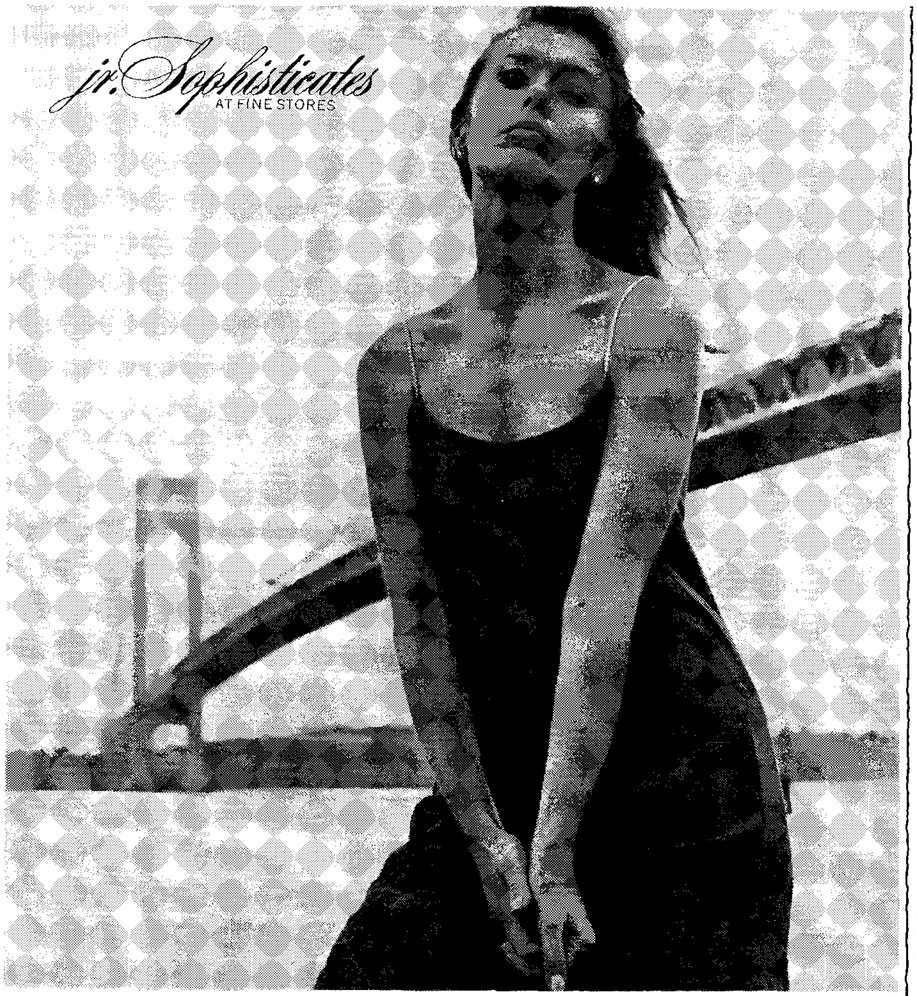

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known what I was going up against," Perry once said. "I never minded the work, and I liked being a sailor—seaports, and all that. But the queens on ship wouldn't leave me alone. A sixteen-year-old kid, and a small kid. I could handle myself, sure. But a lot of queens aren't effeminate, you know. Hell, I've known queens could toss a pool table out the window. And the piano after it. Those kind of girls, they can give you an evil time, especially when there's a couple of them; they get together and gang up on you, and you're just a kid. It can make you practically want to kill yourself. Years later, when I went into the Army—when I was stationed in Korea—the same problem came up. I had a good record in the Army, good as anybody; they gave me the Bronze Star. But I never got promoted. After four years, and fighting through the whole goddam Korean War, I ought at least to have made corporal. But I never did. Know why? Because the sergeant we had was tough. Because I wouldn't roll over. Jesus, I hate that stuff. I can't stand it. Though—*I* don't know. Some queers I've really liked. As long as they didn't try anything. The most worthwhile friend I ever had, really sensitive and intelligent, he turned out to be queer."

In the interval between quitting the Merchant Marine and entering the Army, Perry had made peace with his father, who, when his son left him, drifted down to Nevada, then back to Alaska. In 1952, the year Perry completed his military service, the old man was in the midst of plans meant to end his travels forever. "Dad was in a fever," Perry recalled. "Wrote me he had bought some land on the highway outside Anchorage. Said he was going to have a hunting lodge, a place for tourists. Trapper's Den Lodge—that was to be the name. And asked me to hurry on up there and help him build it. He was sure we'd make a fortune. Well, while I was still in the Army, stationed at Fort Lewis, Washington, I'd bought a motorcycle (murdercycles, they ought to call them), and as soon as I got discharged I headed for Alaska. Got as far as Bellingham. Up there on the border. It was raining. My bike went into a skid." The skid delayed for a year the reunion with his father. Surgery and hospitalization accounted for six months of that year; the remainder he spent recuperating in the forest home, near Bellingham, of a young Indian logger and fisherman. "Joe James. He and his wife befriended me. The difference in our age was only two or three years,

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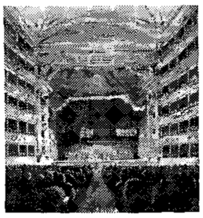

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but they took me into their home and treated me like I was one of their kids. Which was O.K. Because they took trouble with their kids and liked them. At the time, they had four; the number finally went to seven. They were very good to me, Joe and his family. I was on crutches, I was pretty helpless. Just had to sit around. So to give me something to do, try to make myself useful, I started what became a sort of school. The pupils were Joe's kids, along with some of their friends, and we held classes in the parlor. I was teaching harmonica and guitar. Drawing. And penmanship. Everybody always remarks what a beautiful handwriting I have. I do, and it's because once I bought a book on the subject and practiced till I could write the same as in the book. Also, we used to read stories—the kids did, each one in turn, and I'd correct them as we went along. It was fun. I like kids. *Little* kids. And that was a nice time. But then the spring came. It hurt me to walk, but I could walk. And Dad was still waiting for me."

Waiting, but not idly. By the time Perry arrived at the site of the proposed hunting lodge, his father, working alone, had finished the hardest chores—had cleared the ground, logged the necessary timber, cracked and carted wagonloads of native rock. "But he didn't commence to build till I got there. We did every damn piece of it ourselves. With once in a while an Indian helper. Dad was like a maniac. It didn't matter what was happening—snowstorms, rainstorms, winds that could split a tree—we kept right at it. The day the roof was finished, Dad danced all over it, shouting and laughing, doing a regular jig. Well, it turned out quite an exceptional place. That could sleep twenty people. Had a big fireplace in the dining room. And there was a cocktail lounge. The Totem Pole Cocktail Lounge. Where I was to entertain the customers. Singing and so forth. We opened for business end of 1953."

But the expected huntsmen did not materialize, and though ordinary tourists—the few that trickled along the highway—now and again paused to photograph the beyond-belief rusticity of Trapper's Den Lodge, they seldom stopped overnight. "For a while we fooled ourselves. Kept thinking it would catch on. Dad tried to trick up the place. Made a Garden of Memories. With a Wishing Well. Put painted signs up and down the highway. But none of it meant a nickel more. When Dad realized that—saw it wasn't any use, all we'd done was waste ourselves and all our money—he began to take it

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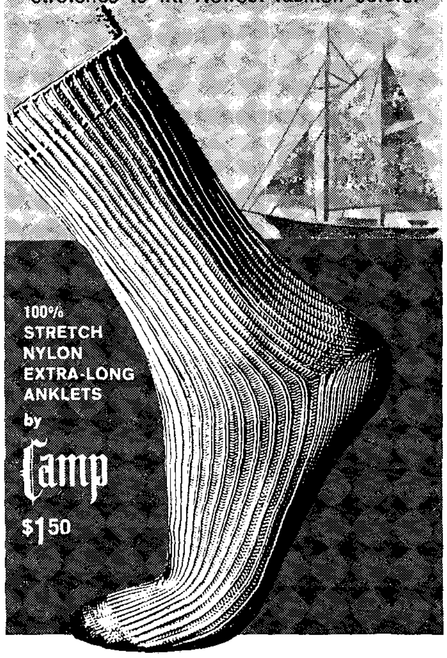

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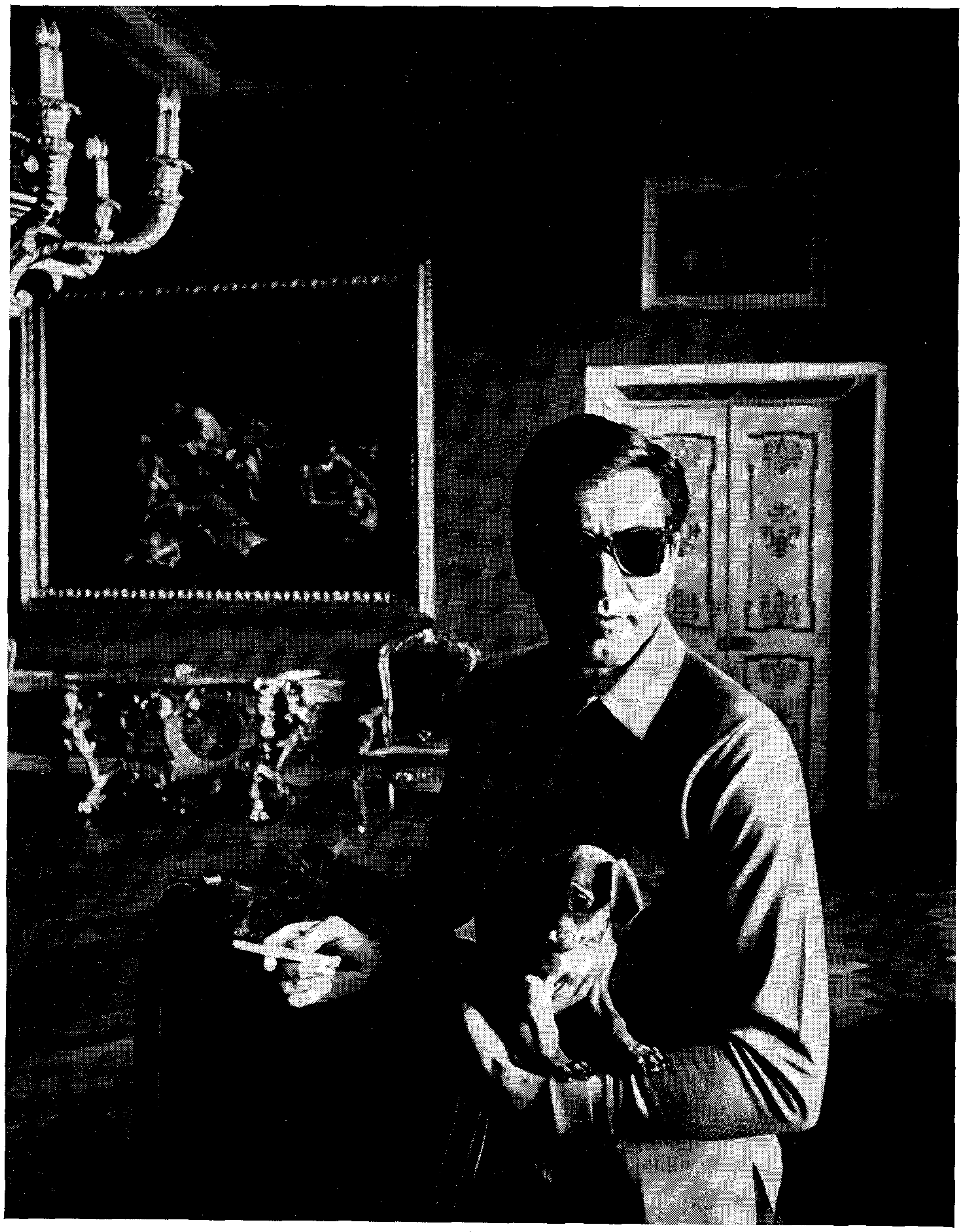

AN INTERVIEW WITH SIG. VESUVIO STROMBOLI, STAR OF "LA DOLCE SILCETA"

INTERVIEWER: Is your enormous appeal to women of every age and nationality exaggerated at all?
SIG. STROMBOLI: Not at all.
INTERVIEWER: Do you enjoy the outdoor life?
SIG. STROMBOLI: Yes, I enjoy driving my Ferrari with the window down.
INTERVIEWER: Back to women, you have three women crazy for you in your latest film, "La Dolce Silceta". Is it the same thing that attracts them all?
SIG. STROMBOLI: Variations of it.
INTERVIEWER: Could you be more explicit?
SIG. STROMBOLI: In print? Well, I have Silceta in a shirt, a pull-over and a cardigan. Sophia can't keep her hands off the shirt, Lola the pull-over and Maria the cardigan. They say Silceta is like silk, but silkier, more sensuous, has greater feel and body. I don't know. I just know it works.

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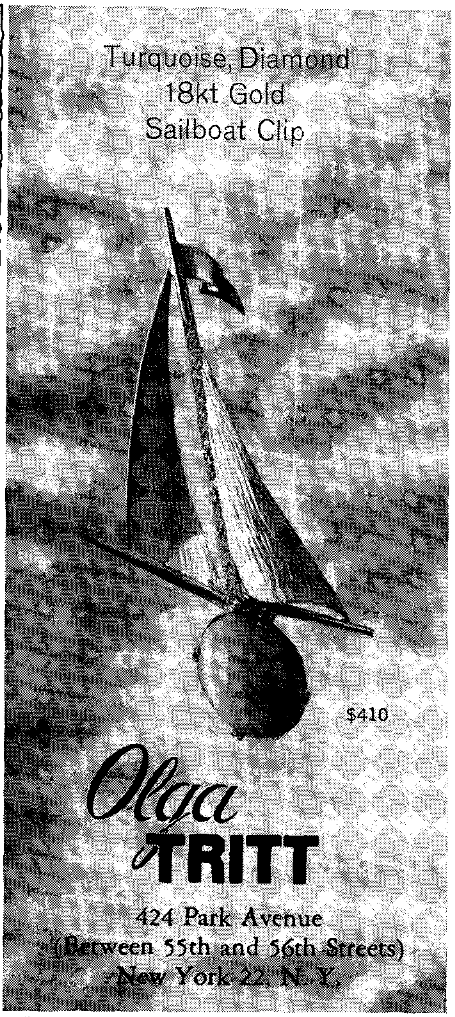
out on me. Boss me around. Be spiteful. Say I didn't do my proper share of the work. It wasn't his fault, any more than it was mine. A situation like that, with no money and the grub getting low, we couldn't help but be on each other's nerves. The point came we were downright hungry. Which is what we fell out over. Ostensibly. A biscuit. Dad snatched a biscuit out of my hand, and said I ate too much, what a greedy, selfish bastard I was, and why didn't I get out, he didn't want me there no more. He carried on like that till I couldn't stand it. My hands got hold of his throat. *My* hands—but I couldn't control them. They wanted to choke him to death. Dad, though, he's slippery, a smart wrestler. He tore loose and ran to get his gun. Came back pointing it at me. He said, 'Look at me, Perry. I'm the last living thing you're ever gonna see.' I just stood my ground. And when he realized the gun wasn't even loaded he started to cry. Sat down and bawled like a kid. Then I guess I wasn't mad at him anymore. I was sorry for him. For both of us. But it wasn't a bit of use—there wasn't anything I could say. I went out for a walk. This was April, but the woods were still deep in snow. I walked till it was almost night. When I got back, the lodge was dark, and all the doors were locked. And everything I owned was lying out there in the snow. Where Dad had thrown it. Books. Clothes. Everything. I just let it lie. Except my guitar. I picked up my guitar and started on down the highway. Not a dollar in my pocket. Around midnight, a truck stopped to give me a lift. The driver asked where I was going. I told him, 'Wherever you're headed, that's where I'm going.' "

Several weeks later, after again sheltering with the James family, Perry decided on a definite destination—Worcester, Massachusetts, the home town of an "Army buddy" he thought might welcome him and help him find "a good paying job." Various detours prolonged the eastward journey; he washed dishes in an Omaha restaurant, pumped gas at an Oklahoma garage, worked a month on a ranch in Texas. By July of 1955, he had reached, on the trek to Worcester, a small Kansas town, Phillipsburg, and there "fate," in the form of "bad company," asserted itself. "His name was Smith," Perry said. "Same as me. I don't even recall his first name. He was just somebody I'd picked up with somewhere, and he had a car, and he said he'd give me a ride as far as Chicago. Anyway, driving



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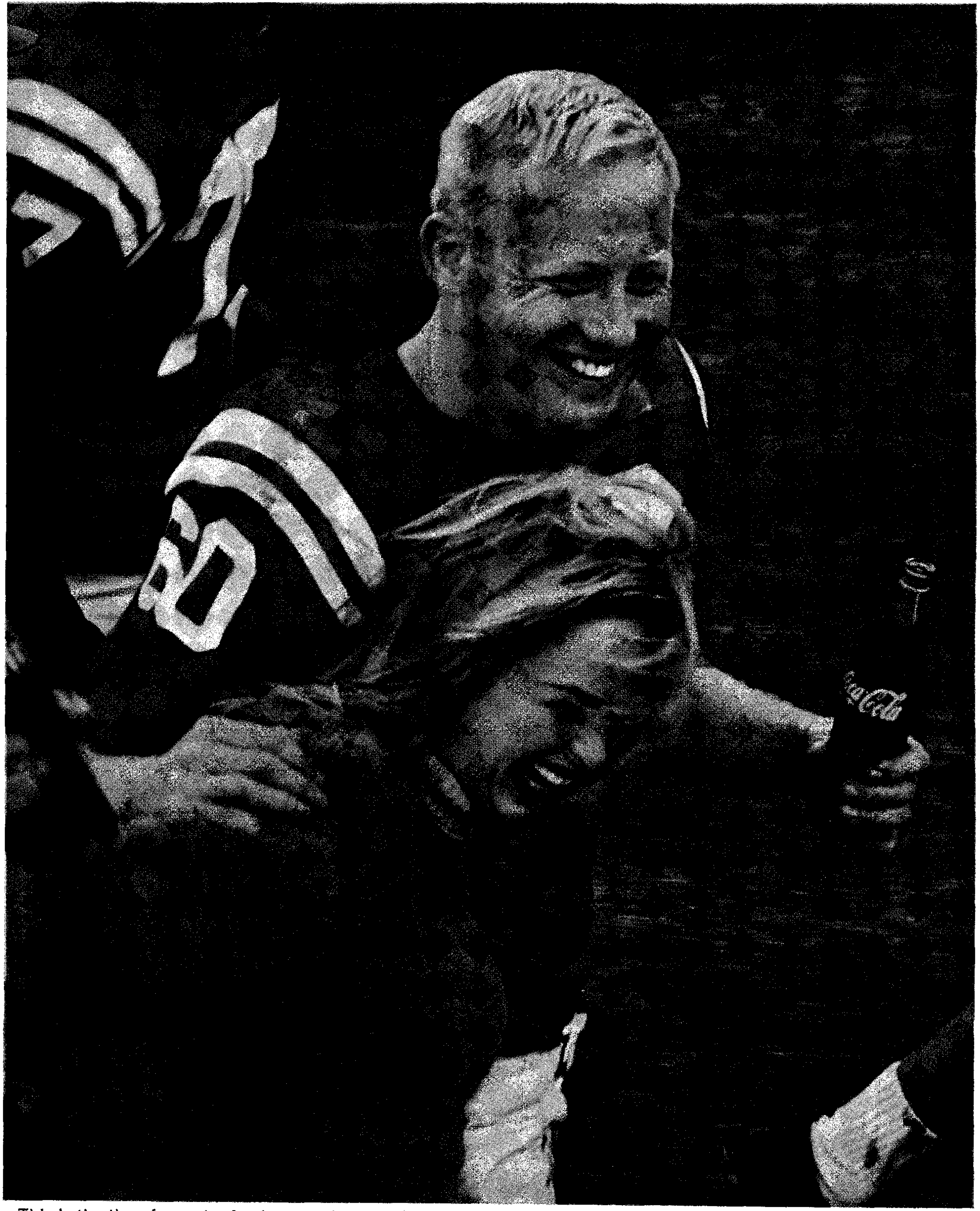

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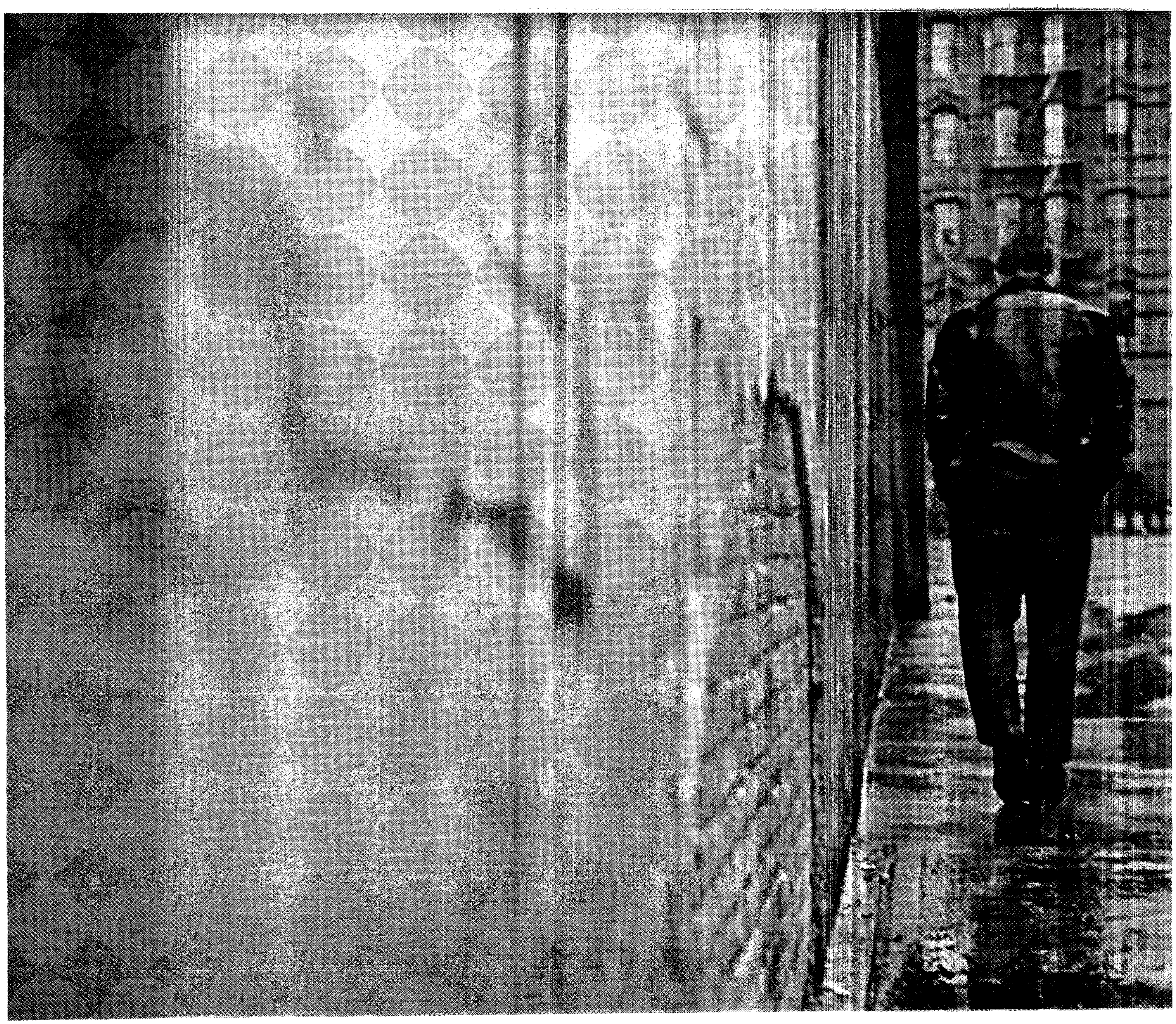

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Reading problems are the main reason *a million kids a year* quit school.

Reading problems are the main reason one third of *this year's* freshmen will leave high school before they graduate. It happens in rural areas and in cities alike.

What can *you* do to help? Many communities now have programs to help backward readers. A few years ago, 20 volunteers in New York started such a program. Last year, this group had grown big enough to help over 20,000 children with reading difficulties.

Find out if there's a group working where you live. If not, talk to your high school principal and *start* a program.

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INTERNATIONAL PAPER

through Kansas, we came to this little Phillipsburg place and stopped to look at a map. Seems to me like it was a Sunday. Stores shut. Streets quiet. My friend there, bless his heart, he looked around and made a suggestion." The suggestion was that they burglarize a nearby building, the Chandler Sales Company. Perry agreed, and they broke into the deserted premises and removed a quantity of office equipment (typewriters, adding machines). That might have been that if only, some days afterward, the thieves hadn't ignored a traffic signal in the city of St. Joseph, Missouri. "The junk was still in the car. The cop that stopped us wanted to know where we got it. A little checking was done, and, as they say, we were 'returned' to Phillipsburg, Kansas. Where the folks have a real cute jail. If you like jails." Within forty-eight hours, Perry and his companion had discovered an open window, climbed out of it, stolen a car, and driven northwest to McCook, Nebraska. "Pretty soon we broke up, me and Mr. Smith. I don't know what ever became of him. We both made the F.B.I.'s Wanted list. But, far as I know, they never caught up with *him*."

One wet afternoon the following November, a Greyhound bus deposited Perry in Worcester, a factory town of steep, up-and-down streets that, even in the best of weathers, seem cheerless and hostile. "I found the house where my friend was supposed to live. My Army friend from Korea. But the people there said he'd left six months back and they had no idea where he'd gone. Too bad, big disappointment, end of the world, all that. So I found a liquor store and bought a half gallon of red wop and went back to the bus depot and sat there drinking my wine and getting a little warmer. I was really enjoying myself till a man came along and arrested me for vagrancy." The police booked him as "Bob Turner"—a name he'd adopted because of being listed by the F.B.I. He spent fourteen days in jail, was fined ten dollars, and departed from Worcester on another wet November afternoon. "I went down to New York, and took a room in a hotel on Eighth Avenue," Perry said. "Near Forty-second Street. Finally, I got a night job. Doing odd jobs around a penny arcade. Right there on Forty-second Street, near to an Automat. Which is where I ate—*when* I ate. In over three months, I practically never left the Broadway area. For one thing, I didn't have the right clothes. Just Western clothes—jeans and boots. But there on Forty-second Street nobody

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cares, it all rides—*any*thing. My whole life, I never met so many freaks."

He lived out the winter in that ugly, neon-lit neighborhood, with its air full of the scent of popcorn, simmering hot dogs, and orange drink. But then, one bright March morning on the edge of spring, as he remembered it, "two F.B.I. bastards woke me up." He went on, "Arrested me at the hotel. Bang!—I was extradited back to Kansas. To Phillipsburg. That same cute jail. They nailed me to the cross—larceny, jailbreak, car theft. I got five to ten years. In Lansing. After I'd been there awhile, I wrote Dad. Let him know the news. And wrote Barbara, my sister. By now, over the years, that was all I had left me. Jimmy a suicide. Fern out the window. My mother dead. Been dead eight years. Everybody gone but Dad and Barbara."

A letter from Barbara was among the sheaf of selected matter that Perry preferred not to leave behind in the Mexico City hotel room. The letter, written in a pleasingly legible script, was dated April 28, 1958, at which time the recipient had been imprisoned for approximately two years:

"Dearest Bro. Perry,

"We got your 2nd letter today & forgive me for not writing sooner. Our weather here, as yours is, is turning warmer & maybe I am getting spring fever but I am going to try and do better. Your first letter was very disturbing, as I'm sure you must have suspected but that was not the reason I haven't written—it's true the children do keep me busy & it's hard to find time to sit and concentrate on a letter as I have wanted to write for some time. Donnie has learned to open the doors & climb on the chairs & other furniture & he worries me constantly about falling.

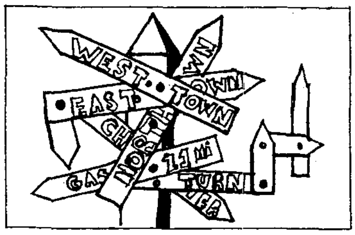
"I have been able to let the children play in the yard—now & then—but I always have to go out with them as they can hurt themselves if I don't pay attention. But nothing is forever & I know I will be sorry when they start running the block & I don't know where they're at. Here are some statistics if you're interested—

	Height	Weight	Shoe Size
Freddie	36½″	26½ lbs.	7½ narrow
Baby	37½″	29½ lbs.	8 narrow
Donnie	34″	26 lbs.	6½ wide

"You can see that Donnie is a pretty big boy for 15 months & with 16 teeth and his sparkling personality—people just can't help loving him. He wears the same size clothes as Baby and Freddie but the pants are all too long as yet.

"I am going to try & make this let-

Family goes off in all directions



Daughter won scholarship to ballet school. Had to commute... East. Sonny boy had to go West—to attend school commensurate with his high I.Q. Of course dad's business was South. And mother's shops North. Cardinal problem: finding perfect house amid the four cardinal points. Answer: Homerica ... America's top home-finding service. Right house was promptly pinpointed in center of all interests. Nobody stuck with long trips. Everybody happy. Homerica will do same for you. Tell us *all* your requirements. We'll find you the ideal house —and charge you nothing for our service.

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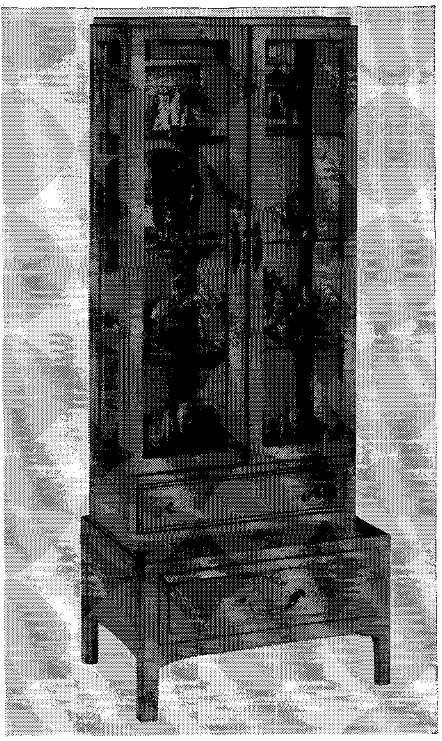

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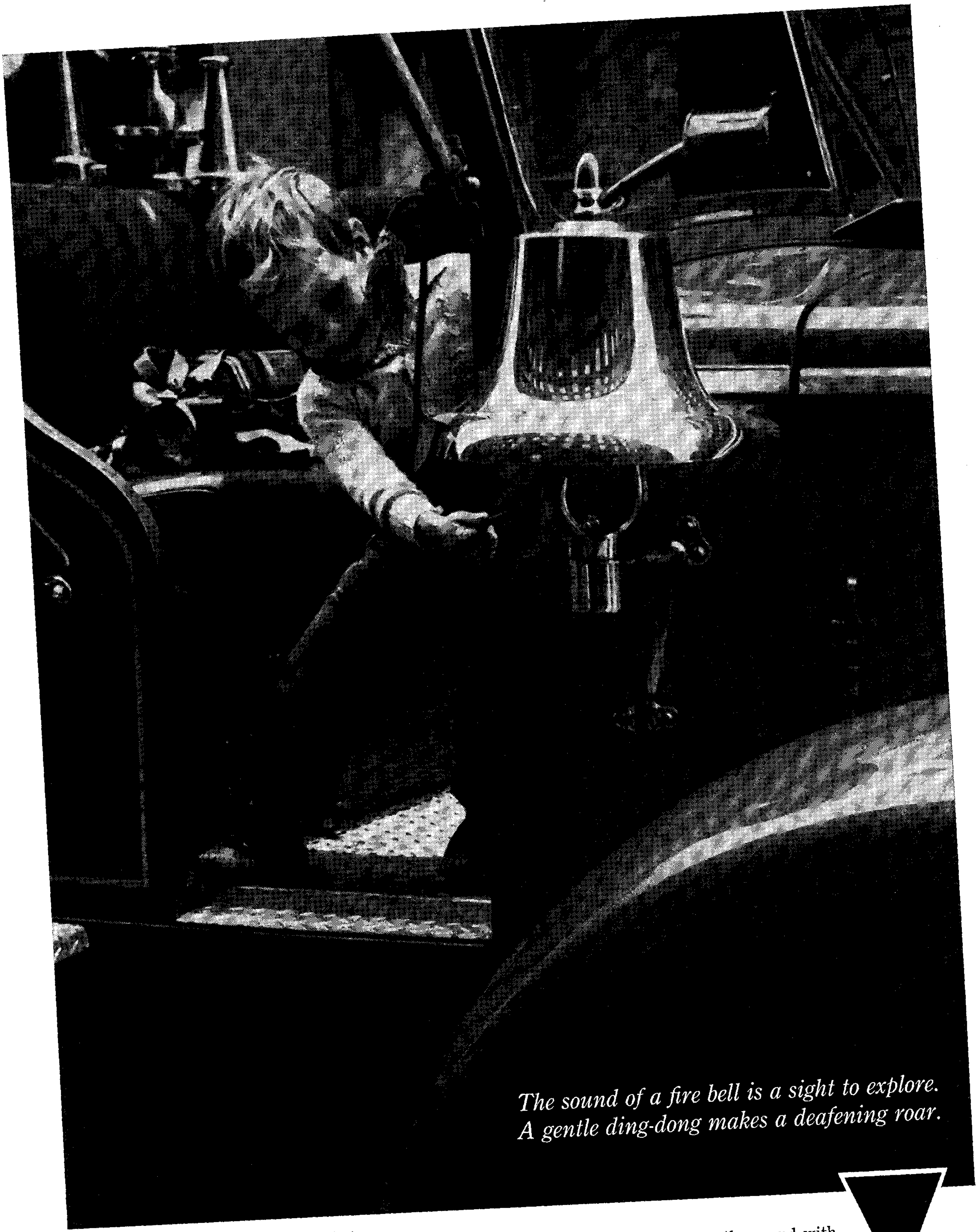
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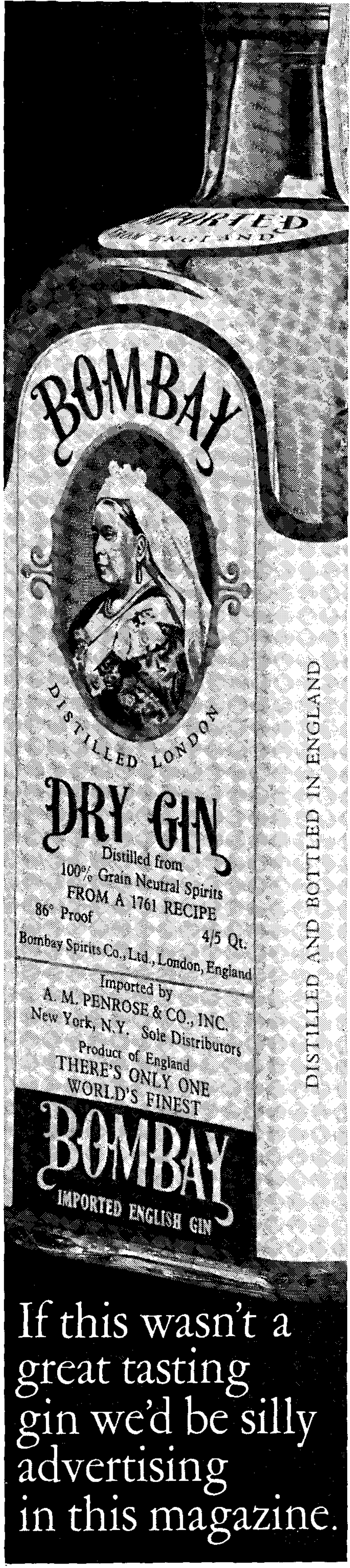
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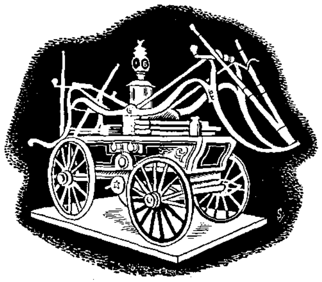
ter a long one so it will probably have a lot of interruptions such as right now it's time for Donnie's bath—Baby & Freddie had theirs this A.M. as it's quite cold today & I have had them inside. Be back soon—

"About my typing—First—I cannot tell a lie! I am not a typist. I use from 1 to 5 fingers & although I can manage & do help Big Fred with his business affairs, what it takes me 1 hr. to do would probably take someone with the Know How—15 minutes— Seriously, I do not have the time—nor the *will* to learn professionally. But I think it is wonderful how you have stuck with it and become such an excellent typist. I do believe we all were very adaptable (Jimmy, Fern, you and myself) & we had all been blessed with a basic flair for the artistic—among other things. Even Mother & Dad were artistic.

"I truthfully feel none of us have *anyone* to blame for *whatever* we have done with our own personal lives. It has been proven that at the age of 7 most of us have reached the *age of reason*—which means we *do*, at this age, *understand* & *know* the difference between right & wrong. Of course—environment plays an awfully important part in our lives such as the Convent in mine & in my case I am grateful for that influence. In Jimmy's case—he was the strongest of us all. I remember how he worked & went to school when there was no one to tell him & it was his own WILL to make something of himself. We will never know the reasons for what eventually happened, why he did what he did, but I still hurt thinking of it. It was such a waste. But we have very little control over our human weaknesses, & this applies also to Fern & the hundred of thousands of other people including ourselves—for *we all* have weaknesses. In your case—I don't know what *your* weakness is but I do feel—IT IS *NO* SHAME TO *HAVE* A DIRTY FACE—THE SHAME COMES WHEN YOU *KEEP* IT DIRTY.



"In all truthfulness & with love for you Perry, for you are my only living brother and the uncle of my children, I cannot say or feel your attitude towards our father or your imprisonment JUST or healthy. If you are getting your back up—better simmer down as I realize there are none of us who take criticism cheerfully & it is natural to feel a certain amount of resentment towards the one giving this criticism so I am prepared for one of two things—a) not to hear from you at all, or b) a letter telling me exactly what you think of me.

"I hope I'm wrong & I sincerely hope you will give this letter a lot of thought & *try* to see—how someone else feels. Please understand I know I am not an authority & I do not boast great intelligence or education but I do believe I am a normal individual with basic reasoning powers & the will to live my life according to the laws of God & Man. It is also true that I have 'fallen' at times, as is normal—for as I said I am human & therefore I too have human weaknesses but the point is, again, There is no shame—having a dirty face—the shame comes when you keep it dirty. No one is more aware of my shortcomings and mistakes than myself so I won't bore you further.

"Now, first, & most important—Dad is *not* responsible for your wrong doings *or* your good deeds. What you have done, whether *right* or *wrong*, is *your own doing*. From what I personally know, you lived your life exactly as you pleased *without* regard to circumstances or persons who loved you—who might be hurt. Whether you realize it or not—your present confinement is embarrassing to me as well as Dad—not because of what you did but the fact that you don't show me any signs of SINCERE regret and seem to show no *respect* for any laws, people or anything. Your letter implies that the blame of all your problems is that of someone else, but never you. I do admit that you are intelligent & your vocabulary is excellent & I do feel you can do anything you decide to do & do it well but what exactly do you want to do & are you willing to *work* & make an *honest* effort to attain whatever it is you choose to do? Nothing good comes easy & I'm sure you've heard this many times but once more won't hurt.

"In case you want the truth about Dad—his heart is broken because of you. He would give anything to get you out so he can have his son back—but I am afraid you would only hurt him worse if you could. He is not well and is getting older &, as the saying goes—he cannot 'Cut the Mustard' as in the old days. He has been wrong at times & he realizes this but whatever he had and wherever he went he shared his life & belongings with you when he wouldn't do this for anyone else. Now I don't say you owe him your *undying gratitude* or your *life* but you do owe him

A couple of weeks with this bunch, and you'll come back part Jamaican.

1st row: Cap'n Jack, Sonny, Grant. 2nd row: Maizy, Bish, Hugh. 3rd row: Sunshine, Juicy, Spence.

SONNY BOY
UNSHINE

There'll be a hint of the Jamaica Ska in your walk. An island lilt in your laugh. And, possibly, a tendency to give a "hey, mon" instead of a hello.

You may develop a habit of telling bartenders how to mix strange drinks according to the recipes you learned at Juicy's beach-front bar. Always infinitely complicated, and always containing a hooker and a half of rum.

You may catch yourself asking a waiter for salt fish and ackee (one of Spence's specialties), instead of ham and eggs.

And then you may enjoy livening up parties with a few tall tales you heard from that old pirate Cap'n Jack, skimming the glass-green waters of Montego Bay (tell them enough times and they have a way of becoming your own).

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But don't say we didn't warn you. It won't be just suntan and memories that you bring back home with you. Deep inside, you'll never be the same.

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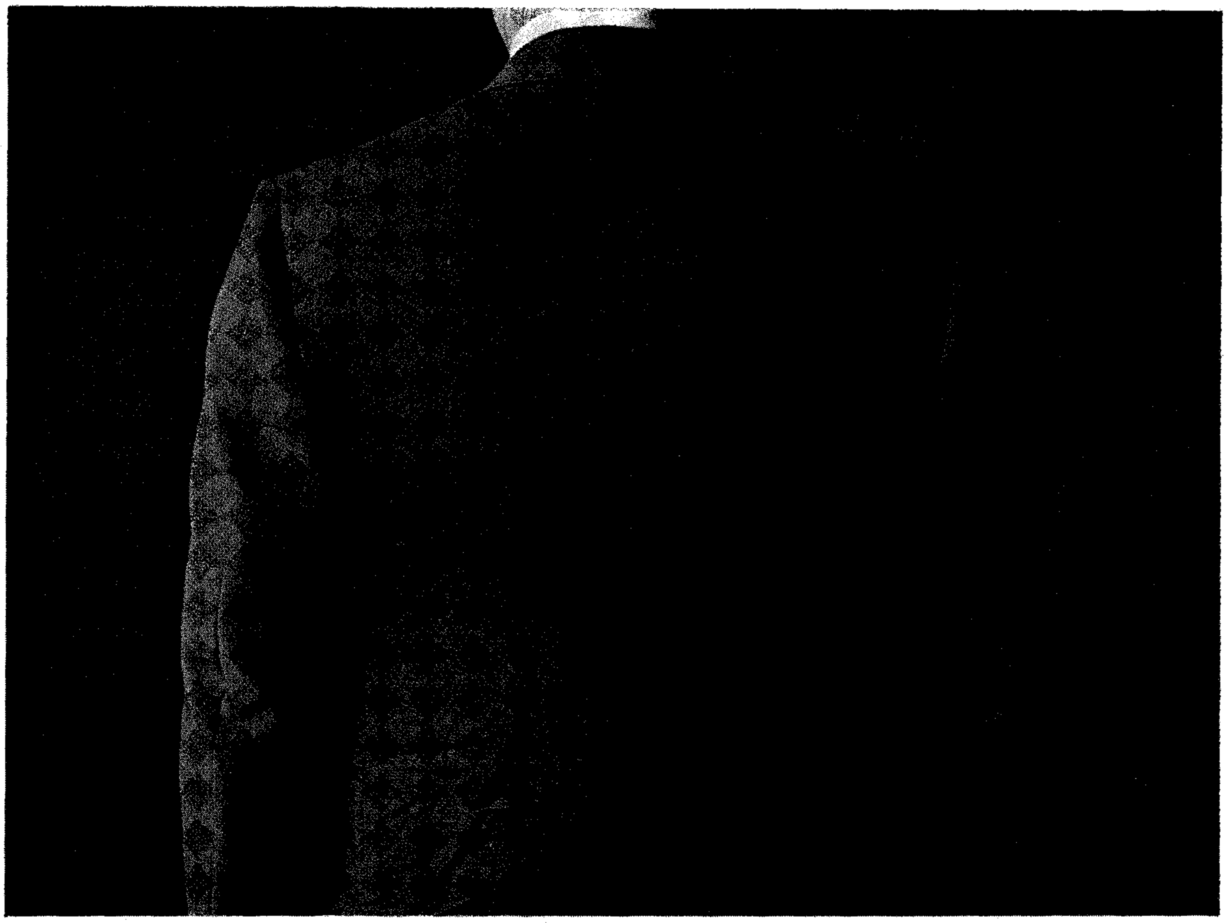
Sometimes a guy doesn't know what his suit is doing behind his back.



Sometimes, what a guy's suit is doing behind his back, is making him look like a prune. Take the jacket, for instance. If you sit it gets wrinkled. If you stand, you get tired. It's a problem. We solved it with the "comfortized" suit. The "comfortized" suit is a 1966 J & F model (we date our suits like cars). It has a unique fabric combination of Dacron* polyester and worsted. And "Dacron" sheds wrinkles. So you can sit in it. You can stand in it. You can work in it. And no one will ever say you look like you slept in it, behind your back.

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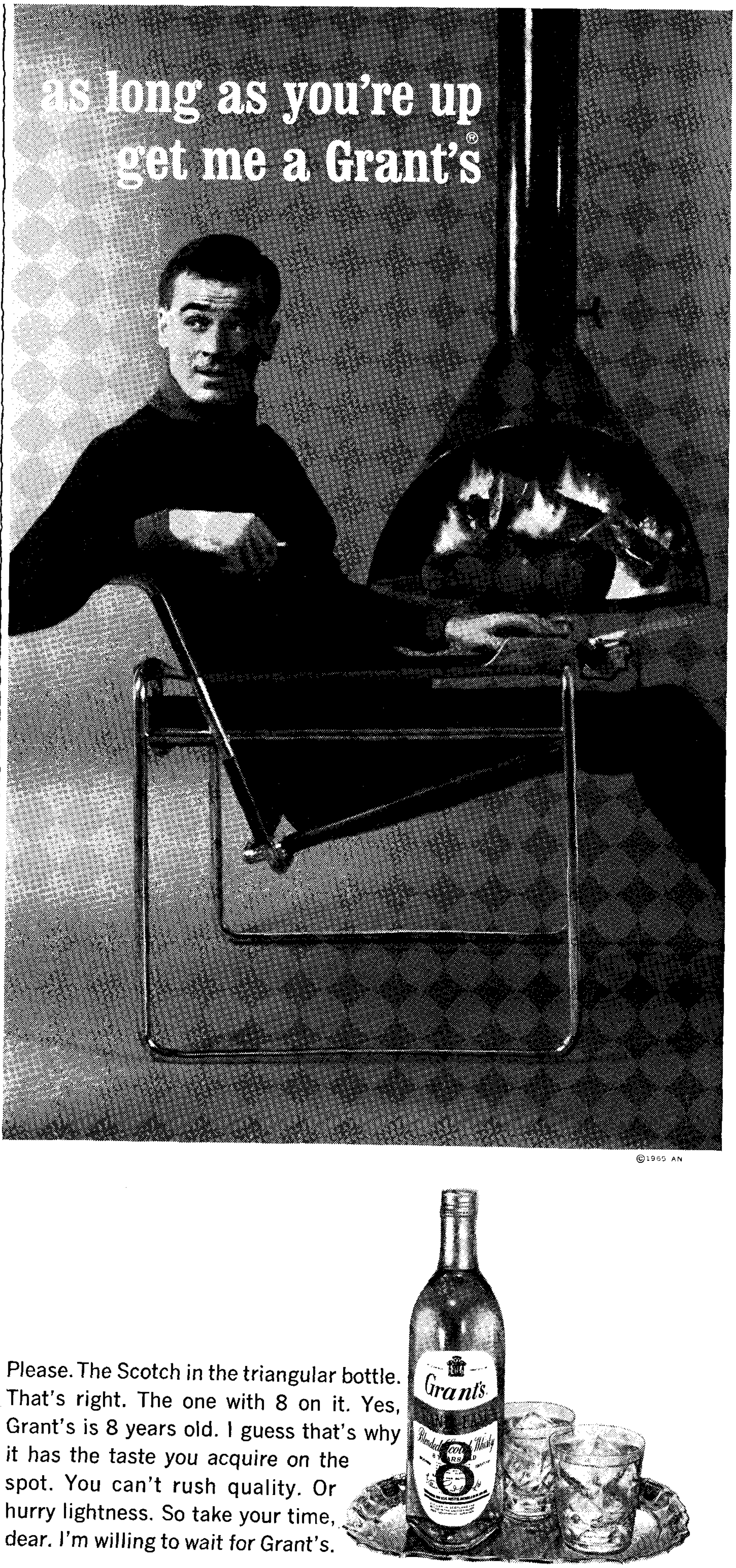
RESPECT and COMMON DECENCY. I, personally, am proud of Dad. I love him & Respect him as my Dad & I am only sorry he chose to be the Lone Wolf with his son, or he might be living with us and share our love instead of alone in his little trailer & longing & waiting & lonesome for you, his son. I worry for him & when I say *I* I mean my husband too for my husband respects our Dad. Because he is a MAN. It's true that Dad did not have a great extensive education but in school we only learn to recognize the words and to spell but the *application* of these words to *real life* is another thing that only LIFE & LIVING can give us. Dad has lived & you show ignorance in calling him uneducated & unable to understand 'the scientific meaning etc' of life's problems. A mother is still the only one who can kiss a boo-boo and make it all well—explain that *scientifically*.

"I'm sorry to let you have it so strong but I feel I must speak my piece. I am sorry that this must be censored [by the prison authorities], & I sincerely hope this letter is not detrimental towards your eventual release but I feel you should know & realize exactly what terrible hurt you have done. Dad is the important one as I am dedicated to my family but you are the only one Dad loves—in short, his 'family.' He knows I love him, of course but the closeness is not there, as you know.

"Your confinement is nothing to be proud of and you will have to live with it & try & live it down & it can be done but not with your attitude of feeling everyone is stupid & uneducated & un-understanding. You are a human being with a *free will*. Which puts you above the animal level. But if you live your life without feeling and compassion for your fellow-man—you are as an animal—'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth' & happiness & peace of mind is not attained by living thus.

"As far as responsibility goes, no one really wants it—but all of us are responsible to the community we live in & its laws. When the time comes to assume the responsibility of a home and children or business, this is the seeding of the boys from the Men—for surely you can realize what a mess the world would be if everyone in it said, 'I want to be an individual, without responsibilities, & be able to speak my mind freely & do as *I* alone will.' We are all free to speak & do as we individually will—*providing* this 'freedom' of Speech & Deed are not injurious to our fellow-man.

"Think about it, Perry. You are above average in intelligence, but some-



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Please. The Scotch in the triangular bottle. That's right. The one with 8 on it. Yes, Grant's is 8 years old. I guess that's why it has the taste you acquire on the spot. You can't rush quality. Or hurry lightness. So take your time, dear. I'm willing to wait for Grant's.

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how your reasoning is off the beam. Maybe it's the strain of your confinement. Whatever it is—remember—you & only you are responsible and it is up to you and you alone to overcome this part of your life. Hoping to hear from you soon.

With Love & Prayers,
Your sister & Bro. in Law,
BARBARA & FREDERIC & FAMILY"

In preserving this letter, and including it in his collection of particular treasures, Perry was not moved by affection. Far from it. He "loathed" Barbara, and just the other day he had told Dick, "The only *real* regret I have—I wish the hell my sister had been in that house." (Dick had laughed, and confessed to a similar yearning: "I keep thinking what fun if my second wife had been there. Her, and all her goddam family.") No, he valued the letter merely because his prison friend, the "super-intelligent" Willie-Jay, had written for him a "very sensitive" analysis of it, occupying two single-spaced typewritten pages, with the title "Impressions I Garnered from the Letter" at the top:

"IMPRESSIONS I GARNERED FROM THE LETTER

"1.) When she began this letter, she intended that it should be a compassionate demonstration of Christian principles. That is to say that in return for your letter to her, which apparently annoyed her, she meant to turn the other cheek hoping in this way to incite regret for your previous letter and to place you on the defensive in your next.

"However few people can successfully demonstrate a principle in common ethics when their deliberation is festered with emotionalism. Your sister substantiates this failing for as her letter progresses her judgment gives way to temper—her thoughts are good, lucid, the products of intelligence, but it is not now an unbiased, impersonal intelligence. It is a mind propelled by emotional response to memory and frustration; consequently, however wise her admonishments might be, they fail to inspire resolve, unless it would be the resolve to retaliate by hurting her in your next letter. Thus commencing a cycle that can only culminate in further anger and distress.

"2.) It is a foolish letter, but born of human failing.

"Your letter to her, and this, her answer to you failed in their objective. Your letter was an attempt to explain your outlook on life, as you are necessarily affected by it. It was destined to

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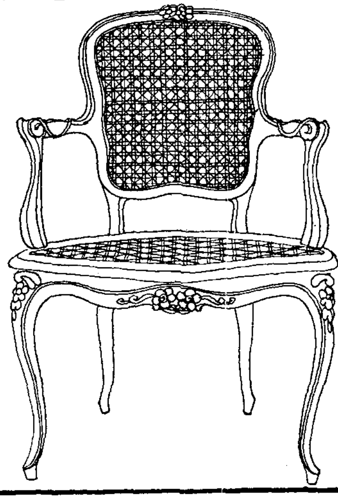

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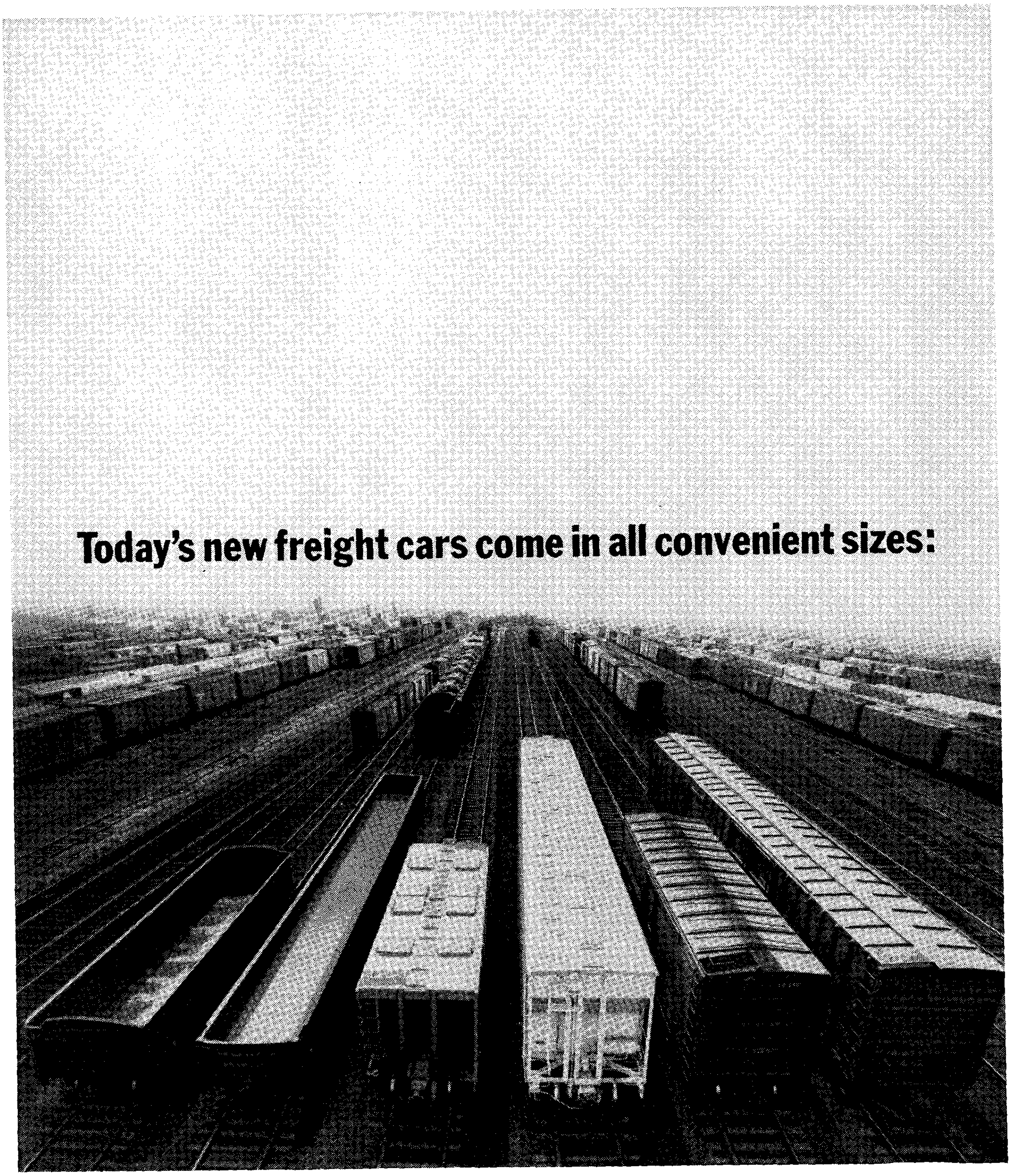

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be misunderstood, or taken too literally because your ideas are opposed to conventionalism. What could be *more* conventional than a housewife with three children, who is 'dedicated' to her family???? What could be more natural than that she would resent an unconventional person. There is considerable hypocrisy in conventionalism. Any thinking person is aware of this paradox; but in dealing with conventional people it is advantageous to treat them as though they were not hypocrites. It isn't a question of faithfulness to your own concepts; it is a matter of compromise so that you *can* remain an individual without the constant threat of conventional pressure. Her letter failed because she couldn't conceive of the profundity of your problem—she couldn't fathom the pressures brought to bear upon you because of environment, intellectual frustration and a growing tendency toward isolationism.

"3.) She feels that:

a) You are leaning too heavily towards self-pity.

b) That you are too calculating.

c) That you are really undeserving of an 8 page letter written in between motherly duties.

"4.) On page 3 she writes: 'I truthfully feel none of us has anyone to blame etc.' Thus vindicating those who bore influence in her formative years. But is this the whole truth? She is a wife and mother. Respectable and more or less secure. It is easy to ignore the rain if you have a raincoat. But how would she feel if she were compelled to hustle her living on the streets? Would she still be all-forgiving about the people in her past? Absolutely not. Nothing is more usual than to feel that others have shared in our failures, just as it is an ordinary reaction to forget those who have shared in our achievements.

"5.) Your sister respects your Dad. She also resents the fact that you have been preferred. Her jealousy takes a subtle form in this letter. Between the lines she is registering a question: 'I love Dad and have tried to live so he could be proud to own me as his daughter. But I have had to content myself with the crumbs of his affection. Because it is you he loves, and why should it be so?'

"Obviously over the years your Dad has taken advantage of your sister's emotional nature via the mails. Painting a picture that justifies her opinion of him—an underdog cursed with an ungrateful son upon whom he has showered love and concern, only to be infamously treated by that son in return.

"On page 7 she says she is sorry that

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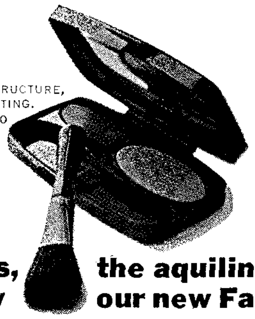

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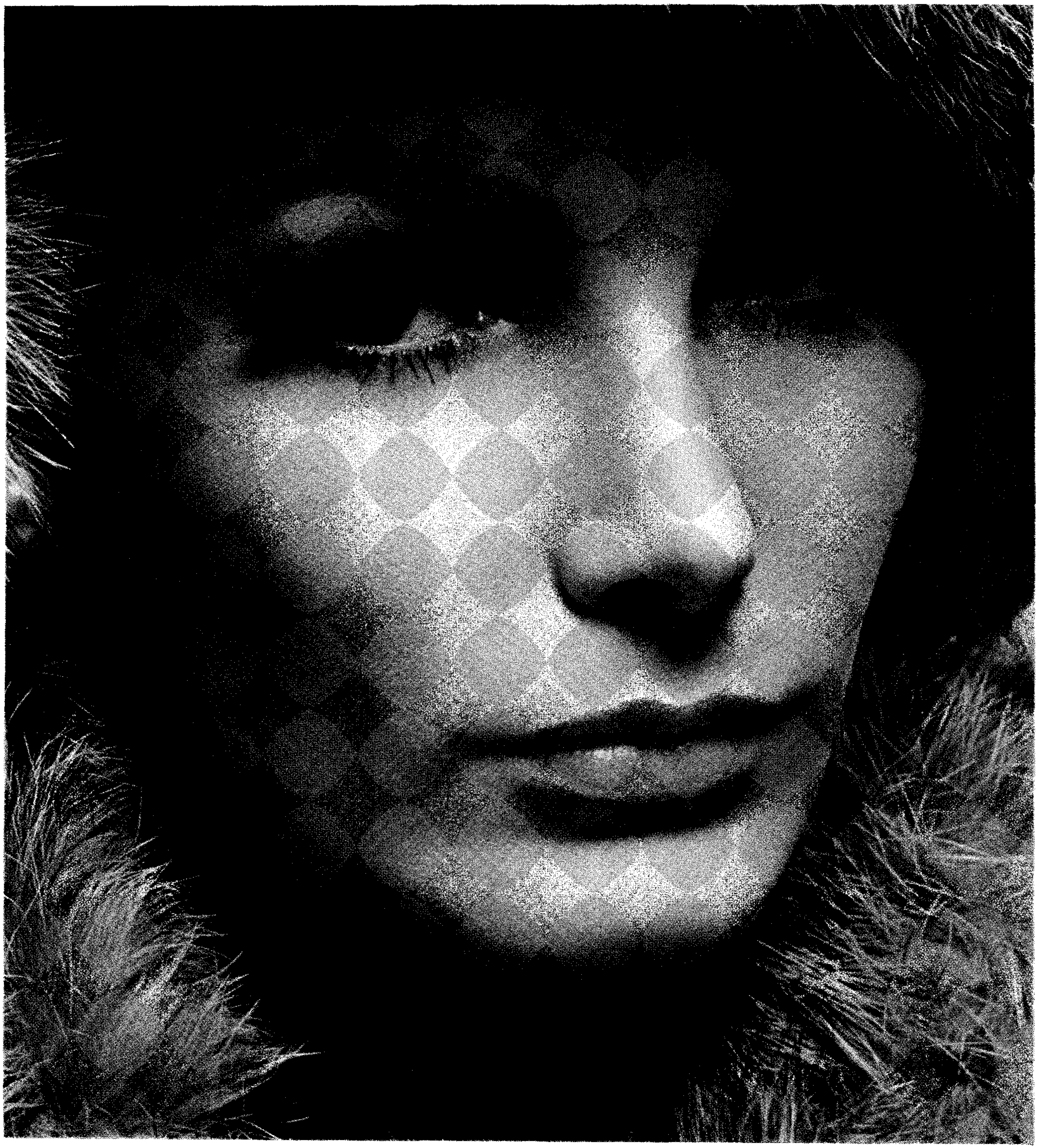

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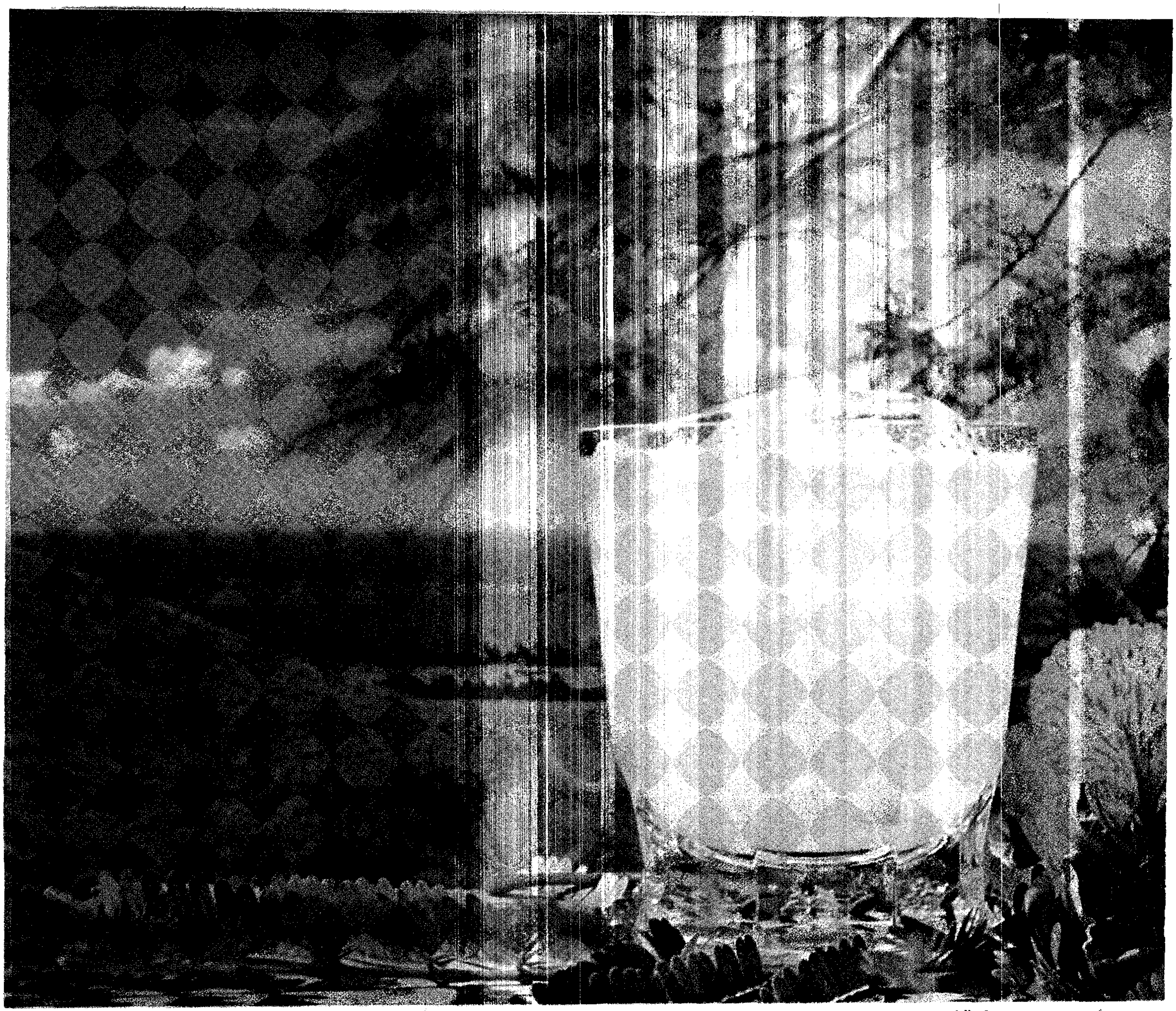

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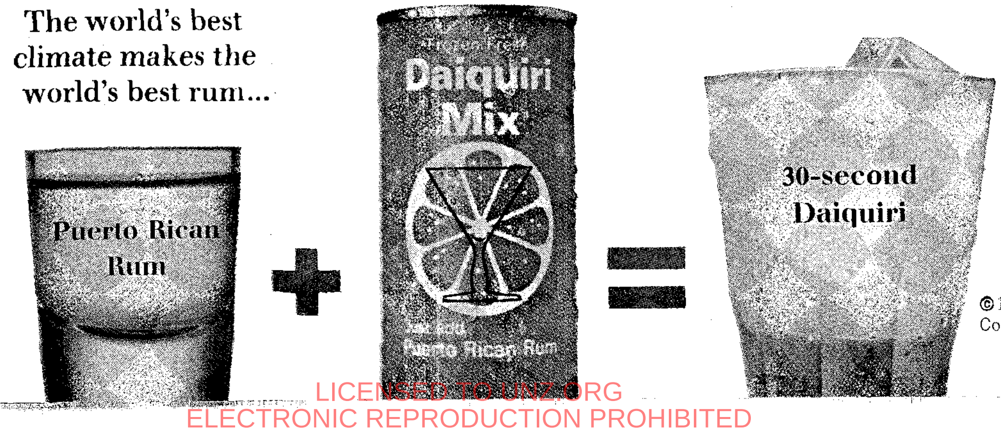
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+
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Daiquiri Mix
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30-second Daiquiri

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her letter must be censored. But she is really not sorry at all. She is glad it passes through a censor. Subconsciously she has written it with the censor in mind, hoping to convey the idea that the Smith family is really a well-ordered unit: '*Please do not judge us all by Perry.*'

"About the mother kissing away her child's boo-boo. This is a woman's form of sarcasm.

"6.) You write to her because:

a) You love her after a fashion.

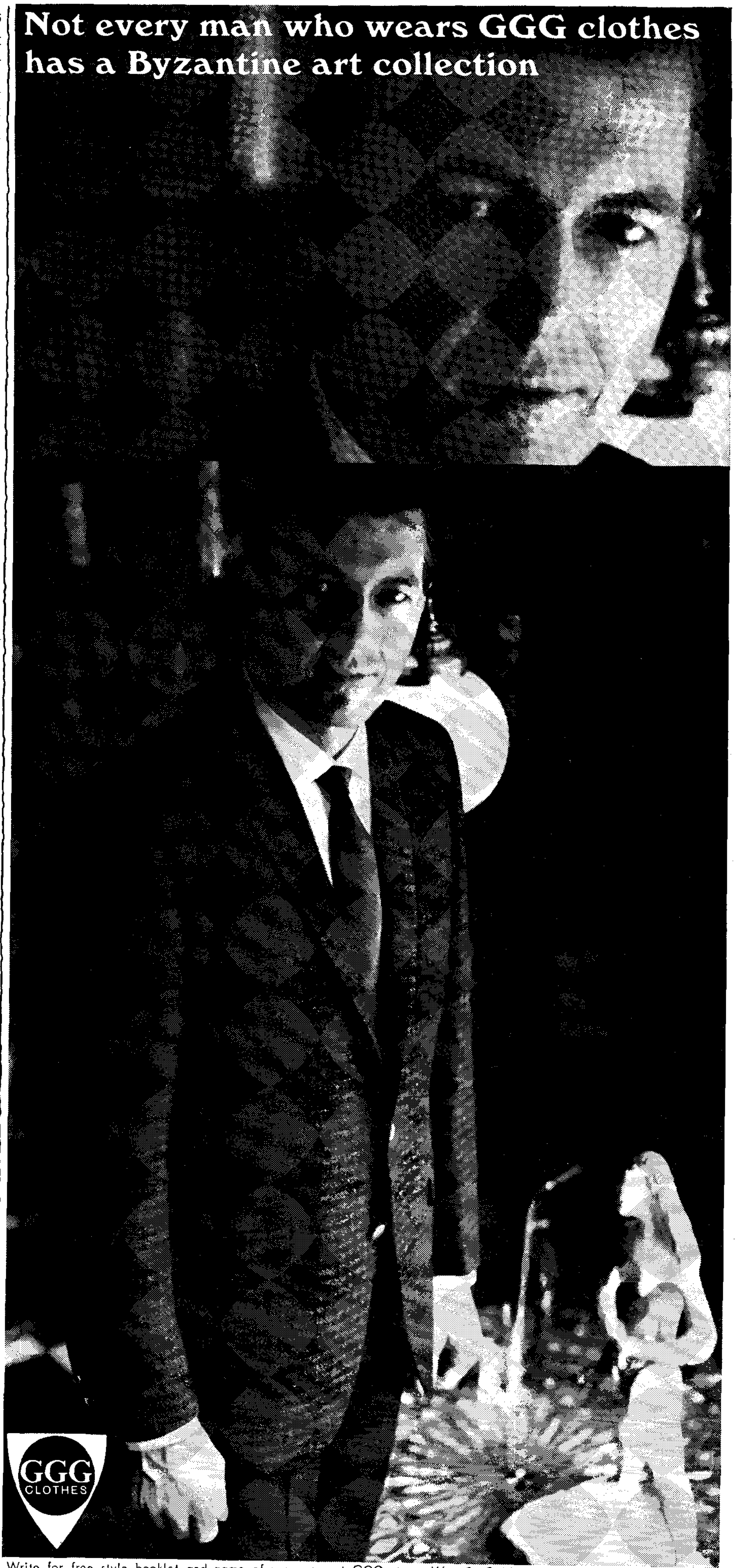
b) You feel a need for this contact with the outside world.

c) You can use her.

"Prognosis: Correspondence between you and your sister cannot serve anything but a purely social function. Keep the theme of your letters within the scope of her understanding. Do not unburden your private conclusions. Do not put her on the defensive and do not permit her to put you on the defensive. Respect her limitations to comprehend your objectives, and remember that she is touchy towards criticism of your Dad. Be consistent in your attitude towards her and do not add anything to the impression she has that you are weak, not because you need her good-will but because you can expect more letters like this, and *they can only serve to increase your already dangerous anti-social instincts.*

FINISH"

As Perry continued to sort and choose, the pile of material he thought too dear to part with, even temporarily, assumed a tottering height. But what was he to do? He couldn't risk losing the Bronze Medal earned in Korea, or his high-school diploma (issued by the Leavenworth County Board of Education as a result of his having, while in prison, resumed his long-recessed studies). Nor did he care to chance the loss of a manila envelope fat with photographs—primarily of himself, and ranging in time from a pretty-little-boy portrait made when he was in the Merchant Marine (and on the back of which he had scribbled, "16 yrs. old. Young, happy-go-lucky & Innocent") to the recent Acapulco pictures. And there were half a hundred other items he had decided he must take with him, among them his treasure maps, Otto's sketchbook, and two thick notebooks, the thicker of which constituted his personal dictionary, a non-alphabetically listed miscellany of words he believed "beautiful" or "useful," or at least "worth memorizing." (Sample page: "Thanatoid = deathlike; Omnilingual = versed in all languages; Amerce =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punishment, amount fixed by court; Nescient = ignorance; Facinorous = atrociously wicked; Hagiophobia = a morbid fear of holy places & things; Lapidicolous = living under stones, as certain blind beetles; Dyspathy = lack of sympathy, fellow feeling; Psilosopher = a fellow who fain would pass as a philosopher; Omophagia = eating raw flesh, the rite of some savage tribes; Depredate = to pillage, rob, and prey upon; Aphrodisiac = a drug or the like which excites sexual desire; Megalodactylous = having abnormally large fingers; Myrtophobia = fear of night and darkness.”)

On the cover of the second notebook, the handwriting of which he was so proud, a script abounding in curly, feminine flourishes, proclaimed the contents to be “The Private Diary of Perry Edward Smith”—an inaccurate description, for it was not in the least a diary but, rather, a form of anthology consisting of obscure facts (“Every fifteen years Mars gets closer. 1958 is a close year”), poems and literary quotations (“No man is an island, entire of itself”), and passages from newspapers and books paraphrased or quoted. For example:

“My acquaintances are many, my friends are few; those who really know me fewer still.”

“Heard about a new rat poison on the market. Extremely potent, odorless, tasteless, is so completely absorbed once swallowed that no trace could ever be found in a dead body.”

“If called upon to make a speech: ‘I can’t remember what I was going to say for the life of me—I don’t think that ever before in my life have so many people been so directly responsible for my being so very, very glad. It’s a wonderful moment and a rare one and I’m certainly indebted. Thank you!’ ”

“Read interesting article Feb. issue of *Man to Man:* ‘I Knifed My Way to a Diamond Pit.’ ”

“ ‘It is almost impossible for a man who enjoys freedom with all its prerogatives, to realize what it means to be deprived of that freedom.’—Said by Erle Stanley Gardner.”

“ ‘What is life? It is the flash of a firefly in the night. It is a breath of a buffalo in the wintertime. It is as the little shadow that runs across the grass and loses itself in the sunset.’—Said by Chief Crowfoot, Blackfoot Indian Chief.”

This last entry was written in red ink and decorated with a border of green-ink stars; the anthologist wished to emphasize its “personal significance.” “A breath of a buffalo in the winter-

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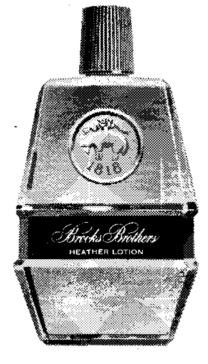
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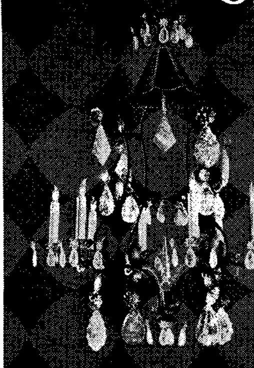
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time"—that exactly evoked his view of life. Why worry? What was there to "sweat about"? Man was nothing, a mist, a shadow absorbed by shadows. But, damn it, you do worry, scheme, fret over your fingernails and the warnings of hotel managements: "SU DÍA TERMINA A LAS 2 P.M."

"Dick? You hear me?" Perry said. "It's almost one o'clock."

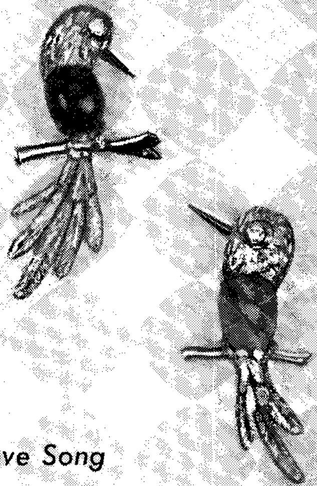
Dick was awake. He was rather more than that; he and Inez were making love. As though reciting a rosary, Dick incessantly whispered, asking Inez to assure him he was doing all right. But Inez, smoking a cigarette, remained silent. The previous midnight, when Dick had brought her to the room and told Perry that she was going to sleep there, Perry, though disapproving, had acquiesced, but if they imagined that their conduct stimulated him, or seemed to him anything other than a "nuisance," they were wrong. Nevertheless, Perry felt sorry for Inez. She was such a "stupid kid"—she really believed Dick meant to marry her, and had no idea he was planning to leave Mexico that very afternoon.

"For Christ's sake, Dick," Perry said. "Hurry it up, will you? Our day ends at 2 P.M."

IT was Saturday, Christmas was near, and the traffic along Main Street crept. Dewey, caught in the traffic, looked up at the holly garlands that hung above the street—swags of gala greenery festooned with scarlet paper bells—and was reminded that he had not yet bought a single gift for his wife or his sons. His mind automatically rejected problems not concerned with the Clutter case. Marie and many of their friends had begun to wonder at the completeness of his fixation.

One close friend, the young lawyer Clifford R. Hope, Jr., had spoken plainly: "Do you know what's happening to you, Al? Do you realize you never talk about anything else?"

"Well," Dewey had replied, "that's all I think about. And there's the chance that, just while talking the thing over, I'll hit on something I haven't thought of before. Some new angle. Or maybe *you* will. Damn it, Cliff, what do you suppose my life will be if this thing stays in the Open File? Years from now, I'll still be running down tips, and every time there's a murder, a case anywhere in the country even remotely similar, I'll have to horn right in, check, see if there could be any possible connection. But it isn't only that. The real thing is I've come to feel I know Herb and the family bet-



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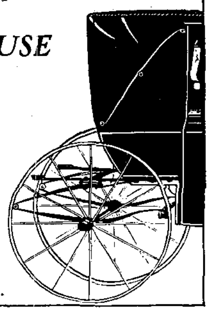

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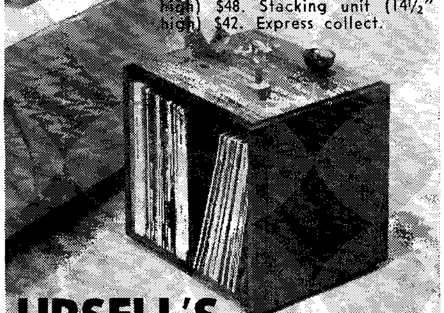

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In the other box were the Green Giant's famous young tender sweet peas. Frozen in butter sauce and packed in a special flavor-tight cooking pouch.

The town grocer looked up as a long green shadow fell across his freezer.

"Who are you?" he asked. "And why do you wear those leaves?" Something cold pressed against his stomach.

"These two kinds of peas frozen in butter sauce should tell you who I am."

And with a hearty "ho ho ho" the Big Green Man was gone.

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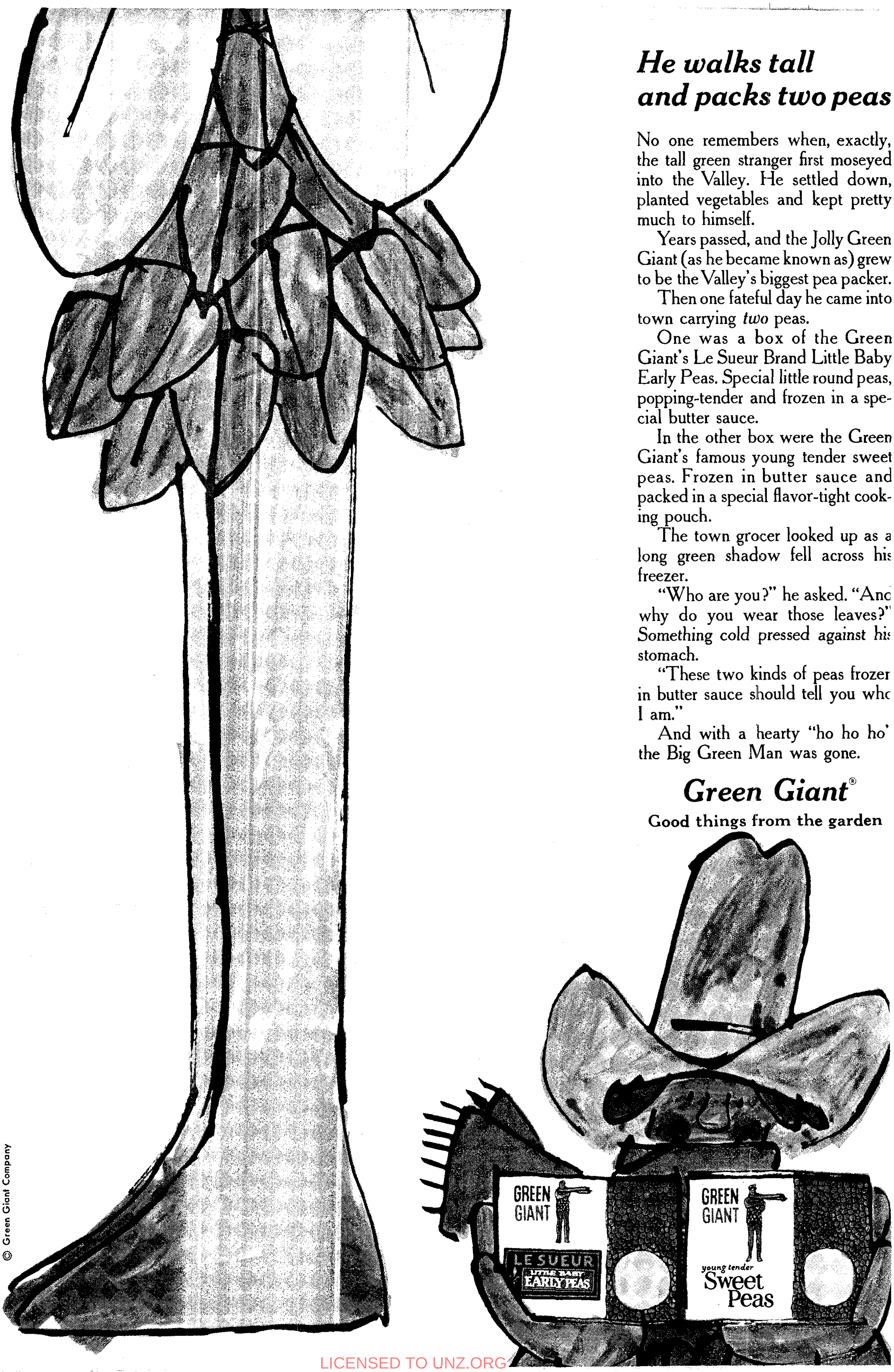
Good things from the garden



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ter than they ever knew themselves. I'm haunted by them. I guess I always will be. Until I know what happened."

Dewey's dedication to the puzzle had resulted in an uncharacteristic absent-mindedness. Only that morning, Marie had asked him please, would he please, *please*, not forget to . . . But he couldn't remember, or didn't, until, free of the shopping-day traffic and racing along Route 50 toward Holcomb, he passed Dr. J. E. Dale's veterinarian establishment. Of *course*. His wife had asked him to be sure and collect the family cat, Courthouse Pete. Pete, a tiger-striped tom weighing fifteen pounds, is a well-known character around Garden City, famous for his pugnacity, which was the cause of his current hospitalization; a battle lost to a boxer dog had left him with wounds necessitating both stitches and antibiotics. Released by Dr. Dale, Pete settled down on the front seat of his owner's automobile and purred all the way to Holcomb.

The detective's destination was River Valley Farm, but, wanting something warm—a cup of very hot coffee—he stopped off at Hartman's Café.

"Hello, handsome," said Mrs. Hartman. "What can I do for you?"

"Just coffee, Ma'am."

She poured a cup. "Am I wrong? Or have you lost a lot of weight?"

"Some." In fact, during the past three weeks Dewey had dropped twenty pounds. His suits fitted as though he had borrowed them from a stout friend, and his face, seldom suggestive of his profession, was now not at all so; it could have been that of an ascetic absorbed in occult pursuits.

"How do you feel?"

"Mighty fine."

"You *look* awful."

Unarguably. But no worse than the other members of the K.B.I. entourage—Agents Duntz, Church, and Nye. Certainly he was in better shape than Harold Nye, who, though full of flu and fever, kept reporting for duty. Among them, the four tired men had "checked out" some seven hundred tips and rumors. Dewey, for example, had spent two wearying and wasted days trying to trace that phantom pair, the Mexicans sworn by Paul Helm to have visited Mr. Clutter on the eve of the murders.

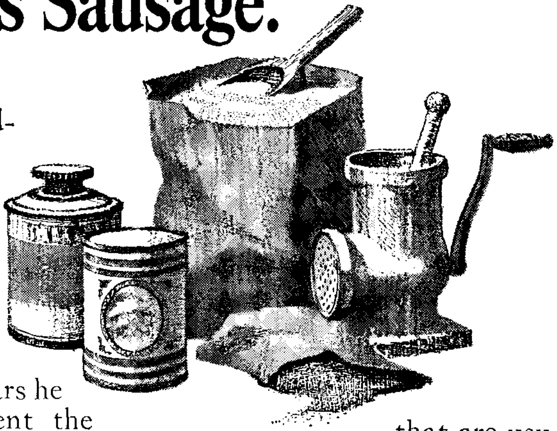
"Another cup, Alvin?"

"Don't guess I will. Thank you, Ma'am."

But she had already fetched the pot. "It's on the house, Sheriff. How you look, you need it."

At a corner table, two whiskery

Grandfather Milo wasn't about to let trouble get him down. That's how we started making Jones Sausage.



If it hadn't been for Grandfather Milo's rheumatism, chances are Jones Sausage wouldn't be known much beyond Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin. Even though he was an invalid, Milo Jones was bound and determined to support his family. For years he sought ways to supplement the farm's modest income. And then, one October day in 1889 he hit upon the idea of selling sausage made from his mother's special recipe.

The entire family pitched in to help. They gathered in the kitchen to grind the meat and spices. His wife sewed the little cloth bags in which the sausage was originally sold. The first batch was quickly bought by the neighbors. These neighbors told their neighbors and pretty soon, Grandfather Milo started getting orders from the big cities like Milwaukee, Chicago, and even New York.

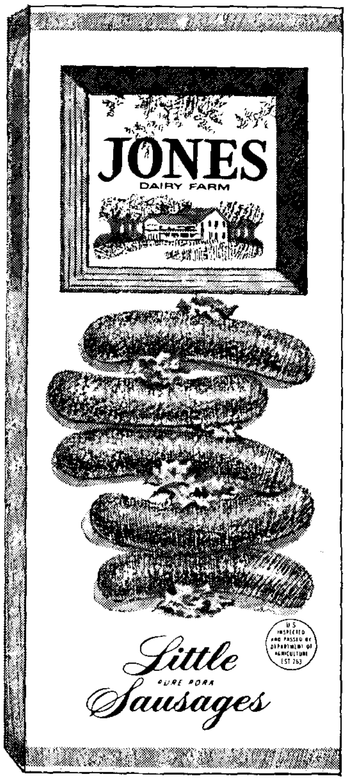
Today, five generations later (six, if you count the youngsters), we Joneses are still making sausage on the same Wisconsin farm in the same honest way from the very same recipe.

Many people are surprised to learn that we use choice cuts from tender, lean, young porkers. Cuts that are usually meant to be sold as the main part of a meal. Like hams. And shoulders. And loin roasts. But, to our way of thinking, these choice cuts are one of the reasons why Jones Sausage is different and, we think, better than other kinds.

Another reason Jones Sausage tastes so good is the pure, natural spices and seasonings we use.

You'll find Jones Sausage in your grocer's meat or frozen foods case. So try it for breakfast soon. And when you're enjoying it, remember our Grandfather Milo. He made the whole thing possible.

The original Jones Farmhouse
Jones Dairy Farm • Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin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Little
PURE PORK
Sausages
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Real farm sausage
from a real Wisconsin farm

ranch hands were playing checkers. One of them got up and came over to the counter, where Dewey was seated. He said, "Is it true what we heard?"

"Depends."

"About that fellow you caught? Prowling in the Clutter house? He's the one responsible. That's what we heard."

"I think you heard wrong, old man. Yes, sir, I do."

Although the past life of Jonathan Daniel Adrian, who was then being held in the county jail on a charge of carrying a concealed weapon, included a period of confinement as a mental patient in Topeka State Hospital, the data assembled by the investigators indicated that in relation to the Clutter case he was guilty only of an unhappy curiosity.

"Well, if he's the wrong un, why the hell don't you find the right-un? I got a houseful of women won't go to the *bath*room alone."

Dewey had become accustomed to this brand of abuse; it was a routine part of his existence. He swallowed the second cup of coffee, sighed, smiled.

"Hell, I'm not cracking jokes. I mean it. Why don't you arrest somebody? That's what you're paid for."

"Hush your meanness," said Mrs. Hartman. "We're all in the same boat. Alvin's doing good as he can."

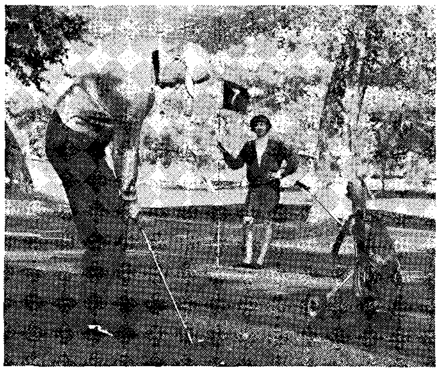
Dewey winked at her. "You tell him, Ma'am. And much obliged for the coffee."

The ranch hand waited until his quarry had reached the door, then fired a farewell volley: "If you ever run for sheriff again, just forget my vote. 'Cause you *ain't* gonna get it."

"Hush your meanness," said Mrs. Hartman.

A mile separates River Valley Farm from Hartman's Café. Dewey decided to walk it. He enjoyed hiking across wheat fields. Normally, once or twice a week he went for long walks on his own land, the well-loved piece of prairie where he had always hoped to build a house, plant trees, eventually entertain great-grandchildren. That was the dream, but it was one his wife had lately warned him she no longer shared; she had told him that never now would she consider living all alone "way out there in the country." Dewey knew that even if he were to snare the murderers the next day, Marie would not change her mind—for an awful fate had befallen friends who lived in a lonely country house.

Of course, the Clutter family were not the first persons ever murdered in Finney County, or even in Holcomb. Senior members of that small community can recall "a wild goings on" of



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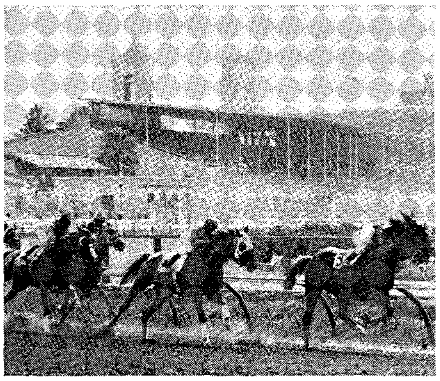
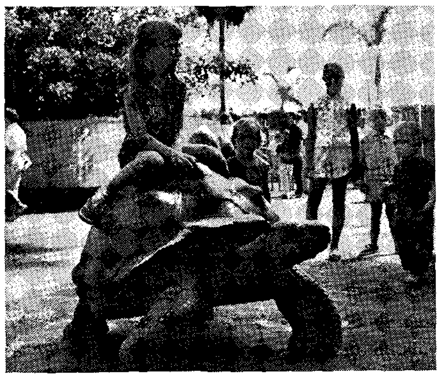


san diego



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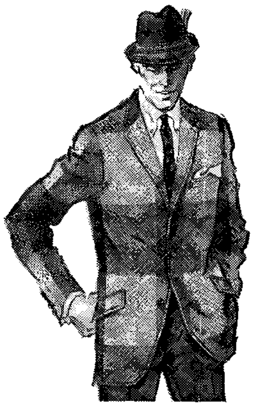

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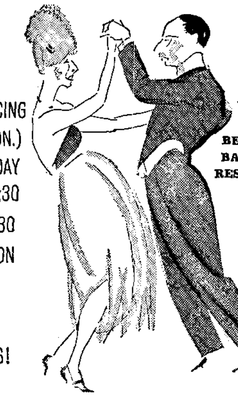

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more than forty years ago—the Hefner slaying. Mrs. Sadie Truitt, the hamlet's septuagenarian mail messenger, who is the mother of Postmistress Clare, is expert on this fabled affair: "August, it was. 1920. Hot *as* Hades. A fellow called Tunif was working on the Finnup ranch. *Wal*ter Tunif. He had a car, turned out to be stolen. Turned out he was a soldier A.W.O.L. from Fort Bliss, over there in Texas. He was a rascal, sure enough, and a lot of people suspected him. So one evening the sheriff—them days that was Orlie Hefner, such a fine singer, don't you know he's part of the Heavenly Choir?—one evening he rode out to the Finnup ranch to ask Tunif a few straightforward questions. Third of August. Hot *as* Hades. Outcome of it was, Walter Tunif shot the sheriff right through the heart. Poor Orlie was gone 'fore he hit the ground. The devil who done it, he lit out of there on one of the Finnup horses, rode east along the river. Word spread, and men for miles around made up a posse. Along about the next morning, they caught up with him; old *Wal*ter Tunif. He didn't get the chance to say how d'you do. On account of the boys were pretty *i*rate. They just let the buckshot fly."

Dewey's own initial contact with foul play in Finney County occurred in 1947. The incident is noted in his files as follows: "John Carlyle Polk, a Creek Indian, 32 years of age, resident Muskogee, Okla., killed Mary Kay Finley, white female, 40 years of age, a waitress residing in Garden City. Polk stabbed her with the jagged neck of a beer bottle in a room in the Copeland Hotel, Garden City, Kansas, 5-9-47." A cut-and-dried description of an open-and-shut case. Of three other murders Dewey had since investigated, two were equally obvious (a pair of railroad workers robbed and killed an elderly farmer, 11-1-52; a drunken husband beat and kicked his wife to death, 6-17-56), but the third case, as it was once conversationally narrated by Dewey, was not without several original touches: "It all started out at Stevens Park. Where they have a bandstand, and under the bandstand a men's room. Well, this man named Mooney was walking around the park. He was from North Carolina somewhere, just a stranger passing through town. Anyway, he went to the rest room, and somebody followed him inside—a boy from hereabouts, Wilmer Lee Stebbins, twenty years old. Afterward, Wilmer Lee always claimed Mr. Mooney made him an unnatural suggestion. And that was why he robbed Mr. Mooney, and

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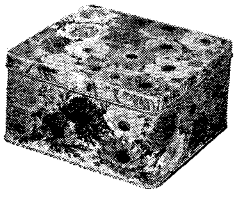

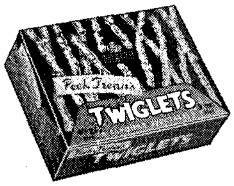

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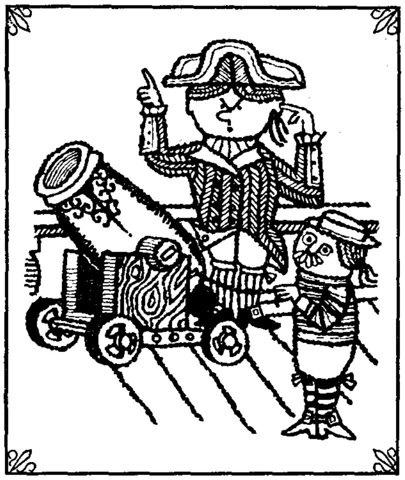
knocked him down, and banged his head on the cement floor, and why, when *that* didn't finish him, he stuck Mr. Mooney's head in a toilet bowl and kept on flushing till he drowned him. Maybe so. But nothing can explain the rest of Wilmer Lee's behavior. First off, he buried the body a couple of miles northeast of Garden City. Next day, he dug it up and put it down fourteen miles farther out. Well, it went on like that, burying and reburying. Wilmer Lee was like a dog with a bone—he just wouldn't let Mr. Mooney rest in peace. Finally, he dug one grave too many; somebody saw him." Prior to the Clutter mystery, the four cases cited were the sum of Dewey's experience with murder, and, measured against the case confronting him, were as squalls preceding a hurricane.

Dewey fitted a key into the front door of the Clutter house. Inside, the house was warm, for the heat had not been turned off, and the shiny-floored rooms, smelling of a lemon-scented polish, seemed only temporarily untenanted; it was as though today were Sunday and the family might at any moment return from church. The heirs, Mrs. English and Mrs. Jarchow, had removed a vanload of clothing and furniture, yet the atmosphere of a house still humanly inhabited had not thereby been diminished. In the parlor, a sheet of music, "Comin' Thro' the Rye," stood open on the piano rack. In the hall, a sweat-stained gray Stetson hat—Herb's—hung on a hat peg. Upstairs in Kenyon's room, on a shelf above his bed, the lenses of the dead boy's spectacles gleamed with reflected light.

The detective moved from room to room. He had toured the house many times; indeed, he went out there almost every day, and, in one sense, could be said to find these visits pleasurable, for the place, unlike his own home, or the sheriff's office, with its hullabaloo, was peaceful. The telephones, their wires still severed, were silent. The great quiet of the prairies surrounded him. He could sit in Herb's parlor rocking chair, and rock and think. A few of his conclusions were unshakable: He believed that the death of Herb Clutter had been the criminals' main objective, the motive being a psychopathic hatred, or possibly a combination of hatred and thievery, and he believed that the commission of the murders had been a leisurely labor, with perhaps two or more hours elapsing between the entrance of the killers and their exit. (The coroner, Dr. Robert Fenton, reported an appreciable difference in the body tem-



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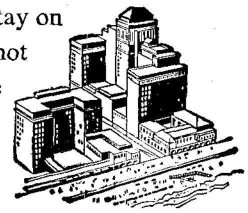

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peratures of the victims, and, on this basis, theorized that the order of execution had been: Mrs. Clutter, Nancy, Kenyon, and Mr. Clutter.) Attendant upon these beliefs was his conviction that the family had known very well the persons who destroyed them.

During this visit, Dewey paused at an upstairs window, his attention caught by something seen in the near distance—a scarecrow amid the wheat stubble. The scarecrow wore a man's hunting cap and a dress of weather-faded flowered calico. (Surely an old dress of Bonnie Clutter's?) Wind frolicked the skirt and made the scarecrow sway—made it seem a creature forlornly dancing in the cold December field. And Dewey was somehow reminded of Marie's dream. One recent morning, she had served him a bungled breakfast of sugared eggs and salted coffee, then blamed it all on "a silly dream"—but a dream the power of daylight had not dispersed. "It was so real, Alvin," she said. "As real as this kitchen. That's where I was. Here in the kitchen. I was cooking supper, and suddenly Bonnie walked through the door. She was wearing a blue angora sweater, and she looked so sweet and pretty. And I said, 'Oh Bonnie . . . Bonnie, dear . . . I haven't seen you since that terrible thing happened.' But she didn't answer, only looked at me in that shy way of hers, and I didn't know how to go on. Under the circumstances. So I said, 'Honey, come see what I'm making Alvin for his supper. A pot of gumbo. With shrimp and fresh crabs. It's just about ready. Come on, honey, have a taste.' But she wouldn't. She stayed by the door looking at me. And then—I don't know how to tell you exactly, but she shut her eyes, she began to shake her head, very slowly, and wring her hands, *very* slowly, and to whimper, or whisper. I couldn't understand *what* she was saying. But it broke my heart. I never felt so sorry for anyone, and I hugged her. I said, 'Please, Bonnie! Oh, don't, darling, don't! If ever anyone was prepared to go to God, it was you, Bonnie.' But I couldn't comfort her. She shook her head, and wrung her hands, and then I heard what she was saying. She was saying, 'To be murdered. To be murdered. No. No. There's nothing worse. Nothing worse than that. Nothing.' "

IT was midday deep in the Mojave Desert. Perry, sitting on a straw suitcase, was playing a harmonica. Dick was standing at the side of a black-surfaced highway, Route 66, his eyes fixed upon the immaculate emptiness as though the fervor of his gaze could force

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motorists to materialize. Few did, and none of those stopped for the hitchhikers. One truck driver, bound for Needles, California, had offered a lift, but Dick had declined. That was not the sort of "setup" he and Perry wanted. They were waiting for some solitary traveller in a decent car and with money in his billfold—a stranger to rob, strangle, discard in the desert.

In the desert, sound often precedes sight. Dick heard the dim vibrations of an oncoming, not yet visible car. Perry heard it, too; he put the harmonica in his pocket, picked up the straw suitcase (this, their only luggage, bulged and sagged with the weight of Perry's souvenirs, plus three shirts, five pairs of white socks, a box of aspirin, a bottle of tequila, scissors, a safety razor, and a fingernail file; all their other belongings had either been pawned or been left with the Mexican bartender or been shipped to Las Vegas), and joined Dick at the side of the road. They watched. Now the car appeared, and grew until it became a blue Dodge sedan with a single passenger, a bald, skinny man. Perfect. Dick raised his hand and waved. The Dodge slowed down, and Dick gave the man a sumptuous smile. The car almost, but not quite, came to a stop, and the driver leaned out the window, looking them up and down. The impression they made was evidently alarming. (After a fifty-hour bus ride from Mexico City to Barstow, California, and half a day of trekking across the Mojave, both hikers were bearded, stark, dusty figures.) The car leaped forward and sped on. Dick cupped his hands around his mouth and called out, "You're a lucky bastard!" Then he laughed, and hoisted the suitcase to his shoulder. Nothing could get him really angry, because, as he later recalled, he was "too glad to be back in the good ol' U.S.A." Anyway, another man in another car would come along.

Perry produced his harmonica (his since yesterday, when he stole it from a Barstow variety store) and played the opening bars of what had come to be their "marching music;" the song was one of Perry's favorites, and he had taught Dick all five stanzas. In step, and side by side, they swung along the highway singing, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord; He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored." Through the silence of the desert, their hard, young voices rang: "Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!" —TRUMAN CAPOTE

(This is the second part of a four-part article.)

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THE THEATRE

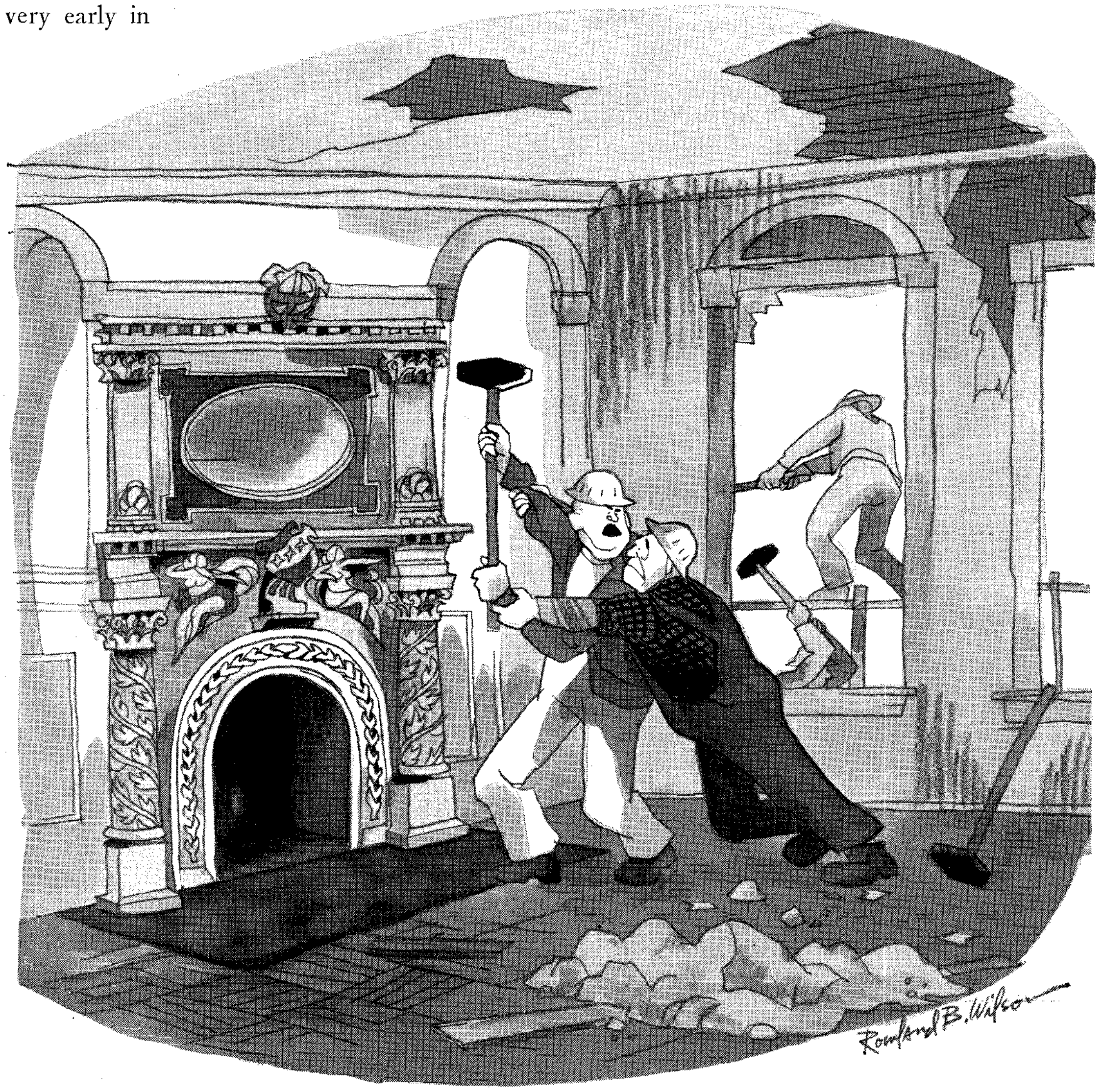
WITH RUE THE LADY IS LADEN

"Mrs. Dally," at the John Golden, the first theatrical outing of the season, is an expansion of a one-act play by William Hanley that was exhibited Off Broadway a couple of seasons ago. In Mr. Hanley's current version, it is presented to us in two segments—the first serving to introduce us to Mrs. Dally, aged forty-two, in earnest conversation with her young lover, who holds down some sort of lowly job on a night shift, and the second giving us further insights into the lady's character by letting us listen in on a colloquy between her and her husband, who is a taxi-driver. It is made apparent very early in this exercise that Mrs. Dally is not content with her lot in life, and as time goes by we realize that there is no conceivable reason she should be. Her only child drowned when he was three years old; her apartment in New York City is dreary; her lover is an uncouth juvenile, given to strolling about with nothing on but a pair of dungarees; and her husband, even if he is fastidious enough to wear an undershirt in her presence, is plainly not the spouse a woman would long to spend her life with, since he is frequently drunk and disorderly, indulges in sordid extramarital romps, and is addicted to making dull jokes.

Although Mrs. Dally has not had many cultural advantages, and was once reduced to supporting herself by doing a turn as a comic trombonist, she is an intellectual type who reads John Donne and likes to explain to her youthful paramour that she curls up with him only because she wants to give him a love that he can pass along later to someone in his own age bracket. She also advises him that he should control his destiny by making life happen. She gets away with this philosophizing in Part I, but when her husband turns up in Part II, he squelches her harshly, indicating that she is touched in the head. As it happens, the husband himself isn't as solidly based mentally as he pretends to be, since somewhere along the line he claims to be a descendant of Charles VI of France and admits that he has gone to the trouble of reading Shakespeare's "Henry V" just to get a bit of information about his regal ancestor. While he broods about the likelihood that he will never have another child to carry on his royal line, Mr. Dally is haunted by the knowledge that it was his negligence while teaching his first-born to swim that resulted in the boy's death and his subsequent estrangement from his wife.

Perhaps the ingredients in "Mrs. Dally" might have been worked into a cohesive drama, but Mr. Hanley assuredly has not done so. His situations are static, his characters are two-dimensional, and his dialogue is flat. This, of course, makes it impossible for the performers—Arlene Francis (Mrs. Dally), Ralph Meeker (the husband), and Robert Forster (the lover)—to generate much theatrical steam. But they try hard.

—John McCarten



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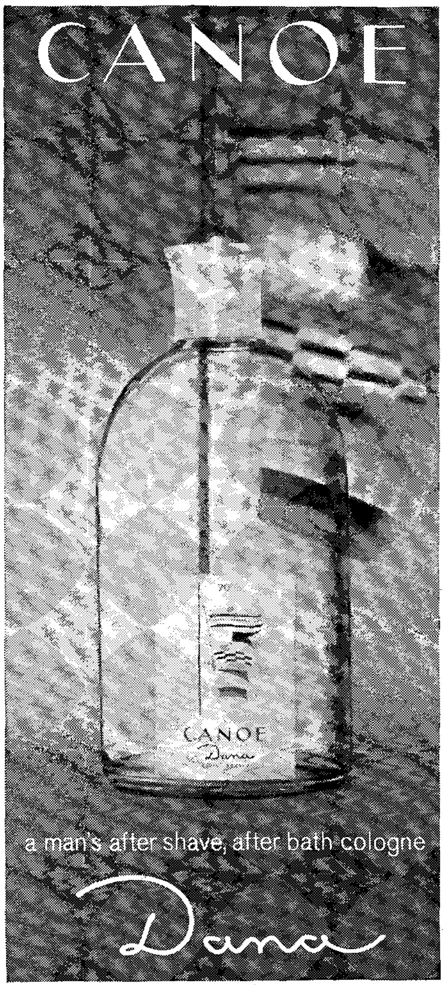

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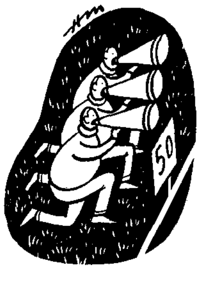
People Who Need People



IT has been a long season—one that began back on the evening of May 8th, up at West Point, when Army, believing that spring practice makes perfect, ran off sixty minutes of internecine warfare between two equal portions of its varsity squad, nearly ninety strong. Not many of the men who had so gloriously done Navy in last fall were still apparent, but there were enough players of stature to induce a certain optimism. Through the summer, the season was chiefly concerned with, first, the annual grab bag operated by the professional leagues (this year it reached deep into the Ivy League, with inconclusive results) and, second, with the vast panoply of professional "exhibition" matches that precede the standard curriculum. By now, the fever has caught on in the colleges. Still, in less than four months, or around the middle of January, the whole thing will come to a halt, and we can all stay indoors Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays. Football, a two-month-a-year prodigy earlier in this century, has become an eight-month marvel, and—because of the professional leagues—it has become not only a sport but a career. (Advice to Ivy League players who wish to become career men: learn to kick field goals. The only Ivy Leaguers who seem to have a chance in the big leagues this year are the Buffalo Bills' Pete Gogolak and the Giants' Chuck Mercein.) Yet, watching the Jets at play the other night in their splendid triplex apartment, Shea Stadium, I could see that there are not enough career men to go around. Namath, their new college graduate, looks to be the classmate most likely to succeed (after some more postgraduate work, that is), and some of his new chums are persuasive runners and powerful cornerbacks, but more of something is clearly needed. Which does not mean that the Jets are among the most entertaining of the professional clubs as a spectacle. As for the Giants, they appear almost becalmed in an enormous doldrum. And as for Columbia, the local franchise holder in the Ivy League, it needs, if one is to judge by last Saturday—well-meaning, harmless little Lafayette 14, Columbia 10—something of everything. So does Yale, which this

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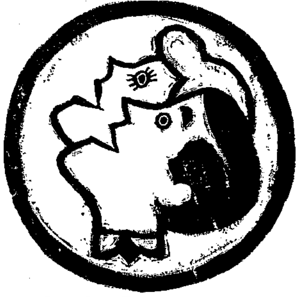

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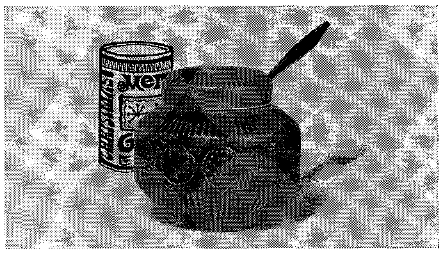

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spring graduated practically everybody you ever heard of, including Mercein—Connecticut 13, Yale 6. Cornell, I think, can be excluded from this Domesday Book, for even though it could not make a point against Colgate, Colgate could do no better against Cornell, and Colgate, I suspect, is a lot burlier and brighter than many of us think. Army belongs in the Book (though it did manage V.M.I., 21–7), because its first-string quarterback, Barofsky, played only about thirty minutes in that position all last season, and except for Champi, that noble end, his teammates are practically all nobodies you ever heard of. And as for those legends of the Box Office League, Syracuse and Notre Dame, they learned on Saturday that *other* people's might also makes right.

THE extraordinary thing about Charlie Gogolak, younger brother to Buffalo's Pete Gogolak, is not that he kicked six Princeton field goals (fifty-two yards with the wind, forty-one against it were his best) against Rutgers last week, setting up a batch of what may be permanent records, but that every team in the country is not looking for a Hungarian soccer-playing duplicate of this slim, shambling, and just about faultless young man. After all, he and his brother have been kicking great guns for some years now, and setting an apparently unconsidered example. Princeton is a team that needs people, too, all right, especially successors to the line-plunging Iacavazzi and McKay, but with Gogolak ready to sharpshoot when the running and passing plays start going awry, and with Johnson, absent last year, again a member of an already high-pressure defense, the team—which ran its set of triumphs up to ten straight by beating Rutgers, 32–6, on Saturday—should do well enough in that right little, righteous little, tight little island of the Ivy League. —J. W. L.

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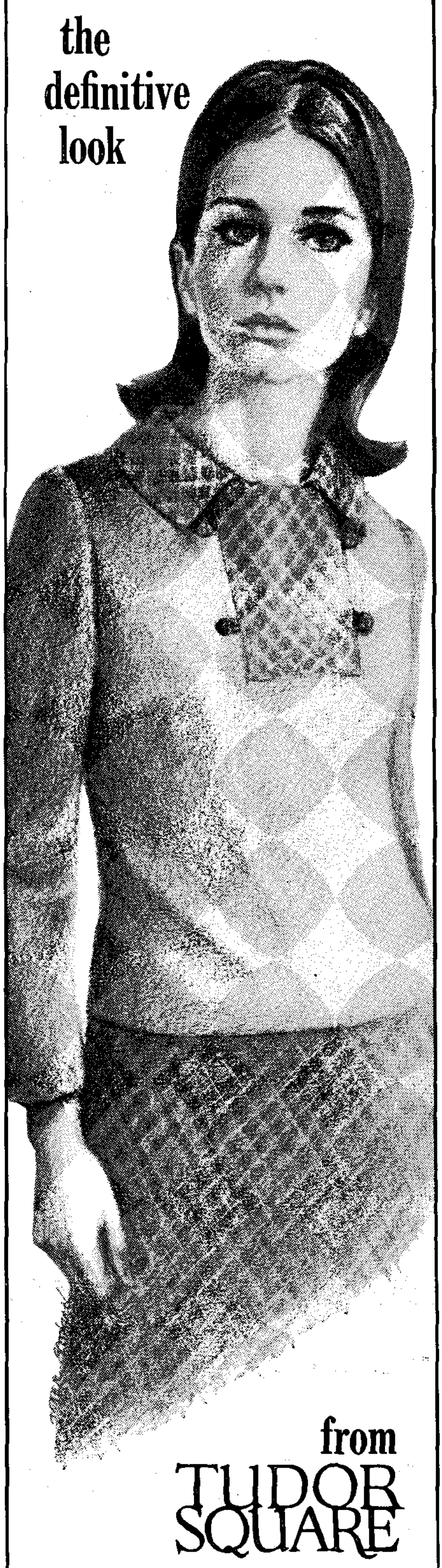

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MUSICAL EVENTS

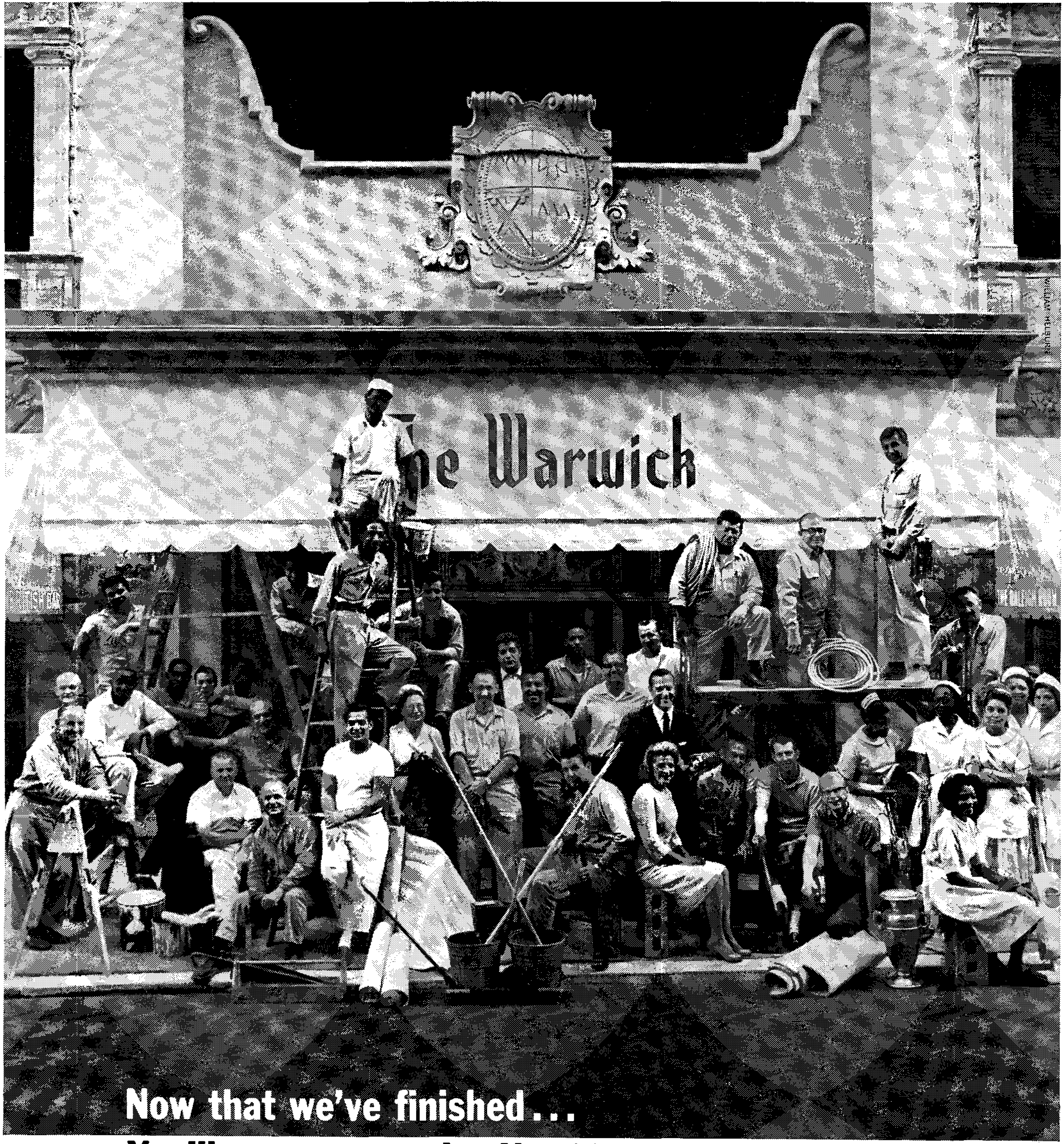
Prokofieff Flambé

WITH its customary adventuresomeness, the New York City Opera opened its fall season on Wednesday evening of last week with the American première of a seldom presented but deserving opera. The opera was Prokofieff's "The Flaming Angel," and just because it probably never will be part of the standard repertory, it is the sort of thing that one ought to go to hear at least once, since the chance will probably not come soon again after this season, and since it is an early work by one of the most distinguished composers of the twentieth century. It has, among other things, some very exciting music to recommend it, and in this production everything that can be done to make it a gripping theatrical experience has been done. The eerie sets, by Will Steven Armstrong, provide jagged, forbidding backgrounds for various goings on in Renaissance Cologne, where the story takes place, and I thought the general décor, including Patricia Zipprodt's costumes, very effective, with one exception—a curtain depicting, with a degree of realism that I found in bad taste, a naked hermaphrodite figure of uncertain reference to the drama. The leading lady, who has the stage center pretty much to herself throughout the evening, was Eileen Schauler, whose good looks and outstanding acting ability I commented on last year in the company's production of Shostakovich's "Katerina Ismailova." The lesser roles were all well done, and there was something special in the enthusiasm that Julius Rudel, the conductor, had obviously kindled in the company's youthful orchestra. It played magnificently, with transparent tone as well as passion. Along with Miss Schauler, it was one of the stars of the performance.

Musically, "The Flaming Angel" belongs to the period in which Prokofieff was wrestling with a variety of styles, was already highly successful in satire (the "Classical Symphony" and "The Love for Three Oranges"), and had also shown, in the First Violin Concerto, an ability to come to grips with a sincere lyric idiom. "The Flaming Angel," written between 1920 and 1923, reflects both the satirical and the lyric styles. It is a much better opera than "The Gambler," his earlier attempt to cope with a serious subject. If it is not as effective as "The Love for Three Oranges," that is at least partly because Prokofieff was not yet as sure of himself in serious drama as he was in slapstick parody.

"The Flaming Angel" is pure melodrama, and its plot was concocted—not expertly, I am afraid—by the composer himself, after a fairy tale by Valery Bryusov. Basically, it is the story of a mentally disturbed girl, Renata, who has got sex and mysticism rather confused in her mind, and who is in love with—or, at least, fascinated by—an imaginary angel. This leads to all sorts of complications. She is stranded by a certain Count Heinrich, whom she has identified with the angel. She takes up with a noble and devoted knight named Ruprecht, who is faithful to her even though she assures him repeatedly that she can feel nothing for him but friendship. Ruprecht assists her in the mastery of certain occult arts aimed at making contact with the angel, and the two of them consult an eminent sorcerer. Then she eggs Ruprecht on to fight a duel with Count Heinrich, in which Ruprecht is wounded. Her feelings toward both Ruprecht and Heinrich remain as ambivalent as ever. Finally, she enters a nunnery and drives the other nuns into a state of mass hysteria. The Inquisitor arrives and decides (quite reasonably, one feels, since she has done little for most of three acts but roll on the floor and scream) that she is possessed by evil spirits, and sentences her to be burned at the stake. For some odd reason not apparent to me, Prokofieff has introduced into this curious spectacle two entirely extraneous figures—Faust and Mephistopheles. They have nothing to do with the action. They appear to be intended as comic relief, and most of the music that accompanies them is in Prokofieff's old satirical vein. Faust in particular, at least in this production, bears certain facial resemblances to Buster Keaton. All this is rather distressing. The two figures seem to have wandered onto the stage out of some other opera—a comic one in which the Faust legend is being kidded. Altogether—though, as I have

Front Row (l. to r.): Pete Fremegen, Bob Ivanson, Rocky Romeo, Barry Campbell, Ellen Lehman McCluskey, Harold Meberg, Per Syvertsen, Thomas Meberg, Willie Wiggs. Center: Barney O'Toole, Charles Colclough, Jose Figueroa, Alameda Venero, Harold Simmons, Charles Federico, Agnes Breen, Nat Sklovsky, John D' Amata, Charles Fredholm, Preston Robert Tisch, Don Fredholm, Virginia Underwood, Elizabeth Harris, Maria Santiago, Nellie Corpru, Carmen Colon. Back Row: Jose Quinones, Carl Simmons, Kenneth Williams, Marcus Valenzuela, Anthony Scudiero, James DiCaro, Parfait Bellot, Tour Meberg, Mathew Visconti, Murray Minuta, Matt Saladino, Larry Ross.



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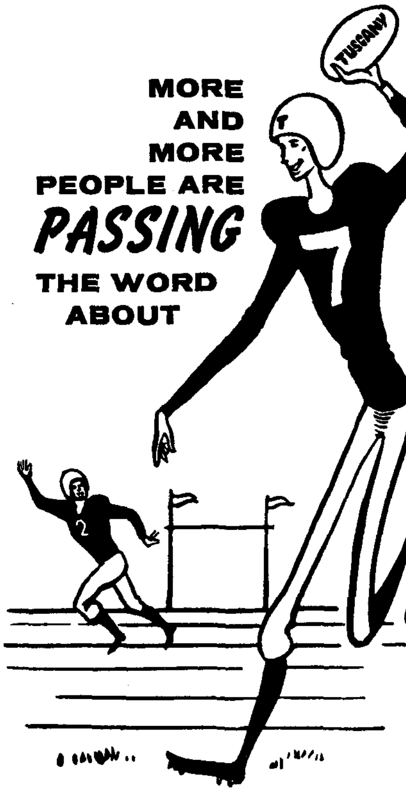

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noted, "The Flaming Angel" has many pages of inspired music—it leaves one's emotions untouched. Its heroine is a nut. The only character for whom one can work up any sympathy at all is poor old Ruprecht, and one has definite reservations about his common sense.

Thus, it is no mystery that "The Flaming Angel" has received so few productions. Nevertheless, the amount of enthusiasm and craftsmanship that has gone into this one recommends it as something to be seen. Miss Schauler performs prodigies in a terrifyingly difficult role, and among other singers worthy of mention are Sherrill Milnes, as Ruprecht; Jon Crain, as the sorcerer; Malcolm Smith, making a promising début as the Inquisitor; and Norman Kelley, who, through sheer presence as an actor, makes the role of Mephistopheles momentarily interesting.

In the course of the weekend, I attended two other performances by the New York City Opera—"Carmen," on Friday night, and "Madame Butterfly," on Saturday night. Coming after "The Flaming Angel," "Carmen" was an agreeable contrast, and though I have heard it countless times, I could not help reflecting again what an uncannily perfect opera it is, not only combining great music with great drama but also exploiting to the limit whatever happens to be present in the way of great singing. Friday night's Carmen was Beverly Wolff, who was known to me as an excellent singer outside the opera house but whom I was hearing in this role for the first time. She turned out to be an excellent singer inside the opera house, too, and handled the vocal side of her performance with considerable authority. She is not, as yet, a topnotch Carmen. The dominating stage presence and frank animalism that the role calls for were not there. She seemed a bit self-conscious. Perhaps the presence and the animalism will come later on. Richard Cassilly was a serviceable Don José, Norman Treigle an outstanding Escamillo, and Carol Bayard a charming Micaela. The sets for this particular production are getting pretty seedy—a point that was emphasized when a leg fell off a strategic table in Lillas Pastia's establishment, causing a good deal of suspense as Carmen leaned against the table and even skillfully gave the impression of sitting on it.

The décor for "Madame Butterfly," on the other hand, remains attractive, and Saturday evening's performance, under the judicious baton of Franco Patane, was not only satisfactory but something more. The something more

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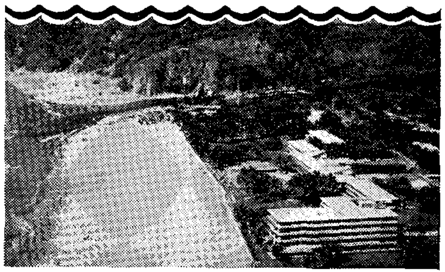

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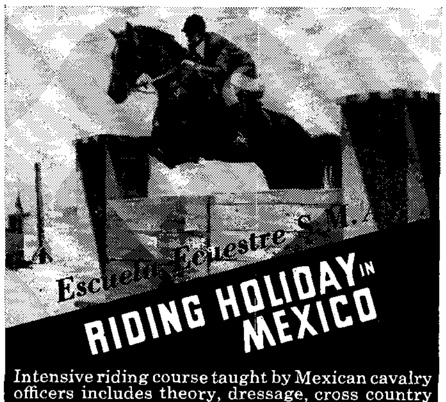

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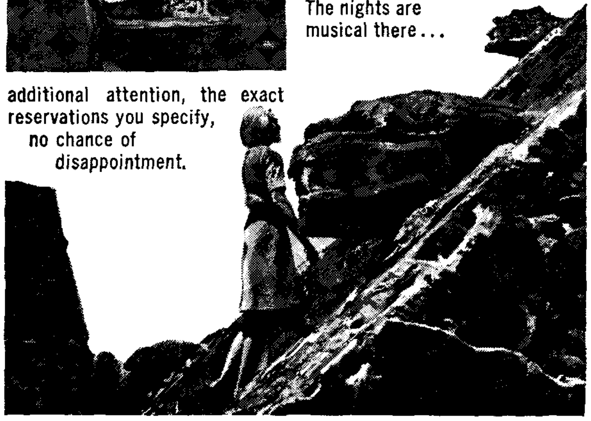

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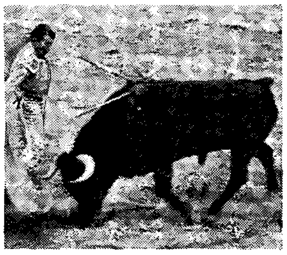

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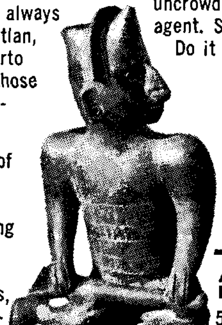

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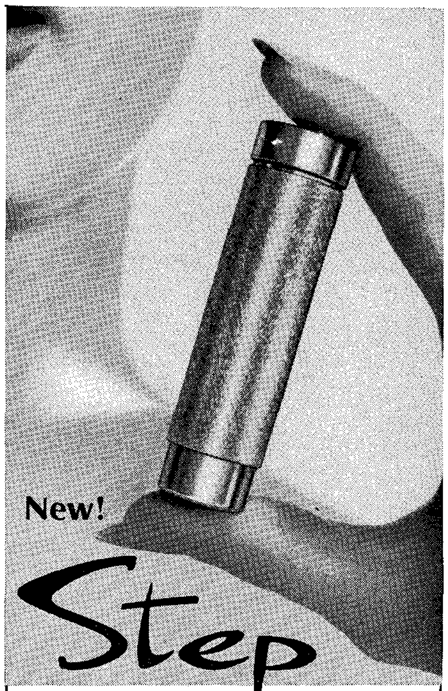

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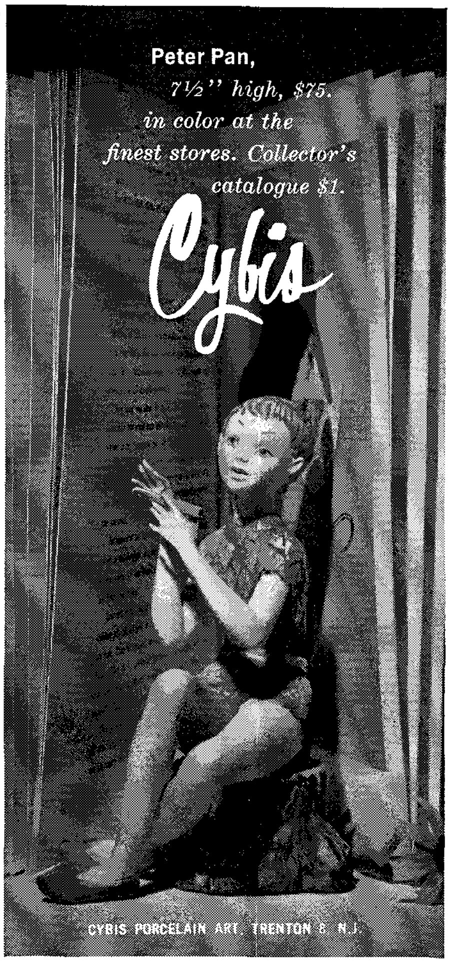
lay mainly in the contribution of Marcella Reale, a Brooklyn-born soprano with European experience, who was making her début in the title role. Miss Reale is very pretty, is accomplished as an actress, and has just the right type of *spinto* voice for this role—a voice that is luscious in quality and handled with skill. A slight wobble in the fortissimo high notes was, I trust, due to the nervousness attending a début. Otherwise, she was Madame Butterfly to perfection. The rest of the cast was up to the demands of the occasion. It included Jerry LoMonaco, as Pinkerton; David Clatworthy, as Sharpless; Marlena Kleinman, as Suzuki; and Malcolm Smith, as something the program described as "the Bronze."

ON Thursday evening, the New York City Ballet opened its season in the New York State Theatre, at Lincoln Center, with Balanchine's full-length ballet "Don Quixote," and I attended with some eagerness to reappraise this work at greater leisure than I had on the occasion of its première, in June. Mr. Balanchine had, I found, forestalled some criticisms I had expected to make. The rather wooden waltz in Act II had disappeared, and some cuts and rearrangements had been made in Act I, Scene 2, which speeded up the action and brought dancing, as opposed to pantomime, into prominence at an earlier point. All this was to the good, and reflected Mr. Balanchine's almost unerring instinct as a showman. Still, "Don Quixote" does not seem to me to be quite as successful a venture as "Midsummer Night's Dream," the other recent evening-length ballet of his that immediately comes to mind. Perhaps its story is too episodic to make a complete whole; indeed, I have always felt this to be true of Cervantes' great narrative, though not of the eternal myth that he created in it. At any rate, the ballet "Don Quixote," as it stands, includes some enchanting moments—most of which involve the beautiful and accomplished Suzanne Farrell, as Dulcinea del Toboso—and sinks frequently at other times into faithful, quaint, sometimes amusing, and sometimes slightly tedious pantomime in which Mr. Balanchine is getting on with the story. Nicolas Nabokov's music, too, tends to intensify these faults of the work, being inspired in the love scenes but elsewhere occasionally somewhat thin. True, there are all those scenic wonders—dragons, giants, and so on—and the ballet is great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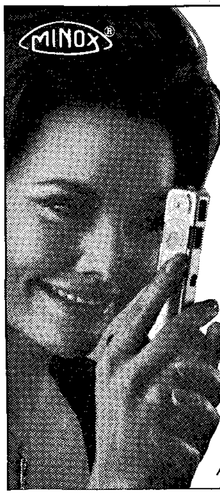

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fun when they appear. But to my mind, "Don Quixote," taken all in all, does not rank among Balanchine's finest creations. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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IN recent years, most of the reports about and the recordings of the annual Monterey Jazz Festival, which began in 1958, have indicated that it has taken up where the marvellous and lamented Great South Bay Festival (1957-58) left off. Primed with expectation and hope, I attended the eighth edition of the Festival, which was held over the weekend of September 17th. Like the turtle, most travellers take their houses with them (a strange tree is reminiscent of that aspen in the back yard; a Romanesque building suggests the railroad station downtown), and I was no exception. The moment I arrived in Monterey, after a three-hour drive down the Coast from San Francisco, the past and present collided. Monterey's houses and buildings seemed a polyglot of Florida Spanish, Long Island motel, and 1910 Frank Lloyd Wright. Its restaurants, I soon found, are vaguely New York "Continental" and are apt to feature Green Goddess salads and baked potatoes loaded with so much sour cream that they look like galleons under full sail. (Artichokes, which grow in superabundance in nearby Castroville and sell for twenty-five cents a dozen at roadside stands, are not to be had.) Even the air and light in Monterey, loosed now of the dogging summer fogs, rang a bell—the crystalline atmosphere of Maine. But this one-upping traveller's game—professors of comparative literature make a living out of playing a variation of it—suddenly became pointless when, on the morning after I arrived, I drove south through Carmel (an old artists' colony turned genteel tourist trap) to Big Sur. For thirty miles, I followed a narrow road strung between imperious hills and precipitous seven-hundred-foot cliffs. Each turn unlocked a more magnificent spectacle than the last. At first, stung by such beauty (sea lions decked the rocks far below, and above me cows, their seaward legs seemingly longer than their landward legs, grazed on steep smooth tan hills), I mentally trotted out the great gorges of upper New York State and the rocky drops on the south shore of Bermuda. But after a few miles none of these props helped. They were oranges and this was a spec-

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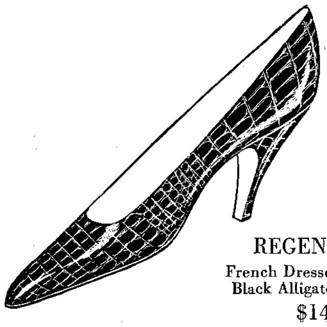

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tacular, brand-new apple; my disbelief was suspended.

IT took a little longer to adjust my sights at the Festival, which consisted of two afternoon and three evening concerts. Odd associations kept blurring them. The site, a small, rectangular amphitheatre in the Monterey Fair Grounds, suggested a rodeo corral. The wide, shallow bandstand recalled, with its plush red colors and Pop Art décor, a stage setting for an Off Broadway musical. Oddest of all, the audience tended to behave in the celebrated chattering-guffawing manner of the onlookers in the pit at the Globe Theatre; the most affecting music was overlaid by a smog of talk and laughter. Then, as the concerts rolled by, it became plain that the Monterey Festival, which is financially *and* artistically in the black, is what the Great South Bay Festival might have become and what the Newport Festival ought to be. Like the road to Big Sur, it is an original. The Newport Festival enjoys a love-hate relationship with its host town, which abhors it socially and loves it financially; everybody in Monterey—with the chamber of commerce carrying the flag—champions the Festival. Newport seats twelve to fifteen thousand; Monterey seats half as many. An afternoon concert at Newport generally includes as many as five or six groups that practically jostle one another to gain playing time; there were three groups at the Sunday-afternoon proceedings at Monterey this year, and they stretched out languorously. Newport is held in a sprawling arena that precludes any audience-performer intimacy; one could see the musicians' noses from the back row at Monterey. The ever-increasing bigness and glossiness of Newport reflect a fat-man insecurity; the highly selective, tightly run Monterey Festival exudes confidence. The very size of Newport inevitably breeds dullness; the Monterey I attended was never less than professional.

I suspect, though, that the weekend was a couple of notches below those of past years, for there were tedious patches and there was even some out-and-out musical conning. The tedium was contributed largely by the half-dozen vocalists, among them the hipper-than-thou Jon Hendricks, who seemed to appear with every group, and by an ambitious twenty-piece band, which, recruited especially for the Festival and made up of the likes of Harry Edison and Clark Terry, never freed itself of its star-studded specialness, to

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say nothing of the ironbound arrangements of its leader, Gil Fuller. The not-surprising musical conning was perpetrated by Louis Armstrong, who appeared Friday evening with a group consisting of Buster Bailey, Tyree Glenn, Billy Kyle, and bass and drums. Armstrong restricted himself to interminable vocals of "Hello, Dolly!" and "Mack the Knife" and to a handful of solos, none of them distinguished. (Armstrong is sixty-five, but his recent recordings sporadically prove that he can still play as he did in the thirties. Why, before it is too late, doesn't someone put him in a studio with his peers rather than with his own indifferent band?) Bailey played a couple of good choruses of "Memphis Blues," and then, in "Night Train," used his clarinet to make vaudeville chuffing noises. Tyree Glenn offered variations on the patent-leather solo he invented twenty-five years ago, larding them with funny-trombone antics. One kept expecting a tiny car to drive onstage and disgorge a dozen tiny clowns. But such mistakes tend to be rapidly forgotten at jazz festivals, and by Saturday evening it was hard to believe that Armstrong had even been there.

SATURDAY was Local Talent Day at the Fair Grounds. The Festival big band opened the afternoon concert with a fifteen-minute Festival-commissioned composition by Hollywood's Russ Garcia. It belonged in that castle of musical horrors long presided over by another West Coaster, Stan Kenton. Earsplitting brass figures gave way to timpani drums, which paused for Debussy piano passages, which sank into dissonant dying-fall ensemble chords. But things brightened when Denny Zeitlin, a young pianist-psychiatrist resident in San Francisco, appeared with Charlie Haden on bass and Jerry Granelli on drums. Zeitlin has caused a lot of excited chatter in the past year, and it is easy to see why. He is an expert and flashy pianist who draws heavily on Lennie Tristano and Bill Evans, he writes readily identifiable program pieces ("The Carnival," "Mirage"), and he runs a taut trio. Indeed, Haden and Granelli are so good that they outclass their leader. Haden is an alumnus of the original Ornette Coleman quartet as well as a prominent member of the new school of bassists who consider their instrument a Full Orchestra. He took three brilliant solos, one of them spelled out in great, booting single notes and another in luxurious flamencan strumming passages. Granelli is a remarkably prescient accompanist; his

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accents almost seem to foretell what they are accompanying. He is an equally skilled soloist, and he took an exemplary mallet solo in the slow "Mirage" and a superb solo with sticks in "At Sixes and Sevens," a Zeitlin piece based on 7/4 and 6/4 time signatures. San Francisco was also represented by the alto saxophonist John Handy. Handy has caused—on the West Coast, anyway—as much of a flutter as Zeitlin, and he brought a singular quartet with him, made up of a violin (Mike White), a guitar (Gerry Hahn), and bass and drums. When Handy first appeared, in the late fifties, with Charlie Mingus, he sounded like Benny Carter trying to sound like Charlie Parker. He has since developed a handsome and wholly original style. He plays his instrument perfectly, achieving a tone that is perhaps the purest ever got by a jazz saxophonist. But Handy puts this conventionality to radical uses, for, ignoring the "new thing" and John Coltrane's hunt for the lost chord and Sonny Rollins' sarcasm, he concentrates on Melody. His solos are composed of an unfaltering succession of lyrical, few-noted melodies, each set out in long, curving lines, which reach into the corners of every register and which are often played at ad-lib or half-time tempos. He is not afraid of a vibrato, and he will enliven these leisurely inventions—his unaccompanied, ad-lib solo in "If We Only Knew" lasted at least ten minutes—by choking his tone and getting a trumpet sound, by fluttering up and down the scales, by growling politely, and by delivering wails that are repeated over and over until they are simon-pure. White, who is an accomplished ensemble foil to Handy, is a well-ordered Ornette Coleman, and Hahn is an amazing guitarist who uses double-stop effects and whose single-note passages have an undersea sound. Handy's ensemble techniques—momentum playing leapfrog with momentum—are derived from Charlie Mingus, and they brought the audience to its feet. And then—stern irony!—who should round out the afternoon but Mingus himself, with a brand-new septet, made up of three trumpets, a trombone, a French horn, a tuba, and drums. When Mingus is upstaged—which is extremely rare—he generally reacts with heroic retaliatory roars or by going comatose. He chose the latter course on Saturday. The only lively number of the four he played was a mock-pomp version of "When the Saints Go Marching In," and even that moved at a heavy limp. There were also glimpses of wonderful brass

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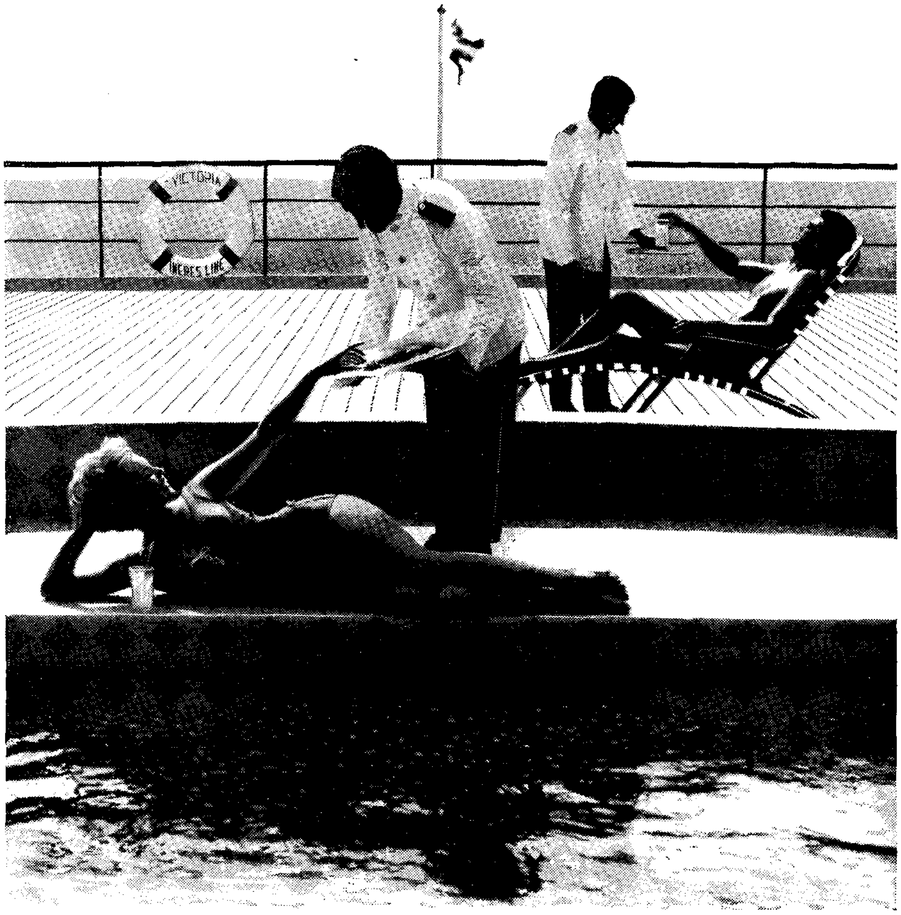
Closed Sunday

sonorities, a couple of good solos, and occasional stirrings of the extraordinary musical tensions indigenous to Mingus. (The word "indigenous" puts me in mind of the helpful answer I got from a native of Monterey when I asked him the name of a tall, Oriental-looking fir in the Fair Grounds—"It's a fir, indigenous to the region.") But only great teachers are upstaged by their own pupils.

More local talent appeared Saturday night when Earl Hines came onstage with a bassist and a still flawless Jerry Granelli. Since his recent resurgence, Hines has perfected a bill of fare generally made up of whatever he has just recorded, a medley of Ellington or Waller or Erroll Garner tunes, "Memories of You," and a long blues capped by a two-note tremolo that he may hold for a dozen choruses. But he was surprising in "Body and Soul," which was done first as a rhapsody and then in a medium tempo that was notable for a fine, upper-register chorus. Hines was followed by Duke Ellington, who is deep in a three-month Western trip. Ellington was off stride at Newport earlier this year, but he was in excellent form at Monterey. The reason, I think, was his singular performance, the night before the Festival, at Grace Cathedral, in San Francisco, where he offered a program composed for the occasion. I was lucky enough to be there, and it was a stirring event. Although it was uneven and the acoustics ranged from the inaudible to those of Echo Mountain, the band matched in sound and demeanor the majesty of its surroundings. One extraordinary Ellington number, "David Danced Before the Lord with All His Might," included a passage during which Bunny Briggs, the tap-dancer, executed a series of rapid soft-shoe steps, backed by soft organ chords, a muted trumpet, and a children's choir. The effect was eerie and unique and enchanting. At Monterey, Ellington played upward of twenty tunes, which were climaxed by a repeat of Briggs' "David Danced" and by "The Applejack," in which Briggs both tap-danced and went through a series of feints and slides and bobbings designed to match visually the sounds behind him. Uncannily, they did.

Barring a late and unexpected explosion, Sunday was a day of ease. In the afternoon, Dizzy Gillespie, Rex Stewart, Clark Terry, and Red Allen, backed by a rhythm section, offered five affable exercises that included a lush, virtuoso "Stardust," played by



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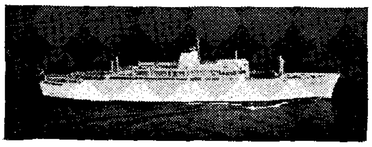

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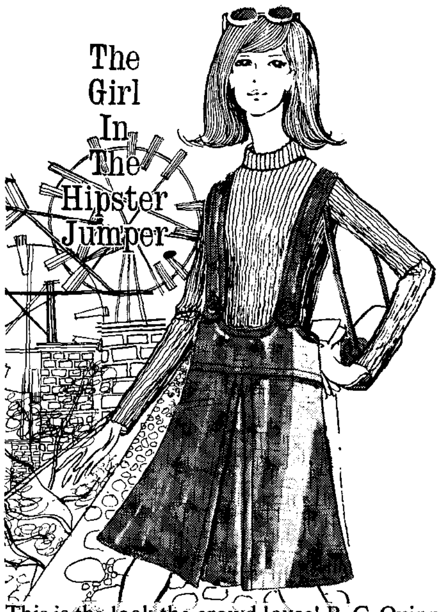

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Terry; an aching slow blues, in which Allen played and sang; and a funny "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," played and sung, in a husky beer-barrel voice, by Stewart. Next came "St. Martin de Porres," a short oratorio by Mary Lou Williams that was sung admirably by a local choir and that displayed an almost—so ingenuous and pleasing was it—saintly melody. She then sailed into three first-rate standards. The explosion went off Sunday evening, when Harry James' big band, which, as an observer put it, "resembles Basie's, only it's white," played the "Two O'Clock Jump." Buddy Rich, who has worked with James off and on through the years, was on drums, and his accompanying was the finest I have ever heard from a big-band drummer. He punctuated breaks and shaded melodic passages and underlined crescendos with such pinpointed verve that the musicians were nearly lifted out of their seats, and then he took a breathtaking solo. It had dynamics (a powerful snare-drum roll that sank to a whisper and ended with rapid, clocklike ticking on the snare rims), unbelievable speed (a three-drum section, involving two different rhythms, that was watched with glassy-eyed fascination by the drummers who happened to be in the wings), and a whirling, ceaseless inventiveness. It was a mad, magnificent performance.

The Festival was virtually shepherded by Dizzy Gillespie, who performed at every concert, either with his quintet or as a guest. He also danced, played the piano and the conga drums, sang, and acted as m.c. (To a restive audience, in his best mushmouth tones: "Now, cooool it, babee, else I'm gonna move next door to you.") He was effortless and delightful at every turn. Indeed, without putting his mind to it at all, Gillespie could stage a consummate one-man festival.

I DROVE back to San Francisco through the olive country, the wine country, the artichoke country, and the prune country. I passed under trees so dense they made little nights on the road, and by hilly golden pastures smooth enough to shoot marbles on. It was a perfect coda.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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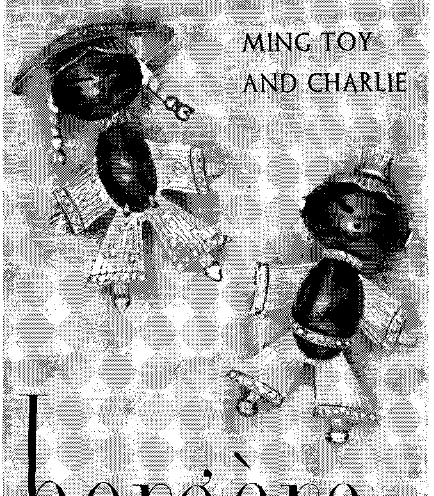
[*From "Going Away," by Clancy Sigal*]

She brought out a bottle, and to my delight it turned out not to be White Horse. We drank. —*Page 499.*

She took another couple of slugs out of the White Horse. —*Page 500.*



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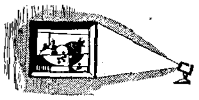
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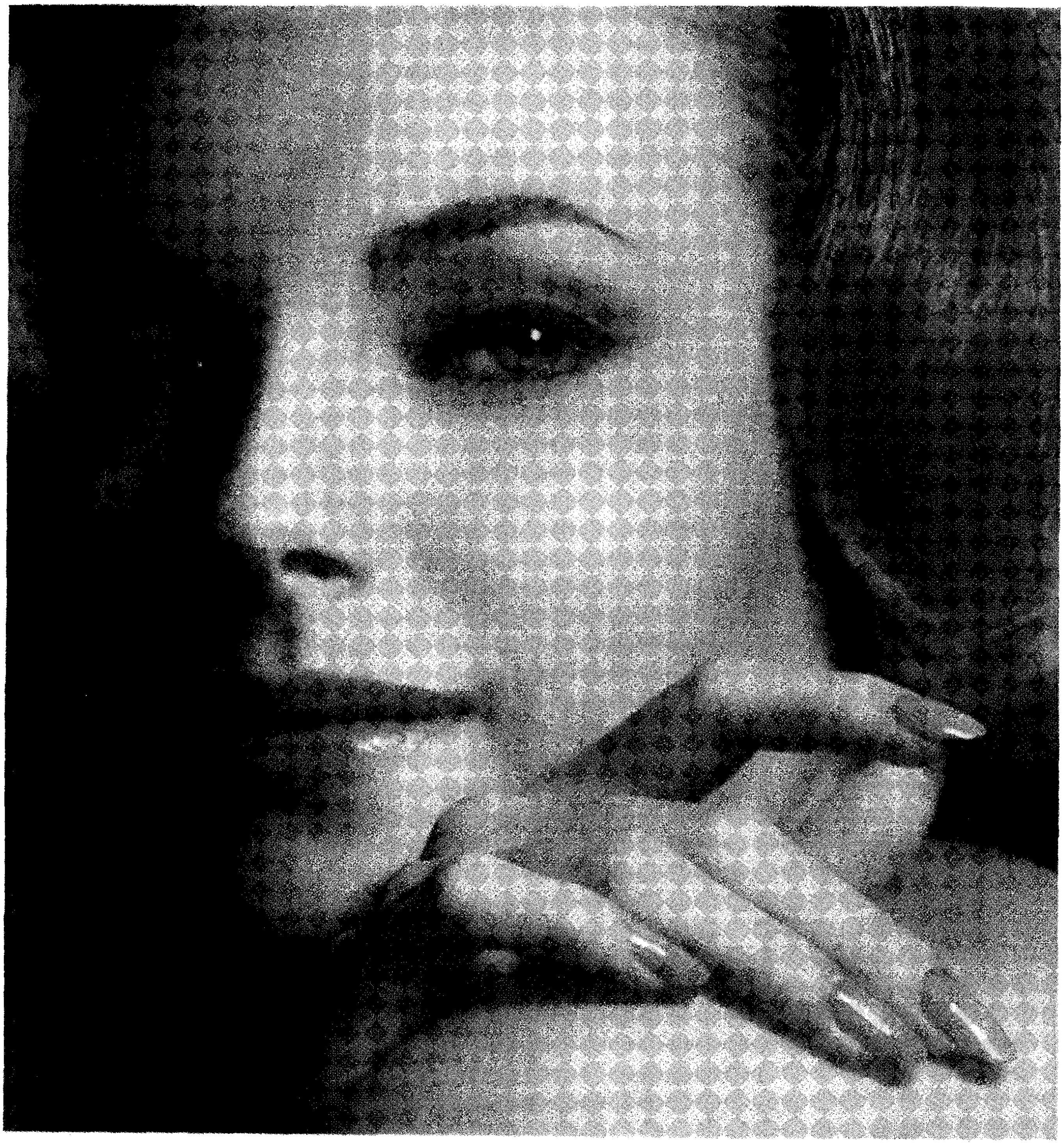

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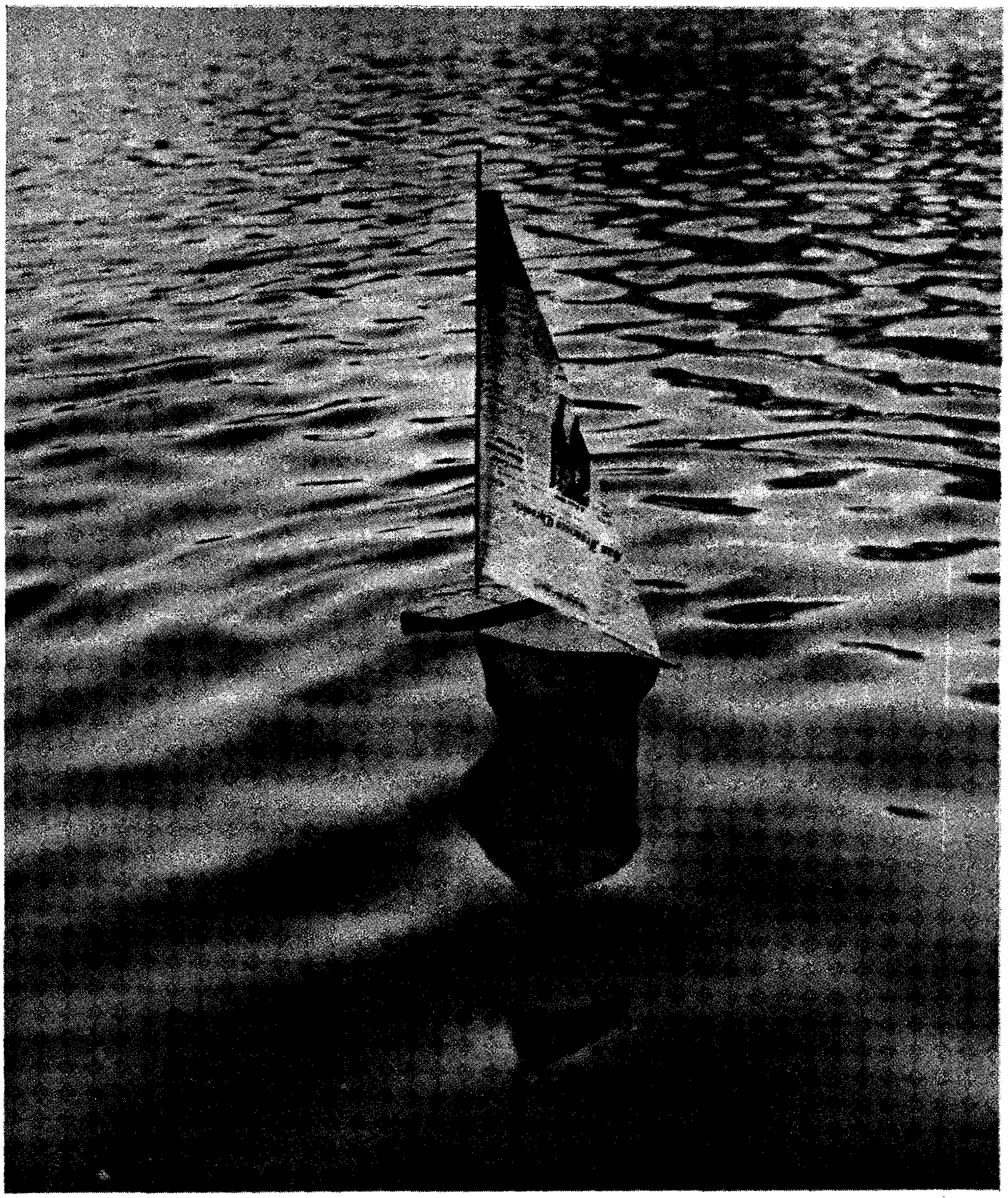

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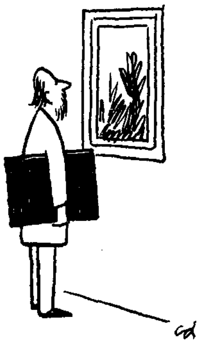
San Francisco Chronicle

THE ART GALLERIES

Stuart Davis



THE memorial exhibition of paintings and other works by Stuart Davis, now on at the Whitney Museum, is one of those happy instances in which—chiefly because of the honesty of the selection, I think—the occasional weaknesses of the affair serve only to emphasize its over-all strength, and the whole, perhaps because of these contrasts, gives an enlightening view of the development of one of the major American artists of our time. I say "American" because Davis failed of international status—in the sense, say, that Tobey, Pollock, and now Kline, Motherwell, and others of the Abstract Expressionists have achieved it—and this is probably because no group or school ever formed around him. Though he taught at the New School, at the Art Students League, and, briefly, at Yale, he remained a loner to the end, and even if he had attracted followers they might have been hard put to it to keep up with him in his obscure early twistings and turnings.

Maybe, too—like Marin, Hopper, Hartley, Dove, Demuth, and so on—he was just too American in essence; though the majority of his influences were European—these ranging from Lurçat to Léger, not to mention others in between—he was unrelenting in his determination to put them to use in the depiction of American phenomena. It is typical of Davis that after a tentative excursion into partly geometric abstraction (the "Still Life" of 1925, and the more fluent "Super Table" of the same year, with its crumpled conformations), and this after a venture into a sort of simplified Fauvism (among others, "Rockport Beach," of 1916), he decided summarily to abandon such uncertain undertakings and turned abruptly to the now famous series of abstract "Eggbeater" studies, undertaken because an eggbeater, homely and yet devilishly complex as it is, seemed to be the most challenging native subject for abstract analysis. The "Eggbeater" paintings were done at the end of the nineteen-

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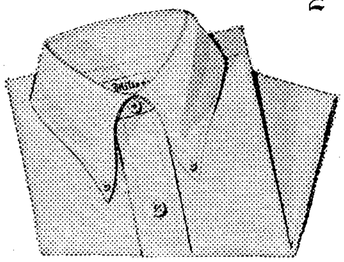

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twenties ("Eggbeater V," the latest of the three in the show, is dated 1930), and it was then—in 1928, to be exact—that Davis made his one trip to Paris. He spent a year there, and the experience was a turning point for him. . . . But perhaps it is time to cast back over the man's career, which already, when he was only thirty-four, had been a long one.

Writing with the slightly acid humor that was characteristic of him, Davis once remarked, "In writing autobiographical sketches it is not unusual for artists to dwell on the obstacles they have had to overcome before gaining opportunity to study. But I am deprived of this satisfaction because I had none." He was in fact encouraged in his choice of career. Born in Philadelphia in 1894, he had a father and mother who were artists. His father, Edward W. Davis, as art director of the old Philadelphia *Press*, had working with him such men as Sloan, Glackens, Luks, and Shinn—the artists who later formed the nucleus of the famous "Eight"—and they were all frequent visitors at the Davis household. As Davis later said, he grew up not so much at as under the feet of these and other younger members of the so-called Philadelphia Group. He was apparently precocious. "Portrait of a Man" and "The Doctor (or Romance)," both watercolors and the earliest pieces in the show, are dated 1911 and 1912, respectively, so they were done within two years after he had left high school—a teen-age dropout, so to speak—and enrolled in art classes in New York under Robert Henri. These two pieces, especially the latter, are remarkable for the swiftness and sureness of the drawing. By the time of the Armory Show of 1913, Davis had gone far enough in technique and in recognition as a professional artist to get five watercolors accepted for the affair—making him, at nineteen, possibly the youngest teen-ager in the list.

Davis's work so far had been thin in texture and largely reportorial in feeling; indeed, he was making his living, such as it was, by doing illustrations and other magazine work. From then on, though, he became more experimental, and the show is particularly good in its treatment of his development during the beginning years. He early turned away from the representational, at first toward simple compositional refinements and then toward more or less complete abstraction, but he had his vacillations. Thus, one of his canvases of 1916 is an exercise in

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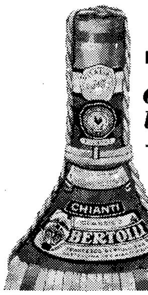

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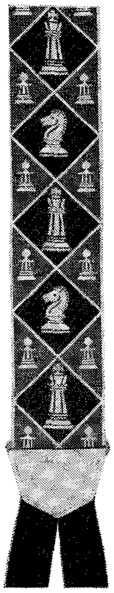

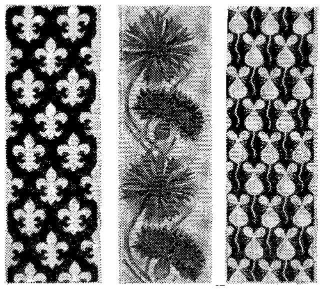

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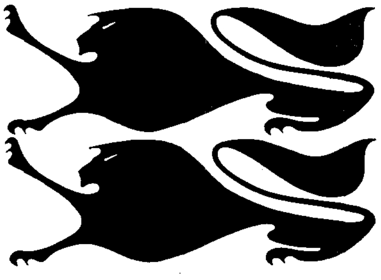

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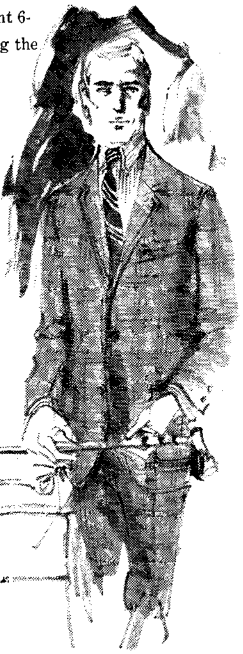

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"pure" abstraction. It is called "The President," but in view of the architectural suggestions apparent in the design, and of his constant fondness for oblique or punning references in his titles, I take it to refer to an apartment house—possibly in Newark, where, along with Glenn Coleman, Hendrik Glintenkamp, and other cronies, he was making his first acquaintance with barrel-house jazz in the downtown dives. "The President" is out of the direct line of Davis's progression, which went—fairly cautiously, on the whole, despite an inherent explosiveness of content—from essays in Fauvist Expressionism (the strongly accented "Rockport Beach") to highly simplified landscapes and other studies ("Roses in Glass Bowl" and "New Mexican Landscape") to "Interior," an extremely complex linear abstraction of 1923. Chronologically, the progression is not always in the neat order I have outlined. There are overlappings, and there are sudden side excursions. Except for its odd overlay of striated lines, his "Head of James Joyce," dated 1925, is completely conventional in execution, and in a group done at about the same period—"Bull Durham," "Sweet Caporal," and so on—the composition, built around an exact rendition of the packages named in the titles, represents an odd early venture into what might be called collage in oil. Certainly, this constitutes a forecast of the preoccupation with nomenclature in itself that became a feature of Davis's work.

The Paris trip, as I have said, was a turning point. For one thing, there occurs an abrupt change in style. From his deeper and deeper excursions into abstraction, there is a reversal to highly simplified patterns, evidenced in the current show in such pieces as "Place Pasdeloup," "Rue Lippe," and the two studies of the Place des Vosges. All are done in the same manner, with the architectural and other physical elements of the scene drawn lightly, in outline, over broad, flat, thinly painted areas of pale ochre, gray, and black. No human figures appear in any of them; human figures are rare in Davis's painting anyway, but here their absence is most noticeable. The impression is of a city at dawn, and for this and other reasons the pictures capture so completely and effortlessly the cool elegance, the harmony, and the justness of proportion of the eighteenth-century French façade that it seems a style that the artist had conjured up expressly for the purpose. It was a style that Davis

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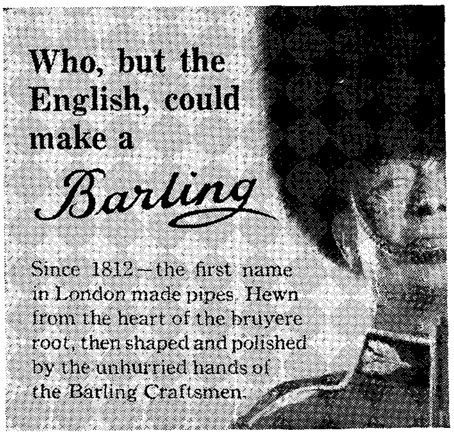

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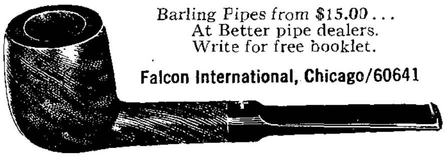

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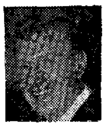

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could easily have persevered with, for the Paris paintings were well received at the time, and there were other painters, notably Dufy, who made a lifework out of very similar patterns. The effect on Davis, though, was to make him even more aggressively American. Paris had been an interlude; on his return, or soon after, he plunged into work that was progressively bolder in concept, brighter in color, and more vigorous in design than ever, and that led by a definite, orderly progression (there was always order underlying Davis's apparent extravagances) to such truly masterly paintings as—I'll name only a few at random among others equally noteworthy—the cursive "Anyside" and "Memo," "The Paris Bit" (which repeats the pattern of "Rue Lippe," since Davis often used the compositional factors of early paintings as a basis for his later abstractions), the truly explosive "Report from Rockport," and (perhaps the "jazziest" of them all) the culminative "Little Giant Still Life," in which his penchant for names and nomenclature is carried to the point where the lettering, the single word "CHAMPION" (taken from the inscription on a paper of matches, it seems), actually *is* the design.

The show numbers a hundred and thirty-one pieces—oils, watercolors, drawings, and other works; later on, it will be seen at the University of California Art Galleries, in Los Angeles. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

LAPLAND

The roots of the earth protrude
down into the pine-gray ocean
and up into the glacial snow.

There are not many fir trees
as we push into the unreal
north. We are beyond the green

and on nude scrubby earth again.
Here where snow yawns into the
sea, and air is clean like fish,

distance and form and seasons
are more true than the odd boat
or village. Time. This land is

dream—planet where almost no one
is—or if real, then quick cities
south are dream before the slow

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gulls cry and cod run in the ocean.
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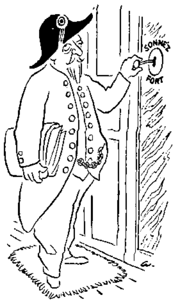
LETTER FROM PARIS

SEPTEMBER 21



MME. FRANÇOISE SAGAN's popularity as a writer does not wane. "La Chamade" ("Beating a Retreat"), which is her sixth novel, is the best-seller on the autumn fiction list. All her novels have been best-sellers, and all are really more or less the same novel, except her first, "Bonjour Tristesse," which was like nothing she has written since. It was a single, perfect chance shot, fired by a very young, unknown girl with a steady, intelligent, precocious eye, and when it hit the mark in dead center, it loosed a treasure-trove of wealth, of international fame, and of pleasures, which fell on top of her like the premature dénouement of a fairy tale. Her aim has never again been so exact except in her comedy "Château en Suède," a chef-d'œuvre of a comic fantasy theatre piece. Thus, in her eleven-year career she has produced a pair of small modern classics, sexually amoral, that deal in a civilized, devious way with murder. Each time a new Sagan novel is announced, the invidious *tout-Paris* advance news is that it will be a failure, which it never is financially. The treasure-trove's contents publicly placed Mme. Sagan in a Parisian libertarian ambience, among the city's pleasure-loving inhabitants—a climate and characters so well suited to her temperament and talent that she has used and reused them ever since as material for her novels, doubtless her only known economy. In "La Chamade," she has written with lucidity, good taste, civilized cynicism, and familiarity about a little coterie of up-to-date Parisians, old and young, whose enjoyments, pangs, peace of mind, and day-and-night life, along with the moralities they can afford to omit, are all basic luxuries, dependent upon their having or needing quite a lot of money. They sit up late in night clubs drinking whiskey, dine out, and have lovers, and also have good upper-bourgeois French manners, since the emancipated bourgeoisie is what they are. Two of the lovers are paid for—the thirty-year-old heroine, Lucile (Sagan usually keeps her heroine in her own age group), who lives in luxury with, and is kept with more generosity than passionate pressure by, the fifty-year-old million-

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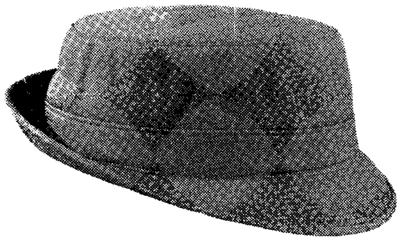
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the village store

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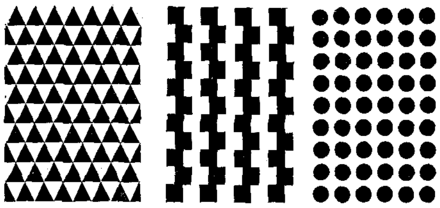


Christmas cards for today from The Museum of Modern Art

These cards celebrate the holiday season through the art of our own time. This year, some new cards reproduce favorite works in the Museum Collection, while others have been specially commissioned from contemporary artists including Anuszkiewicz, Goodyear, Indiana, Neal, Warhol, Wells, Wen-Ying, and Youngerman. They range from a whimsical Calder drawing of Skating Animals (10¢) to a cardboard construction by Mon Levinson (issued in a limited edition at $1.00, and actually as much a Christmas gift as a Christmas card). The Museum's Christmas brochure describes and illustrates the cards; also includes information on other Museum publications and a special Christmas gift membership form. The 25¢ price can be deducted from any order amounting to over $5.00.

The Museum of Modern Art 65-4
5300 Grand Central Station, New York 10017
I enclose 25¢ for the 1965 Christmas brochure.

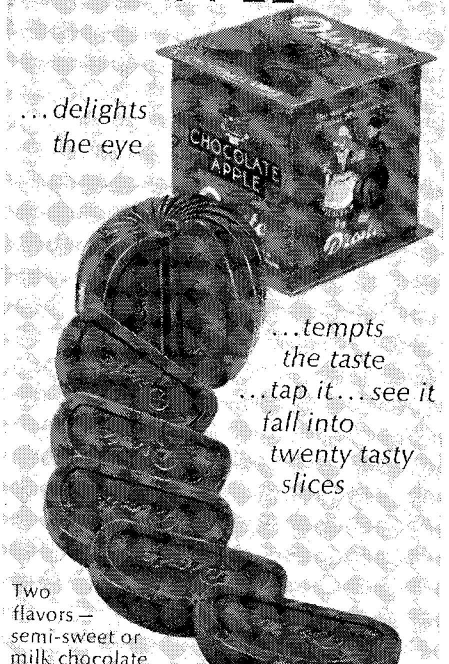
Name

Address

aire, Charles; and the handsome maverick, Antoine, semi-kept by forty-year-old Diane, and a bargain he is, too. The scenes of Lucile's and Antoine's love affair are the most believable parts of the book. Sagan's literary gift is for the heat of the emotions and for the ardent enigma of love. Forced by Antoine to come live openly and honestly with him, and, worst of all, even to take an ill-paid job, since his job, in a publishing house, is like that, too, Lucile refuses to go to a cheap abortionist—their only solution in her revolt against having a child in uncomfortable poverty. So he takes her to a costly Geneva clinic on the complacent Charles's money. In one of those final chapters the length of a postscript which are typical of Sagan, the reader learns the novel's happy ending—that two years later Charles and Lucile get married. In other words, Lucile beats a retreat, as the book's title makes clear. "We are not made for legality, you and I," she had said to Antoine in a moment of clarity and revolt, nonconformism being her version of liberty. She wanted the responsibility of possessing nothing—neither a child (Mme. Sagan has a little son, now three years old) nor a husband nor a house nor an occupation. She wanted only to be furnished with the elements of life, as if her soul were like a modern furnished apartment in which she lived but owned nothing. She is the full-length portrait of a lucid, superior cocotte, such as no other contemporary novelist has created, painted almost entirely on the surface.

"La Chamade" will probably arouse a certain amount of disapproval even in Paris, because of Mme. Sagan's importance and her popularity with women readers in France, because of the lack of conventional hypocrisy that her characters show in leading their own lives, and because of her presenting them as if they were acting normally in the Fifth Republic. There will be talk in Church circles against the leading role she has given to *une société pourrie*—a rotten society. One literary critic has already referred to *la dolce vita* and to "the demimonde in which Mme. Sagan has lived." Another critic, more wisely referring merely to her technique as a writer, has said, "Her surest instrument remains her mirror."

IN the general opinion of the resident American colony here, it is bad news that the United States Information Service's Benjamin Franklin Library, in the Place de l'Odéon, is now to be closed, because the House of Rep-



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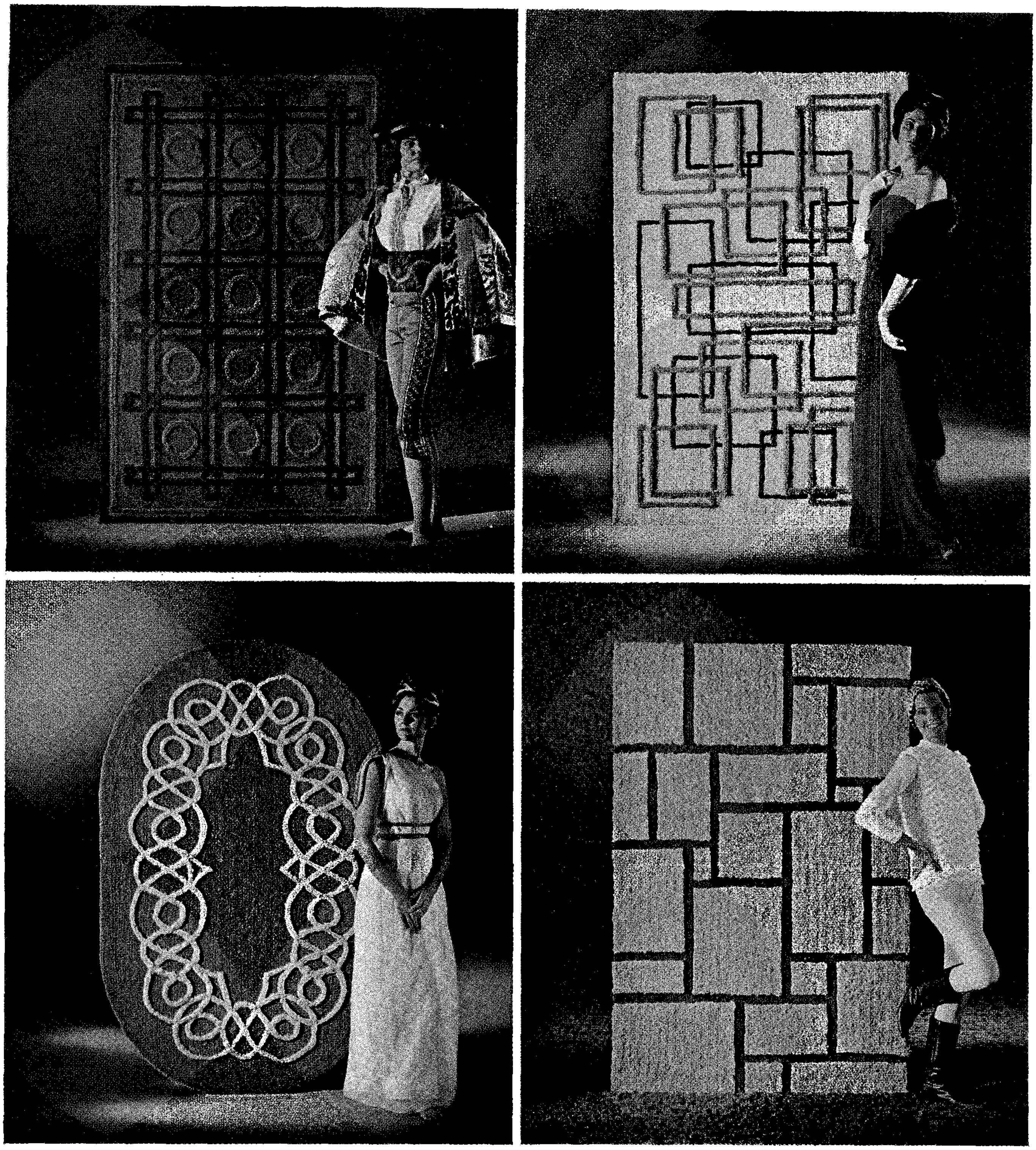

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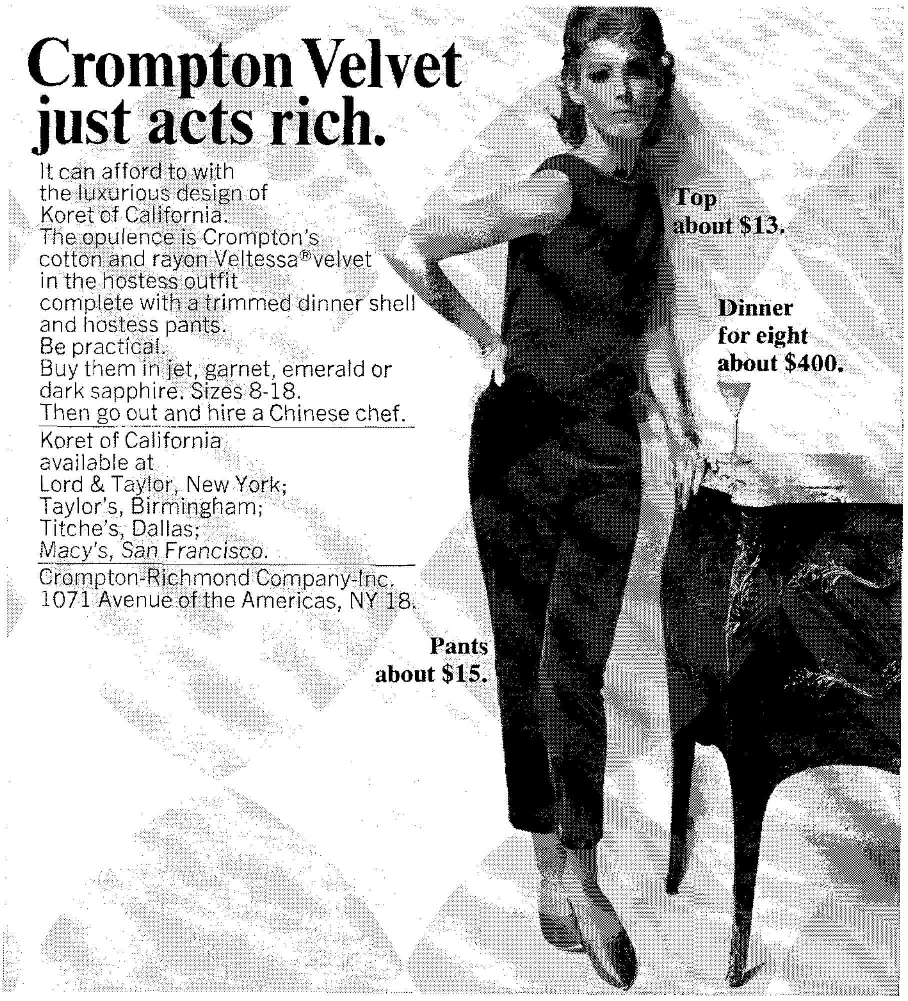
resentatives cut a million dollars from the U.S.I.S. budget, on top of which the Senate piled a cut of a quarter of a million more, specifying that this further reduction in U.S.I.S. facilities was to be made in Western Europe. Now the axe has fallen on Paris. As is obvious to anyone today who uses his wits about American cultural propaganda in a highly literate foreign country, the basis for it is books—our very influential modern American literature, in the original or translated, which the local young people read and in part absorb. Six or seven thousand absorbent French youths came monthly to the Franklin Library, only a five-minute walk from the Sorbonne, to read, to borrow four or five thousand American books, and to ask an average of three thousand questions. The cut in the Paris subsidy will have a snowballing effect in the provinces—in Nantes and in the university towns of Grenoble, Montpellier, and Toulouse, where the U.S.I.S. will no longer have the money to help maintain the branch libraries set up by the valiant old prewar American Library in Paris, which is now suffering from a recent upheaval of its own as a result of finally buying permanent quarters, near the Tour Eiffel, and thus being short of funds. These branch libraries partly compensated for the loss over the last two years of six big U.S.I.S. libraries in Bordeaux, Lyon, Marseille, Strasbourg, Lille, and Tours—all (except the last) great university cities. Altogether, this adds up to ten American libraries lost to France in the past twenty-four months, with this week's Place de l'Odéon library making the eleventh—quite a record for de-escalating our best propaganda here.

HOWEVER, two evenings of ideal propaganda, under the patronage of our Ambassador, Charles Bohlen, were just presented here by our State Department—two concerts played by forty of Vermont's Marlboro Festival group, which Washington had the brilliant idea of sending on a four-week concert tour abroad. As one Paris critic discerningly said of them, "Though accomplished artists and professionals, they played with the musical faith that only amateurs used to have. To the perfection of their métier they added an effervescence of passion become rare today." The largely French audience in the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées seemed diverted by the cozy, familiar way the Marlboro musicians huddled themselves around the stage, as in the Beethoven Triple Concerto, Opus



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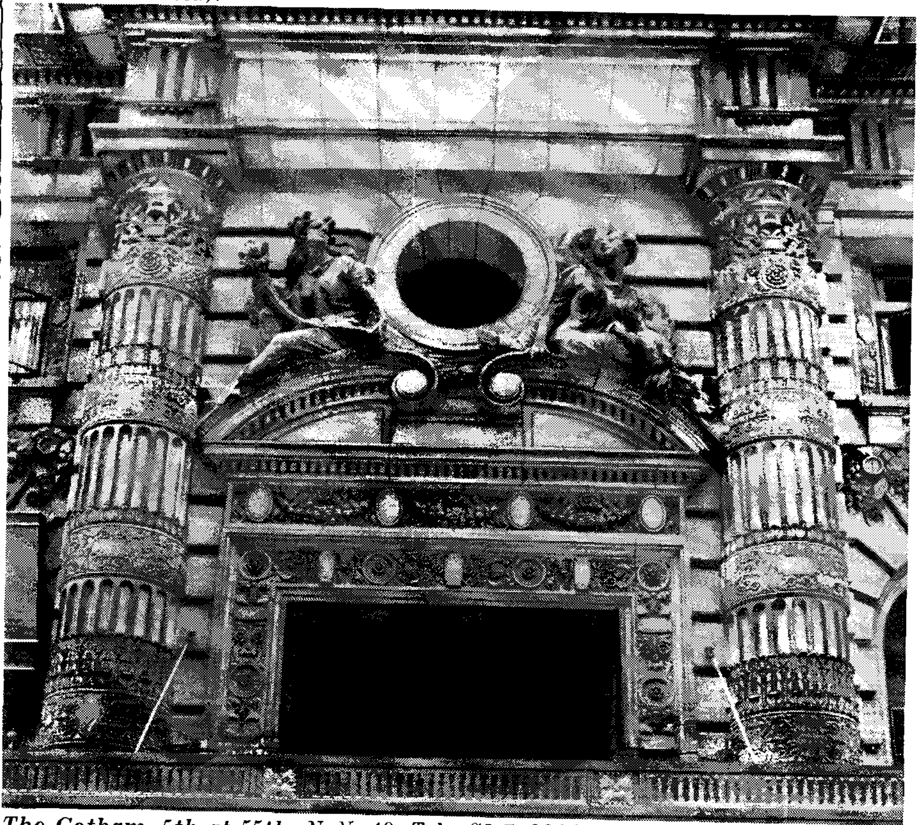

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56, for Piano, Violin, Cello, and Orchestra, played with superior coherence in what looked like most difficult circumstances. The cellist (Leslie Parnas) sat out in front on a little platform of his own, his back almost turned on the solo violinist (Jaime Laredo) and completely turned on the pianist (Rudolf Serkin, in tremendously ebullient form), and also turned on the orchestra leader (Alexander Schneider), who had *his* back turned on all his soloists, since he sat in a low chair behind them, facing and almost invisible among his first violinists, except when he suddenly popped up into the air, brandishing his fiddle, which he used as a baton, for a bar or two. Serkin is regarded by Paris musical circles as probably today's greatest pianist, along with Richter, and at the second concert he almost filled the house (these were the opening concerts of the autumn season, and many concertgoers were still on holiday) with admirers come to hear him in the rarely given Beethoven Fantasy, Opus 80. He performed with his characteristic happy fury of perfection, singing to himself with satisfaction, as we could see from his moving lips. In Bach's Concerto in D Minor for Three Pianos and Orchestra, he played with his gifted seventeen-year-old son, Peter, and Mme. Ruth Laredo. Young Peter's socks were too short and showed his bare legs as he played, splendidly, and his hair was too long, always falling into his eyes. Schoenberg's "Verklärte Nacht" was given in its original version—"with its post-Wagnerian chromatic delirium exalting its excessive lyric inspiration," as one critic said in limited admiration. In addition to appreciating the dazzling discipline and execution of the Marlboro group (qualities rarely heard in their own lamentably ill-sustained and little-rehearsed Paris orchestras), the French were somewhat touched by the Marlboro legend—by such instrumentalists' uncommercial annual summer joy in playing music together in rural Vermont for the pleasure of playing it, and for nothing else, as a melodious ideal.

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE's brief, always alarming and impressive play about Hell, "Huis Clos," first produced during the last days of the German Occupation, was revived for a month or so during the summer-holiday vacuum. Now there is a revival of his 1959 full-length drama "Les Séquestrés d'Altona," at the Théâtre de l'Athénée, which should go through the winter. Though the text has not been altered,

Oh, come on.

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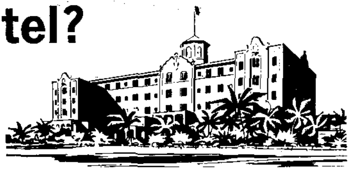

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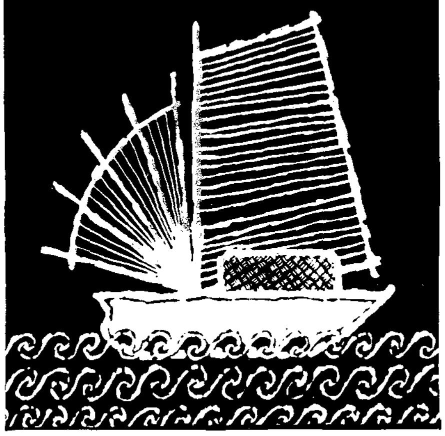

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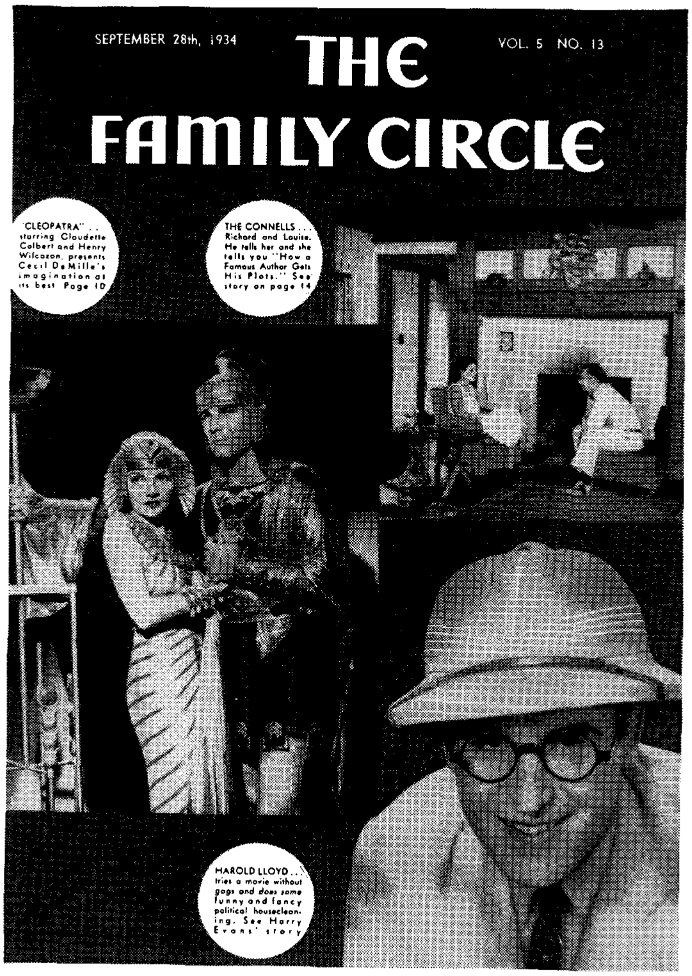

SEPTEMBER 28th, 1934

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VOL. 5 NO. 13

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Sartre has changed, it seems, its application in his own mind. Despite the fact that (as you may well know) the drama revolves around the voluntary self-confinement for long years of a former Nazi officer, Franz, sequestered upstairs in his father's country mansion and cut off from all communication with the world except the last world he knew—that of his guilt for crimes committed on orders during the war—Sartre now claims that his intention in this play was to stigmatize the French Army for the tortures it practiced in the recent Algerian war. Certainly they needed stigmatizing, even at this late date, but to one's eyes and ears in the Théâtre de l'Athénée his present revived Nazi play is still about self-torturing Franz recollecting Nazi crimes. Because of more decisive acting, the play seems more comprehensible this time than it did before, though perhaps we are simply more familiar in memory with its strange material. Claude Dauphin seems more vital as the heroic father, and Serge Reggiani, as Franz, is clearer in projecting the ex-soldier's hallucinations—the self-criticism he has delivered to his tape recorder, the aberrant confessions he has made to an audience of imagined monsters, mostly crabs, as if he were at the bottom of the sea. The importance of his sister, who is his incestuous mistress in his sequestration, is, however, mostly lost by Mme. Evelyne Rey, who mumbles her lines so they can hardly be heard, let alone their import understood. It is still a powerful play—a double play, with the Germanic evil of a whole past war condensed into the vaporing inside one soldier's head, so that there are two evils: what he did and what he has become. The play lasts three and a half hours. They are long, horrifying, thoughtful hours to sit through. —GENÊT

•

Dr. Maurice Sussman of the Department of Biology presented two lectures at Tufts University Medical School on Cellular Differentiation as part of a graduate course in Molecular Biology. He also presented a lecture at Dartmouth College School of Medicine on his research entitled "Biochemical Aspects of Cellular Slime Mold Morphogenesis and the Jewish Question."—*Brandeis University Gazette.*

Well, his mind is active, anyway.

•

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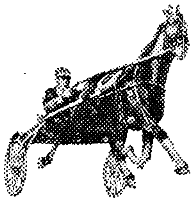

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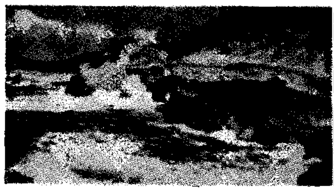

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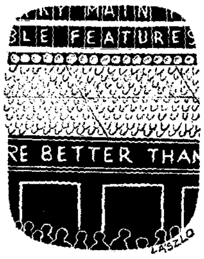

DOWN here at the bottom of the barrel, it's only to be expected that my voice should sound lugubrious, not to say sepulchral. Of the three movies available for review this week—others having been postponed because of the newspaper strike—I have to assert sadly that none is a success, though one deserves a small gold star for a continuous, if not very fruitful, display of intelligence. "Mickey One" is a thriller written by A. M. Surgal, produced and directed by Arthur Penn, and starring Warren Beatty, and if Mr. Penn had been satisfied to let what was basically a good conventional melodrama remain a good conventional melodrama, instead of trying to turn it into a nervous, stylish, Graham-Greenery-yallery "entertainment," I'd have found it much easier to sympathize with. Mr. Penn possesses a whole bagful of glossy professional tricks, and he has evidently found the temptation to play the lot of them irresistible; like a highly polished sheet of glass over a painting, these tricks kept getting between me and the story that was being told, with the result that I was never able to suspend my disbelief in the variety of desperate straits through which Mr. Surgal has taken the trouble to bounce his India-rubber hero.

This hero, played by Mr. Beatty, is a brash young standup comedian in a night club in the Middle West. Convinced that the local mob has fingered him for one or another of a dozen offenses that he has committed against it over the years, he takes it on the lam into limbo, destroying his Social Security card and all other telltale marks of identity. Nevertheless, for psychological reasons, his escape into nonexistence fails; he wishes to be who he was. We watch as the two opposing importunities—the need to have disappeared forever and the need to be a famous person performing in a public place—draw together and collide in him, and the best scene in the picture shows the poor fellow acting out on a darkened stage, before a hidden stranger who is either a prospective employer or his executioner, the weirdly funny babblings of mortal panic. The picture ends, I'm relieved to say, on an affirmative note;

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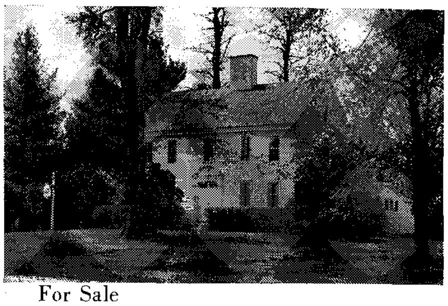

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I'm also relieved to say that Mr. Beatty has come a long way as an actor since the high-school histrionics of "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone." Here he is assisted, though not much, by Alexandra Stewart and Hurd Hatfield. In the role of a sad-eyed second-rate theatrical agent, Teddy Hart dominates the picture whenever he appears.

"MARRIAGE ON THE ROCKS" is a long, coarse, and nearly always unfunny comedy, hammered together for no apparent reason except to make money. The author of the screenplay is Cy Howard, and the director is Jack Donohue. The credits describe the picture as "A Sinatra Enterprise," and the great man himself is starred, along with Dean Martin, Deborah Kerr, the great man's daughter Nancy, and several people whom I suspect, on the basis of their acting ability, of being nearly as close relatives as Nancy. Playing against type, Mr. Sinatra takes the part of a hard-working, unromantic businessman; Miss Kerr, also playing against type, is his lusty, irritated wife, who can think of better things to do than to sit watching the fights on TV; and Dean Martin is again encouraged to walk through the physiologically preposterous role of an alcoholic satyr. Mr. Sinatra is his usual uncannily confident self—in one scene he doesn't even bother to stop chewing gum—but the picture betrays him at every turn. I ought to add that since "Marriage on the Rocks" is expected to do fantastically well at the box office, I am using "betray" in my sense of the word and not necessarily Mr. Sinatra's.

"LOVE IN FOUR DIMENSIONS" is a joint French-Italian production that brings together four short and rather unsavory films by different directors; the films have nothing in common except the vain hope of finding humor in sex. Oh, those French and Italians—how innocent they are, and how hard they struggle to seem paragons of sexual *sagesse!* Surely everyone else in the world knows by now that the last person to find humor in sex was a painter of dolls' glass eyes named Harry Irgens, who died in central Illinois in the terrible summer of 1876. His last words were "No, no, it won't do." —BRENDAN GILL

•

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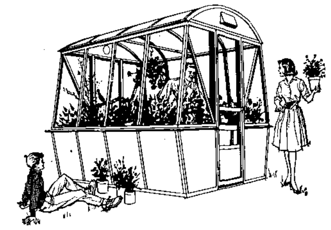

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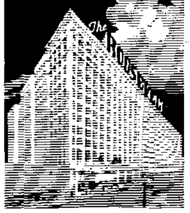

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Sundays, October 3, 10, 17 (10:30-11 AM)

Discovery
The Whaling Years; The Plains Indians; The Gold Rush; Those Talking Porpoises; Discovery Visits the Baird Marionettes.
Sundays, October 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 (11:30-12 Noon)

Directions
Jonah; "We See Not Our Signs"; A Shadow of Israel; David and Nathan.
Sundays, October 3, 10, 17, 24 (1-1:30 PM)

I Believe
A graphic portrayal of specialized training given to rehabilitate deaf children.
Sunday, October 3 (1:30-2 PM)

America the Beautiful
Examines the deterioration of the country's natural resources and the urban and suburban blight that has affected our culture and economy. Chet Huntley narrates.
Sunday, October 3 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Henry Moore: Man of Form
The story of the world-famous sculptor and his works. Charles Collingwood reports.
Tuesday, October 5 (10-11 PM)

World Series
Times, games and dates to be announced. Tentatively set to start October 6.

Exploring: Pre-Columbian America
Man's early life on North America.
Saturday, October 16 (12:30-1 PM)

The Making of the President 1964
An account of the primaries, the conventions, and the election of President Johnson, based on Theodore H. White's latest book.
Tuesday, October 19 (9:30-11 PM)

Eagle in a Cage
Dramatization of Napoleon's final exile on the island of St. Helena, starring Trevor Howard.
Wednesday, October 20 (7:30-9 PM)

The Men Around LBJ
A report on the President's cabinet and close associates.
Saturday, October 23 (10:30-11 PM)

Teenage Revolution
A study of today's teenager and his impact on American society. Van Heflin narrates.
Friday, October 29 (10-11 PM)

Miss Teenage America Pageant
Sixty teenage finalists compete for a four-year college scholarship.
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Jimmy Durante headlines his first special in four years, with Rudolph Nureyev, Roberta Peters and Robert Vaughn.
Saturday, October 30 (9:30-10:30 PM)

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Examines electronic eavesdropping.
Sunday, October 31 (6:30-7:30 PM)

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Saturdays:
Sunrise Semester/The First Look/Exploring/
Wide World of Sports/ABC Scope/
Sports in Action/Scherer-McNeil Report

Sundays:
Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/
Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Face the Nation/
Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/
Frontiers of Faith/Wild Kingdom/College
Bowl/Twentieth Century/Sunday/
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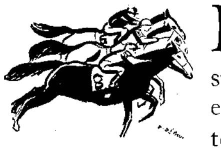

I SUPPOSE Buckpasser's streak—he'd won eight straight—was too good to last. Priceless Gem, who runs like her half sister Affectionately, broke it in the Futurity at Aqueduct last Saturday. Taking the lead quickly, she scooted along so smoothly ahead of the eight other two-year-olds that it seemed certain she would be coming home alone, but it wasn't as easy as that. Buckpasser, who began slowly, went round Advocator and Timely Move on the turn and stormed after the nimble-footed filly so resolutely that the crowd went into an uproar. A furlong out, you would have bet that he'd beat her, but she gallantly withstood his final challenge and at the end was half a length to the good. As Bill Winfrey, Buckpasser's trainer, hurried by me on his way to the unsaddling enclosure, he shook his head and said, "Too tough." It was. None of the other starters were in the picture. The closest was Advocator, who came in third, ten lengths behind, and then had his number taken down for crowding; Indulto was moved up into third money. The time—1:17⅕—was first-rate for a track that had been sloppy earlier in the afternoon.

Priceless Gem, who runs in the name and colors of Mrs. Ethel D. Jacobs and is trained by the redoubtable Hirsch Jacobs, is a lovely big dark-bay filly with all the quality you could wish for. If you care, she's the thirteenth of her sex to win the Futurity, which we old-timers still look on as the blue ribbon of two-year-old racing. As for her pedigree, she's by Hail to Reason, the *Wunderkind* of 1960, out of Searching, a well-remembered race mare. By the way, Ogden Phipps, who, as you know, owns Buckpasser, must have felt an extra twinge of disappointment at seeing his best colt beaten by a daughter of a mare he had sold. In the summer of 1955, Hirsch Jacobs bought Searching, then a three-year-old, from Mr. Phipps for $15,000, and it was generally thought she was well sold, for she hadn't won in her twenty starts. Under Jacobs' handling, she won twenty-five times in top-class company, taking more than $300,000 in prize money. She has sent three foals to the races: Affectionately; Admiring, a

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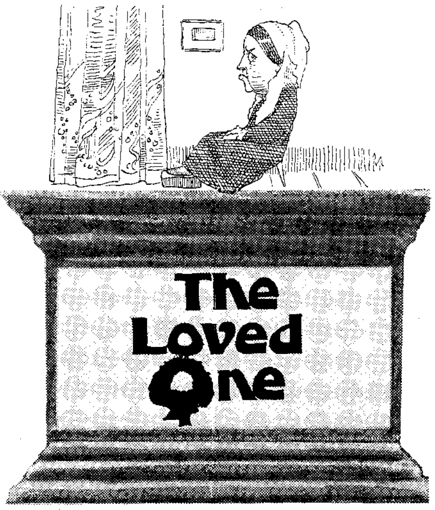

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top filly last season; and now Priceless Gem, whose share of the Futurity purse was $93,827. Priceless Gem's next start will be in the Frizette next weekend.

RECENTLY, I went off the deep end about the pace and the thrills in the Jerome Handicap. Well, I'm tempted to be even more enthusiastic about the Maskette Handicap at Aqueduct early last week, in which Tosmah beat Affectionately by a margin that could have been measured only by a micrometer. Though it was Affectionately's first start since the Suburban in July, she had all her old speed, and stepped the quarter in 0:22⅗, the half mile in 0:44⅘, and six furlongs in 1:08⅘, which is only a fifth of a second slower than the course record for the distance. Tosmah was never more than a couple of jumps behind her, and for the last quarter of the mile the two went stride for stride. It was a remarkable performance, in view of the terrific early speed and the fact that each carried the crushing weight of 128 pounds. I'm glad some lightweight in the race didn't run over them in the last furlong; both were tiring badly.

A COUPLE of afternoons later, Kelso strutted his stuff in the Stymie Handicap, winning by eight lengths and being cheered on by his worshippers as if he were all four of the Beatles. The race was more than a workout for the Woodward Stakes at the Big A this weekend, because his stable was concerned about the lack of interest in racing he had shown in the Aqueduct Stakes, in which he finished fourth. Apparently, he was in the mood to run last week, and when Valenzuela called on him he rocketed to the front. Granted that his opposition was hardly Class AA, it was a gratifying effort, and the purse increased his earnings to $1,977,396. Who said the second million is always the hardest?

I WAS pleased to hear that Tom Rolfe will run for the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, as planned. Shortly before he was due to leave for Paris, he developed a spot of foot trouble, but his vets cleared it up easily and sent him on his way. Good luck to him!

—AUDAX MINOR

•

11 Movie (1949)—Two hours "Madame Bovary"—Jennifer Jones-Van Heflin-James Mason-Louis Jourdan. Good drama. Flambeau on trial for writing an immoral novel.—*Los Angeles Herald-Examiner.*

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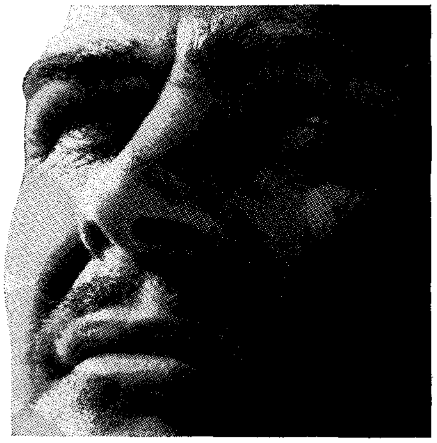

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BOOKS

Death's Heads

Pierre Drieu La Rochelle (1893-1945) and Alfred Jarry (1873-1907) were French men of letters whose reputations, inseparable during their lifetimes from personal notoriety and eclipsed after their suicides (Drieu shot himself, Jarry no less deliberately drank himself to death), have been revived in contemporary France. Drieu, a Vichy collaborator whose passionate political inconsistency antagonized all parties, has been rehabilitated from disgrace by, an article in *Le Monde* stated in 1964, "a new generation which has chosen *désengagement*, but which is attracted by his outspokenness, his elegant cynicism, his aristocratic aestheticism, and his desperate lucidity." Jarry, an undersized super-bohemian whose play "Ubu Roi" marks the birth of the avant-garde theatre, has been honored not only by continuing editions of his writings but by the founding, in 1949, of the Collège de 'Pataphysique, an eccentric and elusive pseudo-science he invented. In the United States, a book by each author has been recently published.

Drieu's "The Fire Within" (Knopf; translated by Richard Howard) is a brief, flickering novel issued in France in 1931 as "Le Feu Follet"—"playful fire," an idiom for "*ignis fatuus*," or "will-o'-the-wisp." The will-o'-the-wisp presumably is the hero himself, Alain, whose weak hold upon life finally yields to suicide. As Alain moves through his last few days vainly seeking an excuse to live, the author subjects him to a bewildering alternation of acute sympathy and stern lecturing. The sympathy probes emotional nihilism to its last dead end and self-defeating checkmate; the lecturing seems delivered from a standpoint nearly Christian:

> Alain had never looked at the sky or the housefronts or the pavements—palpitating things; he had never looked at a river or a forest; he lived in the empty rooms of this morality:

> "The world is imperfect, the world is bad. I disapprove, I condemn, I annihilate the world."

Yet although he scolds him as a "fetishist" and a "naïve dandy," Drieu cannot in honesty construct a fictional world that at any point substantially resists Alain's premonitions of futility. So Alain's suicide, instead of afflicting us with the dizzying impression of waste we feel in, say, "Anna Karenina" or "Appointment in Samarra," arrives serenely, as something appropriate and slightly overdue. It is a kind of happy ending: "A revolver is solid, it's made of steel. It's an object. To touch an object at last."

Alain is much concerned with objects, and part of Drieu's appeal to the modern young must be his flat objectivity, a dispassion that reduces people to a species of object opaque even in psychology and mute even in speech. In Drieu, the tendency has not achieved the doctrinal purity of Robbe-Grillet; his flat narrative texture is bubbled by incongruous outbursts of sermonizing. But his sense of actuality rejects mankind's ancient claims of special importance, the conviction of spiritual destiny that inflames and inflates the living newspapers of Balzac and Dickens. "The Fire Within" ends a moment before death and begins a moment after coitus. The lover and beloved are discovered looking at each other with eyes dreadfully clear of illusions: "All she saw was a hairy chest, no head. It didn't matter: she had felt nothing very violent either, yet the switch had been tripped, and that was the only sensation she had ever known, not permeating but precise." *The switch had been tripped.* Drieu's mordant and entertaining characterizations—and there are many characters; the novel in form is picaresque—work to mechanize humanity, to chisel a series of hard-featured marionettes:

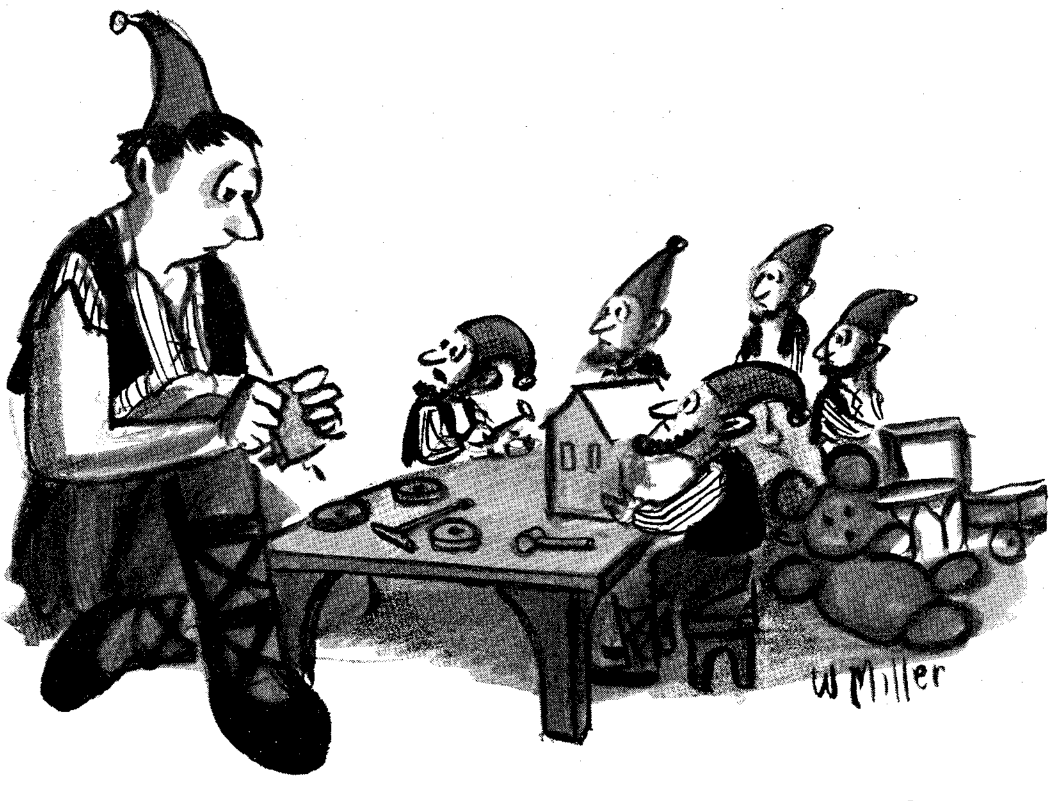
> Mademoiselle Farnoux smiled at Alain with meagre lust. . . . She was a little girl between forty and sixty, bald, with a black wig on her bloodless skull.

> The doctor was a nervous jailer. His huge round eyes swivelled above cheeks scored by the terror of losing his boarders, and the little beard that substituted for a chin trembled incessantly.

> Brancion smiled. He wore his dentures with ostentation; women were not put off by them.

Even the beautiful women are rigid dolls, beyond desire:

> [Eva] got up and slid her dress over her head. Then she pulled off her slip,



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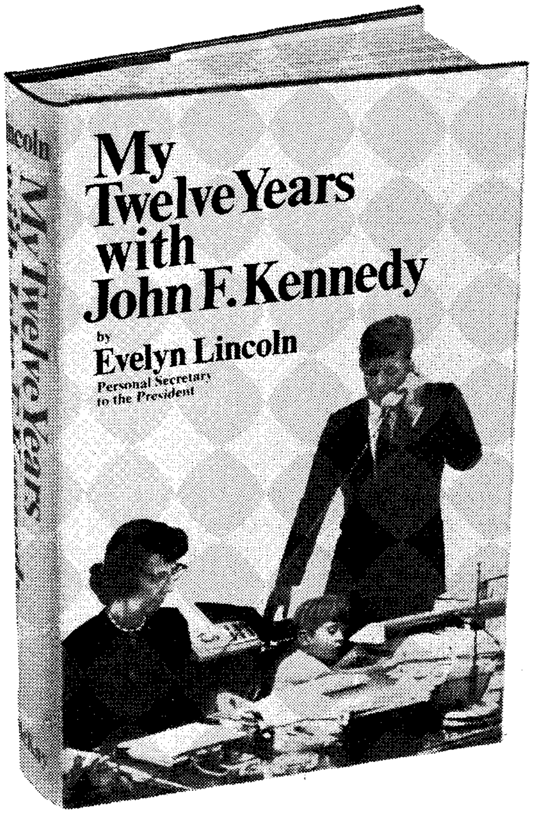
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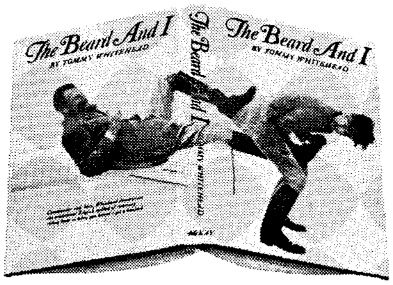

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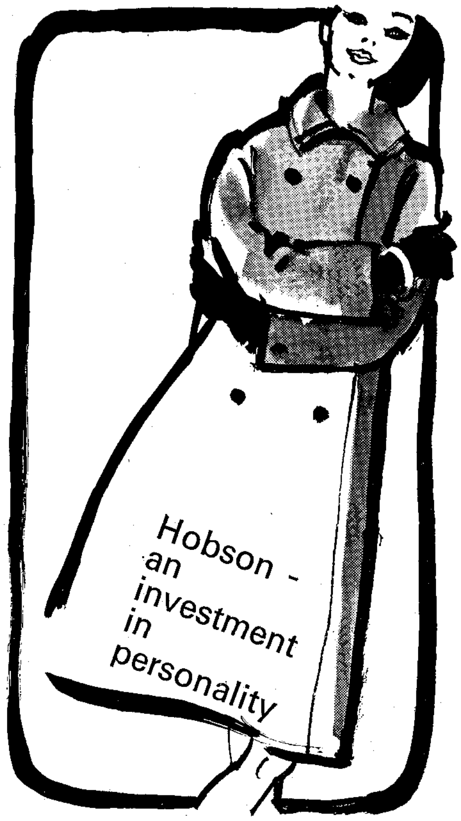

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her garter belt, her stockings. She was completely naked, a magnificent, bloodless plaster body.

Maria was Russian. A Russian peasant with a face and a body carved out of wood.

It is natural that Alain, who has some of the instincts of an artist, mocks this de-animated society with ironic collages and random assemblages of objects:

> On the mantel, two objects: one a delicate piece of machinery, a perfectly flat platinum chronometer, the other a hideously vulgar painted plaster statuette of a naked woman that he had bought at a fair and took with him everywhere.

In his mirror he has arranged two photographs, a foreshortened man and woman, and between them "a news item pasted on the glass with four stamps reduced the human mind to two dimensions and left it no way out." The third dimension must be the supernatural.

Though "The Fire Within" takes place in Paris, its spiritual locale is the empire of disenchantment whose twin capitals are Paris and New York. The two chief women in Alain's life, his absent wife and his present mistress, are Americans, and his vices and weaknesses seem peculiarly American—drug addiction, sexual inadequacy, fear of losing his youth, a greedy awe of money, an enfeebling dependence upon woman. He is described as a Puritan: "a man who saw the vices sprouting from his prejudices, but who was incapable, because of his prejudices, of enjoying his vices." He even has a psychiatrist, who sagely tells him, "A strong, healthy woman like these Americans will make you forget all this." But Americans, as represented in this book, are clearly also "a race exhausted by civilization." The only convinced spokesman for life is a scholar immersed in the study of the gods of ancient Egypt; "he would have liked to recite some of those Egyptian prayers distended with the fullness of being, in which the spiritual life, exploding, pours out all the sap of the earth." Perhaps the reason that the waning of the Christian faith is so peculiarly desolating in France and America is that in these nations the pagan gods, whether Hellenic or Teutonic, were never taken very seriously. The Christian bet was hardly hedged. Pascal and Cotton Mather alike theologize on the basis of a vast gamble, and their heirs feel cheated. "There was, after all, something of the Christian in Alain"—this something, which needs to act and refuses to embrace the mediocrity of

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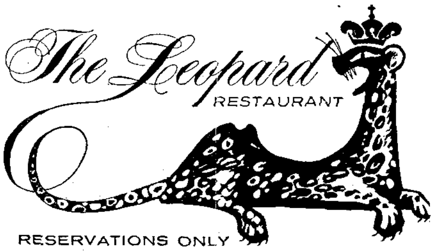

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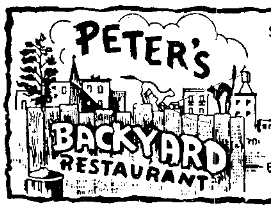

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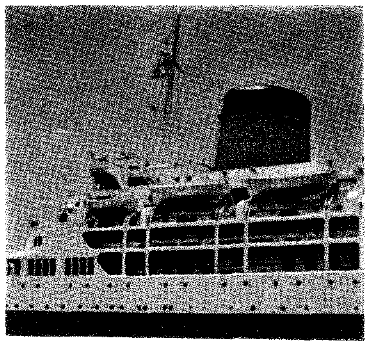

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living, produces, with a purity coolly mathematical, his self-destruction.

The New World to the Old is a hemisphere as disappointingly empty as the heavens. Alain, seeking to save himself, flees to New York and only deepens his plight. Of course, there are differences: Paris is a "lingering, low fever," whereas "New York, at least, was an open atrocity." But the two cities, as spiritual ciphers, are interchangeable. The faddish artistic scene of post-Surrealist Paris strikingly resembles the Camp of contemporary Manhattan:

> Among other delusory projects, Alain had thought of opening a shop in Paris or New York to sell all those dated, ugly, or absurd objects which industry, hovering between the popular and the vulgar, has produced in the last fifty years.

And the lean and sketchy style of the novel itself belongs to the Franco-American world of Hammett/Simenon detective novels and Bogart/Gabin movies and their Existentially fortified *nouvelle-vague* descendants; these things are thin with the thinness that implies a background of immense loss. Drieu La Rochelle is not as cool as his material—hence his erratic imprecations, his disturbing efforts to steer his tale toward an unsighted morality. But this roughness of tone touches the narrative from a source outside itself and recalls a context beyond the mechanical and mocked world Alain haunts, a context in which his extinction can be felt, momentarily, as a waste:

> For him, the world was a handful of human beings. He had never thought there could be anything more to it. He had never felt involved with anything larger than himself. He knew nothing of plants, of the stars: he knew only a few faces, and he was dying, far from those faces.

A CHARACTER in "The Fire Within" is described as "admiring spontaneously only the eccentrics of the past, from Byron to Jarry." In Alfred Jarry we encounter, at the beginning of the century, a personality and an art more radical than the regretful nihilism of Drieu. The art was a copious but incidental emanation of the personality, and Roger Shattuck's chapters on Jarry himself, in "The Banquet Years," are more readable than the "Selected Works of Alfred Jarry" (Grove Press), which Mr. Shattuck and Simon Watson Taylor have edited. Descriptions of Jarry's bizarre person abound. André Gide remembered him as he was around 1895:

> This plaster-faced Kobold, gotten up like a circus clown and acting a fantastic,

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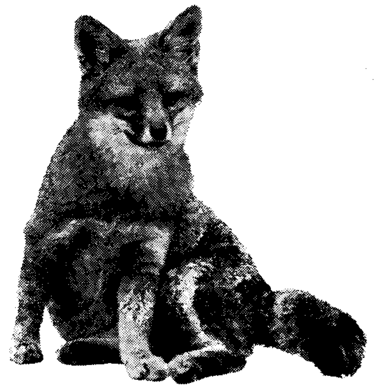

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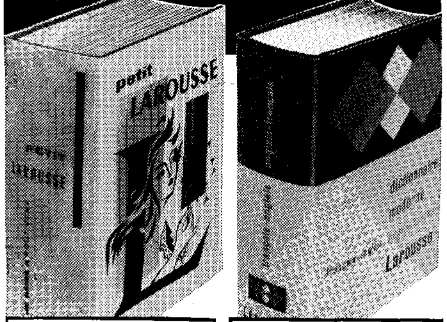

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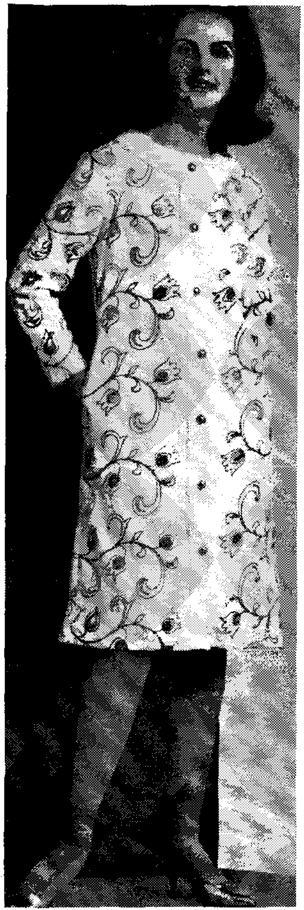

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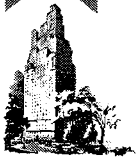
strenuously contrived role which showed no human characteristic, exercised a remarkable fascination at the *Mercure.* Almost everyone there attempted, some more successfully than others, to imitate him, *to* adopt his *humor; and* above *all* his bizarre implacable accent—no inflection or nuance and equal stress on every syllable, even the silent ones. A nutcracker, if it could talk, would do no differently.

A schoolmate, C. G. Gens-d'Armes, wrote:

> When he opened the valve of his wit, he seemed to follow after the stream of his words without any control over them. It was no longer a person speaking but a machine driven by some demon. His jerky voice, metallic and nasal, his abrupt puppetlike gestures, his fixed expression, his torrential and incoherent flow of language, his grotesque or brilliant images, this synchronism which today we should compare to the movies or the phonograph—all this astonished me, amused me, irritated me, and ended by upsetting me. . . . His originality was too much like some mental anomaly.

These quotations convey the eerie mechanical quality of Jarry's personality, or, more precisely, its insane immersion in mechanism. Virtually a midget, he insisted that the theatre appropriate the rigid ultra-reality of the marionette theatre, and lived the last years of his life in a half-floor apartment where normal-sized visitors had to crouch—a puppet stage, in short. Fascinated by bicycles, hydrology, physical experiments, and machinery of all sorts, he fuelled himself on alcohol and ether and did not so much die as break down; friends knocked on the door of his cupboard and he could not answer because his legs no longer worked. His last request was for a tiny tool, a toothpick. The nickname given him by a hostile critic—"La Tête de Mort"—was earned. Jarry himself had christened his first apartment, a cell at the foot of a dead-end alley, "Dead Man's Calvary."

Certainly there is little life in Jarry's writings. "I imitate nothing," he once said, and his works more resemble graffiti, cartoons, technical treatises, and verbal games than novels and plays seeking to portray human life in action. He achieved fame in 1896 with "Ubu Roi," which was derived from schoolboy skits perpetrated against an incompetent science teacher in the lycée at Rennes. Its first word is a modified obscenity, and its hurly-burly of schoolboy cruelty and Shakespeare parody (a monstrously simplified Falstaff murderously ascends to the throne of a nonexistent Poland) does not make very good reading now, especially since New Directions has seen fit to publish the play



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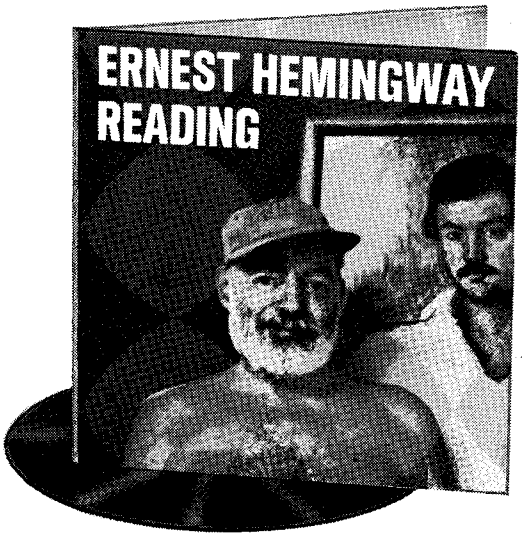
Mary Hemingway, and A. E. Hotchner, Hemingway's good friend, have written personal background notes for this long-awaited album. It is the only spoken testament left to us of the man Hemingway was.



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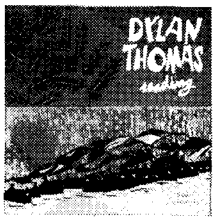
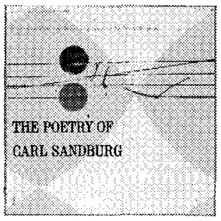
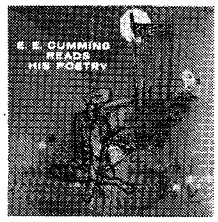


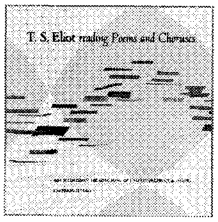
Dylan Thomas in a lyrical reading of *A Child's Christmas in Wales, In the White Giant's Thigh,* and other poems.



Carl Sandburg reads *Windy City, In Tall Grass, Four Preludes, Southern Pacific,* and other well-known poems.



E. E. Cummings in selections from his poetry, including *when god decided to invent, Santa claus, i say no world.*



T.S. Eliot interpreting a choice selection of his poetry, including *Prufrock, Portrait of a Lady, Ash Wednesday, Marina.*

William Faulkner reads his famed *Nobel Prize Acceptance Speech,* selections from *As I Lay Dying,* and other works.

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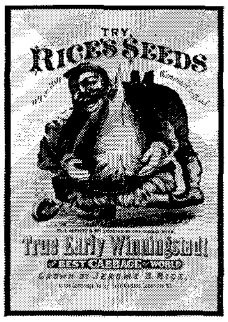
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in a scribbly novelty format. "Ubu Roi"—whose first performance occasioned a riot in the audience and left a young spectator from Ireland, William Butler Yeats, to conclude momentously in his journal, "After us the Savage God"—now in its bare text wears the sadness of a faded program, a testament to vanished fireworks. "Selected Works of Alfred Jarry" begins with several sequels to "Ubu Roi," in which Jarry exercises a more mature wit and allegorizes his instinctive anarchism with scenes such as Ubu flushing his conscience down the toilet. But the liberating outrageousness of such farce is dimly felt; rather, one feels suffocated by a stunted sensibility and an arbitrary cruelty. As with the currently admired school of neo-pornography (e.g., "Last Exit to Brooklyn"), the author's participation appears suspiciously enthusiastic. Jarry seems to be having most of the fun in passages like (from "Ubu Cocu"):

> There's nothing to be done with him. We'll have to make do with twisting the nose and nears [*sic*], with removal of the tongue and extraction of the teeth, laceration of the posterior, hacking to pieces of the spinal marrow and the partial or total spaghettification of the brain through the heels. He shall first be impaled, then beheaded, then finally drawn and quartered. After which the gentleman will be free, through our great clemency, to go and get himself hanged anywhere he chooses.

And this repellent note of inhumanity, of frenzy, runs through Jarry's fiction as uncontrolled hyperbole. The novel "Messalina" is not meant to be absurd, but at the height of applause in a great stadium we are told that "the sound of Messalina smacking her lips dominated the uproar." While she is being impaled on a sword, a bystander behaves most strangely:

> "But it is a sword blade, carrion," slavered the freedman, "it is not a . . ."
>
> But it was he who then sobbed out aloud and prostrated himself as though struck down by a god; and he buried his face in the ground, biting at the flowers whose perfume throbbed with his cry:
>
> "But I love her! I love her!"

Purple is too pale a word for such passages. Jarry's non-fiction is better controlled: his remarks on dramaturgical science, calling for a theatre of "man-sized marionettes," are—though exasperated in tone—cogent. His scientific and blasphemous essays show demonic ingenuity and humor. After reading H. G. Wells' "The Time Machine," Jarry, with a relentless wealth of engineering detail, set down plans

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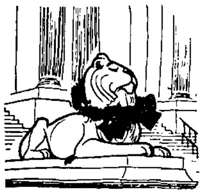

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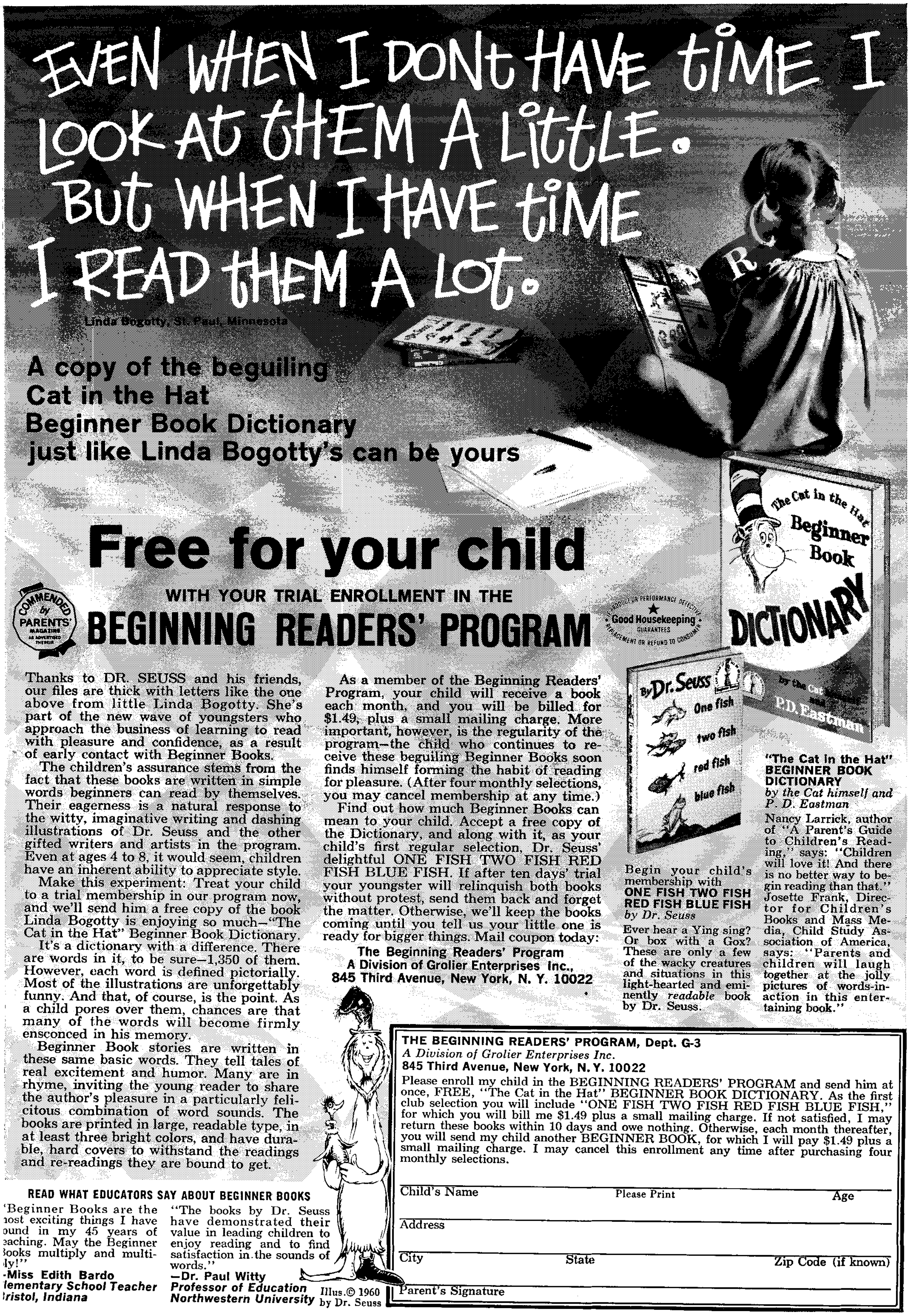

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for one, consisting of an ebony bicycle frame mounted on three gyroscopes aligned with the three planes of Euclidean space. In "The Passion Considered as an Uphill Bicycle Race," the Cross becomes a bicycle "constructed of two tubes soldered together at right angles"—"and it is worth mentioning in this connection that Jesus rode lying flat on his back in order to reduce his air resistance." Jarry's mad hyperbolism veers close to profundity. Refuting the notion that a bicycle rider should pedal slowly to contemplate the view, he argues:

> He should . . . make use of this gear-equipped machine to scoop up forms and colors as rapidly as possible while whizzing along roadway and bicycle track; for fueling one's mind with crushed, confused fragments relieves the memory's secret dungeons of their destructive work, and after such an assimilation the mind can more readily recreate entirely original forms and colors. We do not know how to create out of nothingness but we are capable of doing so out of chaos.

His faith in unconscious (and therefore natural) processes is serious; he describes what must have resembled his own method of composition:

> Sengle constructed his curiously and precisely equilibrated literary works by sleeping a solid fifteen hours, after eating and drinking, and then ejaculating the result in an odd half hour's scribbling. . . . Some professors of philosophy rhapsodize that this resemblance to natural processes partakes of the ultimate Masterpiece.

Although "Selected Works of Alfred Jarry" contains only a few chapters of what Professor Shattuck elsewhere calls "the best of his novels," "Les Jours et Les Nuits," and omits entirely "the most difficult and personal of all his texts," "L'Amour Absolu," it includes *in toto* his exasperating "neo-scientific novel" entitled "Exploits and Opinions of Doctor Faustroll, Pataphysician." 'Pataphysics, a concept present in Jarry's earliest work, is "the science of that which is superinduced upon metaphysics," or, more fully:

> 'Pataphysics is the science of imaginary solutions, which symbolically attributes the properties of objects, described by their virtuality, to their lineaments.

"Faustroll" grew from Jarry's planned treatise on 'pataphysics, which was modified by a desire to "create a cast of characters to incarnate, practice, and expound the new science." Professor Shattuck's description of the inchoate hybrid that resulted is usefully succinct: "Jarry's good doctor is born full-grown at the age of sixty-three, navigates unendingly across dry land in a sieve,

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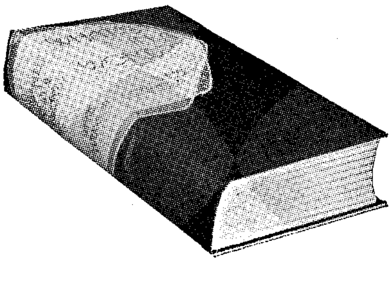

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and travels everywhere with a summons server who is trying to collect some hundred thousand francs of back rent from him." In addition to Panmuphle, the summons server, there is Bosse-de-Nage, a dog-faced baboon whose only utterance is an intermittent "Ha ha." Beginning with a replica of the summons and ending with a geometrical discourse on the "surface of God," the book follows the adventurers through several hydrological experiments, visits to many islands, each inhabited by an artistic acquaintance of Jarry's, a banquet ending in a holocaust, a succession of prose poems, Faustroll's death through drowning, and his resurrection, or unravelling, into the happy condition of Ethernity. Such a summary makes it sound more entertaining than it is. Though it contains some good metaphors and jokes, the tale is top-heavy with personal allusions and pseudo-science, clotted with obscurities, and darkened by Jarry's infantile cruelty. Here is a specimen:

> The isle of Cyril first appeared to us as the red fire of a volcano, or as the punch bowl full of blood spattered out by the fall of shooting stars. Then we saw that it was mobile, armored, and quadrangular, with a helix at the four corners, shaped like the four demi-diagonals of separate arms able to advance in any direction. We realized that we had approached within gun range when a bullet tore off Bosse-de-Nage's right ear and four of his teeth.
>
> "Ha ha!" stammered the *papio;* but the impact of a steel cylindrocone against his left zygomatic apophysis made short work of his third word.

How can one judge Jarry? Apollinaire expressed the hope that his weird works "will be the foundation of a new realism which will perhaps not be inferior to that so poetic and learned realism of ancient Greece." Gabriel Brunet

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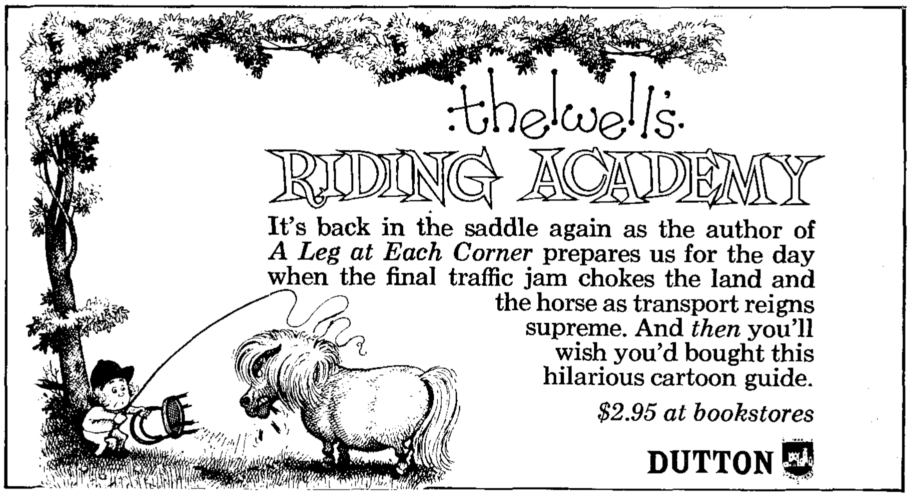
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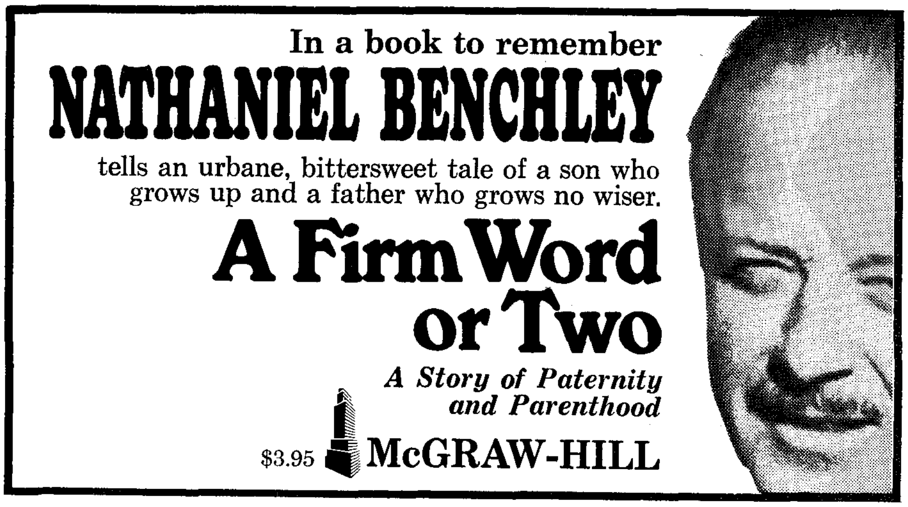
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explained him by saying, "Every man is capable of showing his contempt for the cruelty and stupidity of the universe by making his own life a poem of incoherence and absurdity." I think the second estimate more plausible; Jarry's life, as a defiant gesture, matters more than his works, which are largely pranks and propaganda of a rarefied sort. Compared to Jarry, most of today's so-called Black Humorists seem merely ex-admen working off their grudges in sloppy travesties of a society whose tame creatures they remain still. Though we cannot grant him the comprehensive sanity and the reverent submission to reality that produce lasting art, we must admire his soldier's courage and his fanatic's will. He made himself into a Death's Head. When Drieu's hero Alain looks into the mirror, he sees evidence of the "terrible emaciations that a year or two before had begun to carve a death mask out of the living substance." Time acts upon him; Jarry assaults time. Alain felt himself sinking in a spiritless and mechanical world, while Jarry, skimming along on his bicycle, turned himself into a machine, with a machine's hectic ferocity and—though, unlike Ubu and Faustroll, he proved destructible—a machine's self-disregard. —JOHN UPDIKE

•

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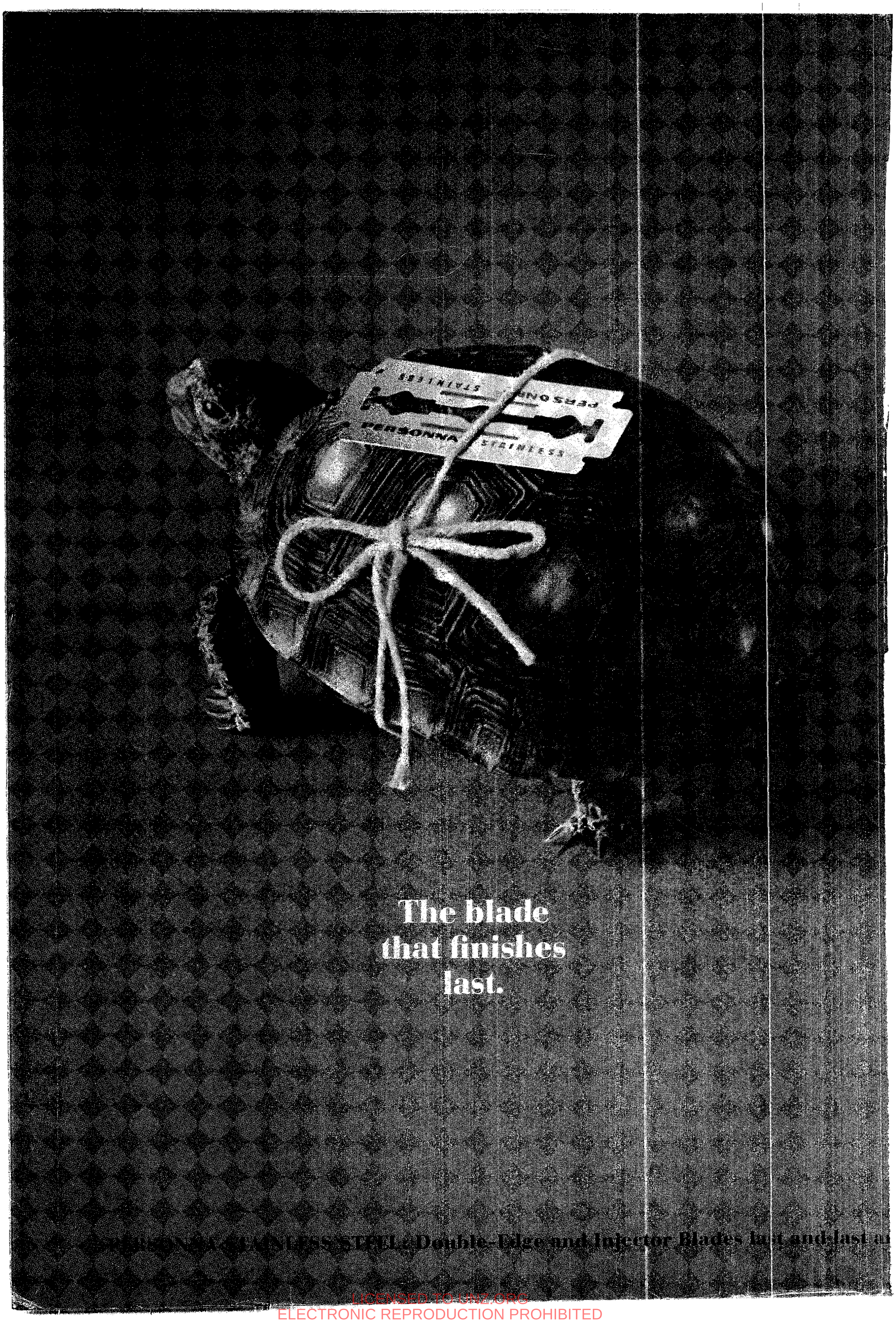
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